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COLLECTION
OF
BRITISH AUTHORS
TAUCHNITZ EDITION.

VOL. 20.

EVA AND THE PILGRIMS OF THE RHINE
BY BULWER
IN ONE VOLUME.

LEIPZIG: BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ.

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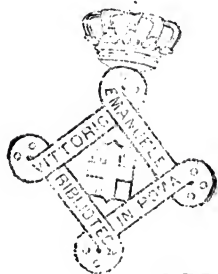
By the same Author,

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EVA,
A TRUE STORY OF LIGHT AND DARKNESS,
THE ILL-OMENED MARRIAGE,
OTHER TALES & POEMS;
AND
THE PILGRIMS OF THE RHINE.

BY
SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, BART.

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LEIPZIG
BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ
1842.

EVA.

A TRUE STORY OF LIGHT AND DARKNESS,

THE ILL-OMENED MARRIAGE,

AND

OTHER TALES & POEMS.

P R E F A C E.

IN regarding the general mould and spirit of our more recent poetry, nothing is more obvious than that, while the works of Byron and Scott still command the circulation which is the surest token of their popularity which the reading Many, the imitators of their peculiar attributes have gradually passed away; — yielding to the influence which Wordsworth and Shelley have, year by year, more and more visibly exercised upon the poetical taste and temper of the rhyming Few.

But while, on the one hand, the pure and devotional spirit of Wordsworth has often served to elevate the tone of the disciples to whose reverence he is so justly entitled — while, on the other, the more ornate and dazzling genius of Shelley has often lighted his followers to daring and original beauties of imagery and expression, — it may be a question how far the admiration of either poet has not tended to the separation of Poetry itself from that Popular Audience it was once wont to command. In Shelley abstract Imagination, in Wordsworth serene Philosophy predominates; and with those whom the genius of either pervades and colours, imagination not unfrequently passes into phantasy, and philosophy into musing; — while it may, perhaps, be conceded that the splendour of the one, the simplicity of the other, has led, by different paths, to the common result of quaintness and affectation of style — often disguising from the common reader the extraordinary merits by which, in their brilliant disciples, such defects are contrasted and atoned.

Undoubtedly, if the Author had the inclination, he has not the power, to attempt a rivalry with contemporaries, whom the love of these "two masters of eternal song" has conducted to a reputation too hardly won not to be endeared to those who can sympathize with the struggles of genius against the time, and value efforts for the elevation of the human intellect into that noblest region over which Poetry presides, without reference to the fallacious test of the day's applause.

The Poems now submitted to the public have been chiefly composed with a more humble ambition, and in a class of poetry, eminently national, indeed, but long neglected and disused; — a poetry demanding neither "the ethereal thought" of Wordsworth, nor the "mighty line" of Shelley — a poetry addressing itself rather to the heart than the intellect, and seeking appeals to familiar emotion in succinct and simple narrative or direct and positive picture.*

* As (if the Author may be pardoned for illustrating the distinction he here takes) in the one view, have been composed — the tales of "Eva," "The Ill-omened Mariage," "Bayard," "The Fairy Bride," &c. — in the other, such poems as "Mazarin," "André Chenier," "The Dead Queen," &c. A few of the poems in the volume do not, of course, come under either of these heads.

One word about the longest tale in this collection, "The Ill-Omened Marriage." Those accustomed to imagine that the spirit of our ancient Poets is only caught by the imitation of their phraseology or diction, may little understand the Author when he states, that it was to the study of some of the earliest poems, which pleased our Norman and Saxon Fathers, that a tale of modern character and life, conveyed in the language of modern times, owes its origin. For the poems referred to, such as "The Grey Palfrey," "Griselda," &c., take their interest from appeals to simple and domestic feelings, in the course of a narrative characterized by the manners and habits of the time in which it was composed. Such poems are, in fact, (what the "Ill-omened Marriage" aims at being,) *Domestic Novels, in Verse*, rather than members of the larger class of *Romaunt or Ballad*. For a tale of this kind, adapted to our own age, a certain variety of style, that may often seem abrupt in its changes, is perhaps no less requisite in verse than in prose. And for whatever may at first seem unfamiliar in this peculiarity, the candid Reader will no doubt make sufficient allowance.

Without affecting to escape some portion of that mannerism of style which must, more or less, pervade all works of the same age, however differing in quality or degree, and from which the violent effort to free ourselves only tends to distortion and extravagance, — the Author must confess that his own taste and theories of composition rather incline him to laws and usages of versification and diction from which the younger Poets of the present day seem to make it a merit to depart. Perhaps, however, if there be anything original in the mind and conceptions of a writer, no matter whether the medium employed be verse or prose, it will place its own stamp upon his labours, not the less from the absence of all *struggle* for originality in the outward and verbal mechanism: For the Thought is the Muse, the Versification but her dress.

It is impossible for the writer not to be fully aware of all the disadvantages under which he labours, in the hazard he now adventures, — not only in common with his more gifted brethren in the practical and busy character of the times, — but in the natural reluctance, even of the Impartial, to allow merit in Verse, to one whom they have been long accustomed to meet in the less lofty element of Prose; — a reluctance strengthened and justified by the remembrance of the worthless rhymings of his youth, for which (it may be in vain, and unheeded) his manhood offers this atonement. And yet, whatever be the fate of this volume (the labour of his love) — if censure now and neglect hereafter, the Author can never regret that brief return into earlier and happier life which it is the privilege of Poetry to bestow. The flower of every man's mind is the poetical part of it; and this slight publication, whatever its demerits, comprises in itself the ripest and less imperfect forms yet vouchsafed to *him*, whom, at least, it has often beguiled and soothed, — of the fancies or ideas which make the calm, Philosophers, and the restless — only Authors!

May 1, 1842.

NOTE. — If it be necessary to apologize for not having placed the longer Poems, from which the Volume takes its title, in due and customary order at the commencement, the Author can give no better excuse, than that derived from the feeling of dread and reluctance with which he himself, no doubt in common with many others, has always encountered a series of long poems at the very onset of a volume. by a Poet in whose genius he has not perfect confidence, — whereas, if not displeased by the foretaste of a few poems of less formidable aspect, the Reader, growing gradually accustomed to the Author, glides, peradventure, unawares, into the attention he might have refused to give to the presumption of a direct and lengthened demand upon it.

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MAZARIN.

(THE WORLD WITHOUT.)

I WAS walking some days after, in the new apartments of his palace. I recognised the approach of the Cardinal (Mazarin) by the sound of his slippered feet, which he dragged one after the other, as a man enfeebled by a mortal malady. I concealed myself behind the tapestry, and I heard him say — "*Il faut quitter tout cela!*" ("I must leave all that!") He stopped at every step, for he was very feeble, and casting his eyes on each object that attracted him, he sighed forth, as from the bottom of his heart, "*Il faut quitter tout cela!* What pains have I taken to acquire these things! Can I abandon them without regret? I shall never see them more where I am about to go!" &c. — *Mémoires inédits de Louis Henri, Comte de Brienne. Barrière's Edition, vol. ii. p. 115.*

It was a vaulted gallery, where, in long and gleaming rows,
The statues stood like gods, whose life is glory and — repose;
And on the walls the canvass glowed from many a gorgeous frame;
What misers are we to the toil, what spendthrifts to the name!
Through silent air, with silver light, the steadfast tapers shone
Upon the Painter's pomp of hues, the Sculptor's solemn stone.
Saved from the flood of Time, within that Ark ye seem'd to view
The Sons of Art's departed world, the Fathers of its new.
Along that gallery feebly sounds a footfall on the floor, —
The old and dying man is come to count his treasures o'er; —
An old and dying Man amidst the ever-living Art;
God's truth! it were a sight to stir some pining painter's heart;
It were a sight to lift the soul of Genius from the Hour,
To see the life of Genius smile upon the death of Power!
That old and dying man is lord of all his eyes survey,
That meagre hand as yet can sign a thousand lives away;
The Roman purple hides the worm that gnaws the heart within,
And Church and State, he guides them both, the puissant Mazarin!
Yet more than Church, and more than State, the Italian prized,
I fear,
The Art in which his Mother-Land yet murmured to his ear.

I'va & the Pilgrims.

So, with a feeble footfall, now, he crawls along the floor,
 A dying man, who ere he dies, would count his treasures o'er.
 And from the sunny landscape smiled the soul of sweet Lorraine,
 And from the deeps of Raphael rose celestial Love again;
 And, bright in gorgeous-coloured pomp, the haggard owner sees,
 Thy banquet-halls and cloth of gold, thou stately Veronese.
 While calm and stern amidst the blaze of wonders not their own,
 The gods of Greece stand group'd around their old Olympian's
 throne.

There, Hermes ever seems from earth on winged feet to rise; —
 There, ever in the Serpent's fold Laocoon deathless dies;
 There, startled from her forest-lair, young Dian turns to draw
 The arrowy death that waits the heart the god has fail'd to awe.
 There, earth subdued, the monster slain, and every labour done,
 Stands, sad as Worth with mortal fame, Alcmena's mournful son.*
 They gaze upon the fading form with mute immortal eyes;
 The neighbour of the charnel girt with strangers from the skies.
 And slowly as he tottered by, the old man, unresign'd,
 Sigh'd forth, "And must I die, and leave this pleasant world
 behind;

My power, my state, my wealth, my pomp, my galleries and my
 halls?"

Still, while he sigh'd, th' Eternal Art smiled on him from the
 walls.

And as at last the dying man crept feebly to the porch,
 He saw the Silent Genius** stand, and lower the darken'd torch!

* Aristotle classes Hercules amongst the melancholy. (Arist. Prob. 30.) And it is the expression of melancholy repose combined with colossal power, which gives so sublime a sentiment to the Farnese statue.

** The statue of the Greek Genius of Death.

ANDRÉ CHENIER.

(THE WORLD WITHIN.)

ANDRÉ CHENIER, the original of whatever is truest to nature and genuine passion in the modern poetry of France, died by the guillotine, July 27, 1794. In ascending the scaffold he cried — "*To die so young!*" — "*And there was something here!*" he added, striking his forehead, not in the fear of death, but the despair of genius! See THIERS, vol. iv. p. 83.

IT was within the prison's gloom, the dreary night before
The morn in which the dungeon earth shall wall the soul no more,
And there, alone, the musing man whom Power had doom'd to die,
In silence fill'd the cell with dreams of happy days gone by.
On blacken'd walls and rugged floors, and through the sullen bars,
With eyes that spoke of heavenly things, - soft shone the summer
stars.

Fair to the martyr-poet's gaze, within that iron gloom,
The Eden lost on earth arose in melody and bloom.
To grace those walls he needed not the canvass and the stone,
A god itself, his GENIUS saw Olympus round its throne;
The visions Poets only know took living shape, and smil'd
Upon the sentenced captive, as upon the cradled child.
He saw the long procession sweep of those sublimer things
Which Youth had hoped that Time should raise from Song's en-
chanted springs, —
Those forms of light that from the lyre and from the poet's hymn
As from a native heaven break forth — melodious seraphim! *
So there, forgetful of the morn, upon the dungeon floor
He sat, the doomed man, to count the wealth of genius o'er —
To count the kingly hoards of thought, majestic and sublime,
That lay — if God would spare the life — within the mines of time.
He sees the work that should outlive the marble and the hues
On which for many a weary year has toil'd the holy muse.
He sees it rise to ripen'd shape, a Venus from the sea,

* "Aus den Salten, wie aus ihren Himmeln
Neugehor'ne Seraphim."

SCHILLER.

1 *

He hears the maid, amidst the shades of many a violet vale,
With murmur'd songs his lips had breathed make sweet the twilight gale: —

He heard the busy tramp below, the slow-unclosing doors,
The gaoler's heavy tread along the melancholy floors;
The murmur of the crowds that round the human shambles throng;
The death-cart's groaning wheel, as harsh the horror grates along.
"And must I die so soon!" sigh'd forth the young man, unre-
sign'd.

The splendours of that world in time my rushing soul survey'd,—
And while he spoke, the hinges creak'd — the gaoler oped the
door —

BAYARD.

A TALE.

SEE, for the *naïve* and characteristic relation of the anecdote on which this poem is founded, (and which one of our standard essayists, "The Guardian," No. 17, has already made familiar to the reader,) "The right joyous and pleasant History of the Chevalier Bayard," by the Loyal Servant, vol. ii. p. 126, of the Translation published by Murray. The very slight alterations which have been here admitted, are solely in compliance with what the Author believes to be an imperative condition in the art, whether of poet or painter — viz., an avoidance of the literal fact.

Love oft times in the haughtiest knight
 His easiest conquest sees;
 The plume that leads the foremost fight,
 The toy to every breeze.

More fair than rose at dawning day,
 When May her Zephyr seeks,
 The blossom of the human May,
 The rose on virgin cheeks.

If Love has charms, why Wealth has power —
 Her sire the slave of gold.
 Alas! that for the glittering shower
 The Danaë should be sold!

She stood before him at the night,
 Unfriended and alone;
 And o'er her charms the tempting light
 From silver cressets shone.

She stood; — above her bosom's snow
 The modest hands were prest,
 And voiceless heaved, in ebb and flow,
 The deeps within the breast.

She stood; — the ivory shoulders down
 The glittering tresses stray'd,
 Like light that from a martyr's crown
 A halo round her made.

So fair a form in holy cell
 No saint, I ween, might see;
 And o'er that form his glances fell,
 No saint, alas, was he! *

He moved, he spoke, he knelt, he sued —
 The noblest of the land;
 With gentlest words the master woo'd,
 And clasp'd the victim's hand!

Then o'er the marble cheek there flush'd
 The hues that went and came;
 And to the lip, in trembling, rush'd
 The words of hope and shame.

“Oh, spare me — spare, O noble knight,
 The child a sire could doom,
 And leave to life the stainless light
 That sanctifies the tomb!

“This morn, my eyes could greet the sun, —
 Ah, shall they loathe the ray, —
 To-morrow, scorn'd by every one,
 Whose love approv'd to-day?

“This morn, methought the voice of prayer
 The gates of heaven could ope! —
 To-morrow — oh, how prays Despair,
 When nought is left for Hope?

“This morn — why should I blush to speak? —
 I loved — beloved again, —
 Nay — not the love that fires thy cheek,
 A love that could not stain!

“This hour, unconscious, sad, alone,
 His lips repeat my name;
 To-day his pride — to-morrow grown,
 O God, into his shame!

* “As he was no saint.” — The Loyal Servant, vol. ii. p. 126.

“Before thy thousand wreaths of bay,
 One leaf how poor and dim!
 A thousand flowerets glad thy way,
 But *I* — am all to him!

“Turn not — oh, turn not!” From her eyes
 His hands his aspect hid;
 Perchance the thought the speech denies,
 The startled conscience chid.

Perchance, the haunted Past along,
 Th’ accusing Memory stray’d,
 And woke the pale, repentant throng,
 By young Desire betray’d;

Perchance, to that blest hour the birth
 Of holier thoughts was given,
 And wings, no more to stoop to Earth,
 Regained their native Heaven!

“No mail like innocence secure! *
 Await, and tremble not;
 The Angel-buckler guards the pure!”
 He said — and left the spot.

The midnight hour the church-bell toll’d, —
 O heart, more loud thy beat;
 A step — a voice — a form — behold
 Thy lover at thy feet!

“Look up — look up! — I claim my bride!
 The evil days are past.
 The gold my fate till now denied
 Is mine — is ours at last!

“By Bayard’s side my father fell, —
 The son, the hero found;
 And —” ere the rest his lips could tell,
 They heard the bugles sound;

* “Chè difesa miglior ch’usbergo e scudo,
 È la santa innocenza al petto ignudo.”

TASSO, Ger. Lib. cant. viii. — st. xli.

They heard the ringing hoofs depart ;
Aloft the pennon flow'd ;
And from the town , with lighter heart ,
The noble Bayard rode.

PATIENCE AND HOPE.

UPON a barren steep ,
Above a stormy deep ,
I saw an Angel watching the wild sea ;
Earth was that barren steep ,
Time was that stormy deep ,
And the opposing shore, Eternity !
“Why dost thou watch the wave?
Thy feet the waters lave ;
The tide engulfs thee if thou dost delay.”
“Unscath'd I watch the wave,
Time not the Angel's grave, —
I wait until the ocean ebbs away !”
Hush'd on the Angel's breast ,
I saw an Infant rest ,
Smiling upon the gloomy hell below.
“What is the Infant prest ,
O Angel, to thy breast ?”
“The child God gave me in the long-ago !
“Mine all upon the earth —
The angel's angel-birth ,
Smiling all terror from the howling wild !”
— Never may I forget
The dream that haunts me yet ,
Of PATIENCE nursing HOPE — the Angel and the Child !

EVA;

A TRUE STORY OF LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

THE Author has to thank an American gentleman for the beautiful story, (related also by Mr. Combe in one of his lectures,) to which this poem owes its origin.

I.

The Maiden's Home.

A COTTAGE in a peaceful vale;
 A jasmine round the door;
 A hill to shelter from the gale;
 A silver brook before.
 Oh sweet the jasmine's buds of snow,
 In mornings soft with May,
 And sweet in summer's silent glow,
 The brooklet's merry play;
 But sweeter in that lonely place
 To God it must have been,
 To see the Maiden's happy face
 That bless'd the home within!
 Without the porch, you heard at noon
 A voice that sang for glee;
 Or mark'd the white neck glancing down, —
 The book upon the knee —

II.

The Idiot Boy.

Who stands between thee and the sun? —
 A cloud himself, — the Wandering One!
 A vacant wonder in the eyes, —
 The mind, a blank, unwritten scroll; —
 The light was in the laughing skies,
 And darkness in the Idiot's soul.
 He touched the book upon her knee —
 He looked into her gentle face —
 "Thou dost not tremble, maid, to see,
 Poor Arthur by thy dwelling-place.

I know not why, but where I pass
 The aged turn away;
 And if my shadow vex the grass,
 The children cease from play.
My only playmates are the wind,
 The blossom on the bough!
 Why are thy looks so soft and kind?
 Thou dost not tremble — thou!"

Though none were by, she trembled not —
 Too meek to wound, too good to fear him;
 And, as he lingered on the spot,
 She hid the tears that gush'd to hear him. —

III.

Prayer of Arthur's Father.

"O Maiden!" — thus the sire begun —
 "O Maiden, do not scorn my prayer:
 I have a hapless idiot-son,
 To all my wealth the only heir;
 And day by day, in shine or rain,
 He wanders forth, to gaze again
 Upon those eyes, whose looks of kindness
 Still haunt him in his world of blindness.
 A sunless world! — all arts to yield
 Light to the mind from Childhood seal'd
 Have been explored in vain.
 Few are his joys on earth; — above,
 For every ill a cure is given —
 God grant me life to cheer with love,
 The wanderer's guileless path to Heaven."
 He paused — his heart was full — "And now,
 What brings the suppliant father here?
 Yes, few the joys that life bestows
 On him whose life is but repose —
 One night, from year to year; —
 Yet not so dark, O maid, if thou
 Couldst bear that harmless joy to see,

Which smiles the shadow from his face ,
When ear can catch or eye can trace

A tone — a glimpse — of thee ; —
The mournful presence couldst endure ,
Nor shun the steps thy looks allure , —
Couldst " — Eva's father , from her brow
Parted the golden locks , descending
To veil the sweet face , downwards bending ,
And , pointing to the swimming eyes ,
The dew-drops glist'ning on the cheek ,
" Mourner ! " *the happier* father cries ,
" These tears her answer speak ! "

Oh , sweet the jasmine's buds of snow ,
In mornings soft with May ;
And sweet in summer's silent glow ,
The brooklet's merry play ; —
But sweeter , in that lonely place ,
To God it must have been
The soul that lit the maiden's face —
Soul watching Soul within .

IV.

The Young Teacher.

Of wonders on the land and deeps
She spoke , and glories in the sky —
The Eternal life the Father keeps ,
For those who learn from Him to die .
So simply did the maiden speak —
So simply and so earnestly ,
You saw the light begin to break ,
And Soul the Heaven to see ;
You saw how slowly , day by day ,
The darksome waters caught the ray ,
Confused and broken — come and gone —
The beams as yet uncertain are ,
But still the billows murmur on ,
And struggle for the star .

V.

The Stranger-Suitor.

There came to Eva's maiden home
 A Stranger from a sunnier clime;
 The lore that Hellas taught to Rome,
 The wealth that Wisdom works from Time,
 Which ever in its ebb and flow,
 Heaves to the seeker on the shore
 The waifs of glorious wrecks below —
 The argosies of yore; —
 Each gem that in that dark profound
 The Past, — the Student's soul can find;
 Shone from his thought, and sparkled round
 The Enchanted Palace of the Mind.
 In man's best years, his form was fair,
 Broad brow with hyacinth locks of hair;
 A port, though stately, not severe;
 An eye that could the heart control;
 A voice whose music to the ear,
 Became a memory to the soul.
 It seem'd as Nature's hand had done
 Her most to mould her kingly son;
 But oft beneath the sunlit Nile
 The grim destroyer waits its prey,
 And dark below that fatal smile,
 The lurking demon lay.

 How trustful in the leafy June,
 She roved with him the lonely vale;
 How trustful by the tender moon,
 She blush'd to hear a tenderer tale.
 O happy Earth! the dawn revives,
 Day after day, each drooping flower
 Time to the heart *once* only gives
 The joyous Morning-Hour.
 "To him — oh, wilt thou pledge thy youth,
 For whom the world's false bloom is o'er?

My heart shall haven in thy truth ,
 And tempt the faithless wave no more.
 In my far land , a sun more bright
 Sheds rose-hues o'er a tideless sea ;
 But cold the wave, and dull the light ,
 Without the sunshine found in thee.
 Say, wilt thou come , the Stranger's bride ,
 To that bright land and tideless sea ?
 There is no sun but by thy side —
 My life's whole sunshine smiles in thee ! ”

Her hand lay trembling on his arm ,
 Averted glow'd the happy face ;
 A softer hue , a mightier charm ,
 Grew mellowing o'er the hour — the place ;
 Along the breathing woodlands moved
 A PRESENCE dream-like and divine —
 How sweet to love and be beloved ,
 To lean upon a heart that's thine !
 Silence was o'er the earth and sky —
 By silence Love is answered best —
Her answer was the downcast eye ,
 The rose-cheek pillow'd on his breast.
 What rustles through the moonlit brake ?
 What sudden spectre meets their gaze ?
 What face, the hues of life forsake ,
 Gleams ghost-like in the ghostly rays ?
 You might have heard his heart that beat ,
 So heaving rose its heavy swell —
No more the Idiot — at her feet ,
 The Dark One , roused to reason , fell.
 Loos'd the last link that thrall'd the thought ,
 The lightning broke upon the blind —
 The jealous love the cure had wrought ,
 The Heart in waking woke the Mind.

VI.

The Marriage.

To and fro the church bell swinging,
Cheerily, clearly, to and fro;
Gaily go the young girls bringing
Flowers the fairest June may know.
Maiden, flowers that bloom'd and perished
Strew'd thy path the bridal day;
May the Hope thy soul has cherished,
Bloom when these are past away!
The Father's parting prayer is said,
The daughter's parting kiss is given;
The tears a happy bride may shed,
Like sun-showers scarcely cloud her heaven;
Or *if* a cloud, — how soon appears
An Iris calling smiles from tears!

VII.

The Hermit.

Years fly; beneath the yew-tree's shade
Thy father's holy dust is laid;
The brook glides on, the jasmine blows;
But where art thou, the wandering wife,
And what the bliss, and what the woes,
Glass'd in the mirror-sleep of life?
For whether life may laugh or weep,
Death the true waking — life the sleep.
None know! afar, unheard, unseen —
The present heeds not what has been.
Whirl'd in the gulf that thunders on,
The floating raft forgets the gone.
But all, perchance, *one* heart may find,
Where Memory lives, a saint enshrin'd —
Some altar-hearth, in which our shade
The Household-god of Thought is made;
And each slight relic hoarded yet
With faith more solemn than regret.

Who tenants thy forsaken cot —
 Who tends thy childhood's favourite flowers —
 Who wakes, from every haunted spot,
 The Ghosts of vanish'd Hours?
 'T is He whose sense was doom'd to borrow
 From thee the Vision and the Sorrow —
 To whom the Reason's golden ray,
 In the Heart's Anguish-storm was given;
 The peal that rent the clouds away
 Left clear the silent face of heaven!
 And wealth was his, and gentle birth,
 A form in fair proportions cast;
 But lonely still he walk'd the earth —
 The Hermit of the Past.
 It was not love — that dream was o'er!
 No stormy grief, no wild emotion;
 For oft, what once was Love of yore,
 The Memory soothes into Devotion!
 He bought the cot: — The garden flowers —
 The haunts his Eva's steps had trod,
 Books — thought — beguiled the lonely hours,
 That flow'd in peaceful waves to God.

VIII.

Desertion.

She sits, a Statue of Despair,
 In that far land, by that bright sea;
 She sits, a Statue of Despair,
 Whose smile an Angel seem'd to be —
 An angel that could never die,
 Its home the heaven of that blue eye!
 The smile is gone for ever there —
 She sits, the Statue of Despair!
 She knows it all — the hideous tale —
 The wrong, the perjury, and the shame; —
 Before the bride had left her vale,
 Another bore the nuptial name;

Another lives to claim the hand
 Whose clasp, the while it thrill'd, defiled :
 Another lives, O God, to brand
 The Bastard's curse upon her child !
 ANOTHER ! — through all space she saw
 The face that mock'd th'unwedded mother's !
 In every voice she heard the Law,
 That cried, "Thou hast usurp'd another's !" —
 And who the horror first had told ? —
 From *his* false lips in scorn it came —
 "Thy charms grow dim, my love grows cold ;
 My sails are spread — Farewell."
 Rigid in voiceless marble there —
 Come, sculptor, come — behold Despair !
 The infant woke from feverish rest —
 Its smile she sees, its voice she hears —
 The marble melted from the breast,
 And all the Mother gush'd in tears.

IX.

The Infant - Burial.

To and fro the church-bell swinging,
 Heavily heaving to and fro ;
 Sadly go the mourners, bringing
 Dust to join the dust below.
 Through the church-aisle, lighted dim,
 Chaunted knells the ghostly hymn,
Dies irae, dies illa,
Solvat saeculum in favillâ !
 Mother ! flowers that bloom'd and perish'd
 Strew'd thy path the bridal day ;
 Now the bud thy grief has cherish'd,
 With the rest has pass'd away !
 Leaf that fadeth — bud that bloometh,
 Mingled there, must wait the day
 When the seed the grave entombeth
 Bursts to glory from the clay.

Dies irae, dies illa,
Solvat saeculum in favillâ!
 Happy are the old that die,
 With the sins of life repented;
 Happier they whose parting sigh
 Breaks a heart, from sin prevented!
 Let the earth thine infant cover
 From the cares the living know;
 Happier than the guilty lover —
 Memory is at rest below!
 Memory, like a fiend, shall follow,
 Night and day, the steps of Crime;
 Hark! the church-bell, dull and hollow,
 Shakes another sand from time!
 Through the church-aisle, lighted dim,
 Chaunted knells the ghostly hymn;
 Hear it, False One, where thou fliest,
 Shriek to hear it when thou diest —
Dies irae, dies illa,
Solvat saeculum in favillâ!

X.

The Return.

The cottage in the peaceful vale,
 The jasmine round the door,
 The hill still shelters from the gale,
 The brook still glides before.
 Without the porch, one summer noon,
 The Hermit-dweller see!
 In musing silence bending down,
 The book upon his knee.
 Who stands between thee and the sun? —
 A cloud herself, — the Wand'ring One! —
 A vacant sadness in the eyes,
 The mind a raz'd, defeated scroll;
 The light is in the laughing skies,
 And darkness, Eva, in thy soul!

The beacon shaken in the storm,
 Had struggled still to gleam above
 The last sad wreck of human love,
 Upon the dying child to shed
 One ray — extinguish'd with the dead:
 O'er earth and heaven then rush'd the night!
 A wandering dream, a mindless form —
 A Star hurl'd headlong from its height,
 Guideless its course, and quench'd its light.
 Yet still the native instinct stirr'd
 The darkness of the breast —
 She flies, as flies the wounded bird,
 Unto the distant nest.
 O'er hill and waste, from land to land,
 Her heart the faithful instinct bore;
 And there, behold the Wanderer stand
 Beside her Childhood's Home once more!

XI.

Light and Darkness.

When earth is fair, and winds are still,
 When sunset gilds the western hill,
 Oft by the porch, with jasmine sweet,
 Or by the brook, with noiseless feet,
 Two silent forms are seen;
 So silent they — the place so lone —
 They seem like souls, when life is gone,
 That haunt where life has been:
 And his to watch, as in the past
 Her soul had watch'd his soul.
 Alas! *her* darkness waits the last,
 The grave, the only goal!
 It is not what the leech can cure —
 An erring chord, a jarring madness:
 A calm so deep, it must endure —
 So deep, thou scarce canst call it sadness;

A summer night, whose shadows fall
 Gently — but o'er the wrecks of all.
 Yet, through the gloom, she seem'd to feel
 His presence like a happier air,
 Close by his side she lov'd to steal,
 As if no ill could harm her there!
 And when her looks his own would seek,
 Some memory seem'd to wake the sigh,
 Strive for kind words she could not speak,
 And bless him in the tearful eye.
 O sweet the jasmine's buds of snow,
 In mornings soft with May,
 And sweet in summer's silent glow,
 The brooklet's merry play;
 But sweeter in that lonely place,
 To God it must have been,
 The soul that lit the Hermit's face,
 Soul watching Soul within!

WHERE IS THE BRITON'S HOME?

THE SONG OF THE EMIGRANTS.

(Intended for Music.)

"Wo ist des Sängers Vaterland?"

KOERNER.

1.

WHERE is the Briton's home?
 Where the free step can roam,
 Where the free sun can glow,
 Where the free air can blow,
 Where a free ship can bear
 Hope and Strength; — everywhere
 Wave upon wave can roll, —
 East and West — Pole to Pole —
 Where a free step can roam, —
 THERE is the Briton's Home!

2.

Where is the Briton's Home?
 Where the brave heart can come,
 Where Labour wins a soil,
 Where a stout hand can toil;
 Where, in the desert blown,
 Any far seed is sown;
 Where Gold or Fame is won,
 Where never sets the sun;
 Where a brave heart can come, —
THERE is the Briton's Home!

3.

Where is the Briton's Home?
 Where the Mind's Light can come;
 Where our God's holy word
 Breaks on the savage herd;
 Where a new flock is won
 To the bright Shepherd-One;
 Where the church-bell can toll,
 Where soul can comfort soul,
 Where Holy FAITH can come, —
THERE is the Briton's Home!

4.

Where is the Briton's Home?
 Where Man's great Law can come,
 Where the great Truth can speak,
 Where the Slave's chain can break,
 Where the White's scourge can cease,
 Where the Black dwells in peace,
 Where, from his angel-hall,
 God sees us brothers all;
 Where Light and Freedom come, —
THERE is the Briton's Home!



THE EVERLASTING GRAVE-DIGGER.

I stood in one vast burial-place,
 And saw his trade the sexton ply;
 No life was in that bloodless face —
 No light was in that freezing eye.
 “Whose grave, old Sexton, digg’st thou here?”
 As, up to day, the labourer cast
 The relics hid for many a year; —
 “Fool! — *from* the grave I dig the Past.”
 A skull lay ghastly at my feet,
 And by the skull a diadem;
 Pale shreds of Beauty’s winding-sheet,
 And Beauty’s bones outwhitening them!
 “And of the Past, are these alone
 The relics that thou canst disclose?
 Bring back the Monarch to his throne,
 And give to Beauty’s cheek the rose!”
 “Stand from my path!” the Sexton said,
 “Thou ask’st what MEMORY cannot give —
 I only can disturb the dead,
 And FAITH alone can bid them live!”

THE FAIRY BRIDE.

A TALE. *

PART I.

“AND how canst thou in tourneys shine,
 Or tread the glittering festal floor?
 On chains of gold and cloth of pile,
 The looks of high-born Beauty smile;
 Nor peerless deeds, nor stainless line,
 Can lift to Fame the Poor!”

* The subject of this tale is suggested by one of the Fabliaux.



His Mother spoke; and Elvar sigh'd —
 The sigh alone confess'd the truth;
 He curb'd the thoughts that gall'd the breast —
 High thoughts ill suit the russet vest;
 Yet Arthur's Court, in all its pride,
 Ne'er saw so fair a youth.

Far, to the forest's stillest shade,
 Sir Elvar took his lonely way;
 Beneath an oak, whose gentle frown
 Dimm'd noon's bright eyes, he laid him down;
 A sparkling Fount amidst the glade,
 At everlasting play.

"As sunlight to the forest tree" —
 'T was thus his murmur'd musings ran —
 "And as amidst the sunlight's glow,
 The freshness of the fountain's flow —
 So — (ah, they never mine may be!) —
 Are Gold and Love to Man."

And while he spoke, a gentle air
 Seem'd stirring through the crystal tides;
 A gleam, at first both dim and bright,
 Trembled to shape, in limbs of light,
 Gilded to sunbeams by the hair
 That glances where it glides; *
 Till, clear and clearer, upward borne,
 The Fairy of the Fountain rose:
 The halo quivering round her, grew
 More steadfast, as the shape shone through —
 O sure, a second, softer Morn
 The Elder Daylight knows!
 Born from the blue of those deep eyes,
 Such love its happy self betray'd

* "With hair that gilds the water as it glides."

As only haunts that tender race,
 With flower or fount, their dwelling place —
 The darling of the earth and skies
 She rose — that Fairy Maid!

“Elvar!” she said, and every breeze
 Grew lull’d beneath that silver voice —
 “A love more true than minstrel sings,
 A wealth that mocks the pomp of kings,
 A Fairy gives where’er she sees
 Her heart’s enchanted choice.

“Then say, for I have loved thee long,
 If human charms thy soul allure? —
 For he no Fairy’s hand may gain,
 Whom earthlier love could e’er profane.
 The Children of the Star and Song,
 We may but bless the Pure!”

“Dream — lovelier far than e’er, I ween,
 Entranced the glorious Merlin’s eyes —
 Through childhood, to this happiest hour,
 All free from human Beauty’s power,
 My heart unresting, still hath been
 A prophet in its sighs.

“Though never living shape hath brought,
 Sweet love, that second life, to me,
 Yet over earth, and through the heaven,
 The thoughts that pined for love were driven.
 I see thee — and I feel I sought
 Through Earth and Heaven for thee!”

PART II.

Ask not the Bard to lift the veil
 That hides the Fairy’s bridal bower;
 If thou art young, go seek the glade,
 And win thyself some fairy maid;
 And rosy lips shall tell the tale
 In some enchanted hour.

“Farewell!” as by the greenwood tree,
 The Fairy clasped the Mortal’s hand —
 “Our laws forbid thee to delay —
 Not ours the life of every day! —
 And Man, alas! may rarely be
 The Guest of Fairy-land.

“Back to thy Prince’s halls depart,
 The stateliest of his stately train:
 Henceforth thy wish shall be the mine —
 Each toy that gold can purchase, thine —
 A Fairy’s coffers are the heart
 A mortal cannot drain.”

“Talk not of wealth — that dream is o’er! —
 These sunny locks be all my gold!”
 “Nay! if in courts thy thoughts can stray
 Along the fairy-forest way,
 Wish but to see thy bride once more —
 Thy bride thou shalt behold.

“Yet hear the law on which must rest
 Thy union with thine elfin bride;
 If ever by a word — a tone —
 Thou mak’st our tender secret known,
 The spell will vanish from thy breast —
 The Fairy from thy side.

“*If thou but boast to mortal ear,
 The meanest charm thou findest in me,
 If*” — here his lips the sweet lips seal,
 Low-murmuring, “Love can ne’er reveal —
 It cannot breathe to mortal ear,
 The charms it finds in thee!”

PART III.

High joust, by Carduel’s ancient town,
 The Kingly Arthur holds to day;
 Around their Queen, in glittering row,

The Starry Hosts of Beauty glow.

Smile down, ye stars, on his renown

Who bears the wreath away !

There, they who gird the Table Round —

The war-gems of that wondrous ring ! —

Well proven *he* in fields of fight,

To meet unscathed the meanest knight

Who sees, above the glorious ground,

His Lady and his King.

What prince as from some throne afar,

Shines through the dense unclosing throng?

Broidered with pearls, his mantle's fold

Flow'd o'er the mail embossed with gold;

As rides, from cloud to cloud, a star,

The Bright One rode along !

Twice fifty stalwart Squires, in air

The stranger's knightly pennon bore;

Twice fifty Pages, pacing slow,

Scatter his largess as they go;

Calm through the crowd he passed, and, there,

Reined in the Lists before.

Light question in those elder days

The heralds made of birth and name.

Enough to wear the spurs of gold,

To share the pastime of the bold.

"Forwards !" their wands the Heralds raise,

And in the Lists he came.

Now rouse thee — rouse thee, bold Gawaine !

Think of thy Lady's eyes above;

Now rouse thee for thy Queen's sweet sake,

Thou peerless Launcelot of the Lake !

Vain Gawaine's might, and Launcelot's, vain ! —

They know no Fairy's love.

Before him swells the joyous tramp,

He comes — the victor's wreath is won !

Low to his Queen Sir Elvar kneels,
 The helm no more his face conceals;
 And one pale form amidst the pomp,
 Sobs forth — “My gallant son!”

PART IV.

Sir Elvar is the fairest knight
 That ever lured a lady's glance;
 Sir Elvar is the wealthiest lord
 That sits at good King Arthur's board;
 The bravest in the joust or fight,
 The lightest in the dance.

And never love, methinks, so blest
 As his, this weary world has known;
 For, every night before his eyes,
 The charms that ne'er can fade arise —
 A Star unseen by all the rest —
 A Life for him alone.

And yet Sir Elvar is not blest —
 He walks apart with brows of gloom —
 “The meanest knight in Arthur's hall
 His ladye-love may tell to all;
 He shows the flow'r that glads his breast —
 His pride to boast its bloom!

“And I who clasp the fairest form
 That e'er to man's embrace was given,
 Must hide the gift as if in shame!
 What boots a prize we dare not name?
 The sun must shine if it would warm —
 A cloud is all my heaven!”

Much stately Gwynver* marvelled, how
 A knight so fair should seem so cold;
 What if a love for hope too high,

* Or Guenever; Arthur's somewhat light, if beautiful, queen. Her amours with the gentle Launcelot are well known.

Has chained the lip and awed the eye?
 A second joust — and surely now
 The secret shall be told.

For, *there*, alone shall ride the brave
 Whose glory dwells in Beauty's fame;
 Each, for his lady's honour, arms —
 His lance the test of rival charms.

Woe him whom Beauty never gave
 The right to gild her name!

Sir Launcelot burns to win the prize —
 First in the Lists his shield is seen;
 A sunflower for device he took —

"Where'er thou shinest turns my look."

So, as he paced the Lists, his eyes
 Still sought the Sun — his Queen!

*"And why, Sir Elvar, loiterest thou? —
 Lives there no fair thy lance to claim?"*

No answer Elvar made the King;
 Sullen he stood without the ring.

"Forwards!" An armed whirlwind now
 On horse and horseman came!

And down goes princely Caradoc —

Down Tristan and stout Agrafrayn, —
 Unscath'd, unstirr'd, through that wild field,
 Lo! Launcelot bears his victor-shield;

The sunflower bright'ning through the shock,
 And through that iron rain.

"Sound trumpets — sound! — to South and North!

I, Launcelot of the Lake, proclaim,
 That never sun and never air,
 Or shone or breathed on form so fair

As hers — thrice, trumpets, sound it forth! —
 Our Arthur's royal dame!"

And South and North, and West and East,
 Upon the thunder-blast it flies!

Still on his steed sits Launcelot,
 And even echo answers not;
 Till, as the stormy challenge ceas'd,
 A voice was heard — "He lies!"

All turn'd their mute, astonish'd gaze,
 To where the daring answer came,
 And lo! Sir Elvar's haughty crest!
 Fierce on the knight the gazers prest; —
 Their wands the sacred Heralds raise, —
 And Gwynver weeps for shame.

"Sir Knight," King Arthur smiling said,
 (In smiles a king should wrath disguise,)
 "Know'st thou, in truth, a dame so fair,
 Our Queen may not with her compare?
 Ay, Gwynver, weep, and hide thy head —
 Sir Launcelot, yield the prize."

"I know a Fair, whose charms, to none
 Beneath the Heaven's wide vault can yield!
 Yet is it true, that Love, most fair
 Deems *that* it loves — how mean soe'er!"

"Well said, — proclaim thy paragon,
 And forward to the field!

"If fair she be, thy Lady's right
 Shall in her champion's feats be seen.
 Her name?" — Sir Elvar's visage fell:
 "A vow forbids the name to tell."

"By Heaven! thou most disloyal Knight,
 Thy lips insult thy Queen!

"Foul shame, were Gwynver's name disgraced
 By some light leman's taunting smile!
 Whoe'er — so run the tourney's laws —
 Would break a lance in Beauty's cause,
 Must name the Highborn and the Chaste —
 The nameless are the vile."

Sir Elvar glanced, where, stern and high,
 The scornful champion rein'd his steed;
 Where, o'er the Lists the seats were raised,
 And jealous dames disdainful gazed,
 He glanced, nor caught one gentle eye —
 Courts grow not friends at need:

“King! I have said, and keep my vow.”
 “Then hear thy sentence. On this ground,
 Ere the third sun shall sink, — or bring
 A fair outshining yonder ring, —
 Or know my oath, as thine is now —
 No flatterer shall be found!

“Thy sword, unmeet to serve the right, —
 Thy spurs, unfit for churls to wear,
 Torn from thee; — through the lists (aloud,
 As thou but now amidst the crowd,)
 Shall hiss the hoot, — ‘Behold the knight,
 Whose lips belie the fair!’

“Three days I give; nor think to fly
 Thy doom; for on the rider's steed,
 Though to the farthest earth he ride, —
 Disgrace once mounted, clings beside;
 And Mockery, with unsleeping eye,
 Still dogs the idle speed.”

Far to the forest's stillest shade,
 Sir Elvar took his lonely way;
 Beneath the oak, whose gentle frown
 Still dimm'd the noon, he laid him down,
 And saw the Fount amidst the glade,
 At everlasting play.

Alas, in vain his heart address,
 With sighs, with prayers, his elfin bride; —
 What though the vow conceal'd the name,
Did not the boast the charms proclaim?

The spell has vanish'd from his breast,
The fairy from his side.

Oh, not for vulgar homage made,
The holier beauty formed for one;
It asks no wreath the arm can win;
Its lists — its world — the heart within;
All love most sacred haunts the shade —
The star shrinks from the sun!

Three days the wand'rer roved in vain;
Uprose the fatal dawn at last!
The lists are set, the galleries raised,
And, scorned by all the eyes that gazed,
Alone he fronts the crowd again,
And hears the sentence past.

Now, as, amidst the hooting scorn,
Rude hands the hard command fulfil,
While rings the challenge — "Sun and air
Ne'er shone, ne'er breathed, on form so fair
As Arthur's Queen," — a single horn
Came from the forest hill.

A note so distant and so lone,
And yet so sweet, — it thrilled along,
It hush'd the Champion on his steed,
Startled the rude hands from their deed,
Charm'd the stern Arthur on his throne,
And still'd the shouting throng.

To North, to South, to East, and West,
They turned their eyes; and o'er the plain,
On palfrey white, a Ladye rode;
As woven light her mantle glowed.
Two lovely shapes, in azure drest,
To lead the jewell'd rein.

The crowd gave way as on they bore,
That vision from the Land of Dreams;
Veil'd was the gentle rider's face,

But not the two her path that grace.
 How dim beside the charms they wore
 All human beauty seems!

So to the throne the pageant came,
 And thus the Fairy to the King:
 "Ill suits a prince, for ever dear,
 By minstrel's song, to knighthood's ear,
 The wrath that wrongs the noble vow,
 Which hallows ev'n a name.

"Bloom there no flowers more sweet by night?
 Come, Queen, before the judgment throne;
 Behold Sir Elvar's nameless bride!
 Now, Queen, his doom thyself decide."
 She raised her veil, — and all her Light
 Of Beauty round them shone!

The bloom, the eyes, the locks, the smile,
 That never earth nor time could dim; —
 Day grew more bright, and air more clear,
 As Heaven itself were brought more near. —
 And oh! *his* joy, who felt, the while,
 That light but glowed for him!

"My steed, my lance, vain Champion, now
 To arms: and Heaven defend the right!" —
 Here spake the Queen, "The strife is past,"
 And in the lists her glove she cast,
 "And I myself will crown thy brow,
 Thou love-defended Knight!"

He comes to claim the garland crown;
 The changeful thousands shout his name;
 And faithless beauty round him smil'd,
 How cold, beside the Forest's Child,
 Who asked not love to bring renown,
 And clung to love in shame!

He bears the prize to those dear feet;
 "Not mine the guerdon! oh, not mine!"

Sadly the fated Fairy hears,
 And smiles thro' unrepentant tears;
 "Nay, keep the flowers, and be they sweet
 When I — no more am thine!"

She lower'd the veil, she turn'd the rein,
 And ere his lips replied, was gone.
 As on she went her charmed way,
 No mortal dared the steps to stay;
 And when she vanish'd from the plain
 All space seemed left alone!

Oh, woe! that fairy shape no more
 Shall bless thy love or charm thy pride!
 He seeks the wood, he gains the spot —
 The Tree is there, the Fountain not: —
 Dried up: — its mirthful play is o'er.
 Ah, where the Fairy-bride?

Alas, with fairies as with men,
 Who love are victims from the birth!
 A fearful doom the fairy shrouds,
 If once unveil'd by day to crowds.
 The Fountain vanished from the glen,
 The Fairy from the earth!

THE SABBATH.

FRESH glides the brook and blows the gale,
 Yet yonder halts the quiet mill;
 The whirring wheel, the rushing sail,
 How motionless and still!

Six days stern Labour shuts the poor
 From Nature's careless banquet-hall;
 The seventh, an Angel opes the door,
 And, smiling, welcomes all!

A Father's tender mercy gave
 This holy respite to the breast,

To breathe the gale, to watch the wave,
And know — the wheel may rest!

Six days of toil, poor child of Cain,
Thy strength thy master's slave must be;
The seventh, the limbs escape the chain —
A God hath made thee free!

The fields that yester-morning knew
Thy footsteps as their serf, survey;
On thee, as them, descends the dew,
The baptism of the day.

Fresh glides the brook and blows the gale,
But yonder halts the quiet mill;
The whirring wheel, the rushing sail,
How motionless and still!

So rest, — O weary heart! — but, lo,
The church-spire, glist'ning up to heaven,
To warn thee where thy thoughts should go
The day thy God hath given!

Lone through the landscape's solemn rest,
The spire its moral points on high, —
O, Soul, at peace within the breast,
Rise, mingling with the sky!

They tell thee, in their dreaming school,
Of Power from old Dominion hurl'd,
When rich and poor, with juster rule,
Shall share the alter'd world.

Alas! since Time itself began,
That fable hath but fool'd the hour;
Each age that ripens Power in Man,
But subjects Man to Power.

Yet every day in seven, at least,
One bright Republic shall be known; —
Man's world awhile hath surely ceast,
When God proclaims his own!

Six days may Rank divide the poor,
 O Dives, from thy banquet hall —
 The seventh the Father opes the door,
 And holds his feast for all!

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

FROM Heaven, what fancy stole
 The dream of some good spirit, aye at hand,
 The seraph whispering to the exiled soul
 Tales of its native land?

Who to the cradle gave
 The unseen Watcher by the Mother's side,
 Born with the birth, and journeying to the grave,
 The holy Angel-guide?

Is it a Fable? — No!
 I heard LOVE answer from the sunlit air,
 "Still where my presence lights the darkness, know
 Life's Angel-guide is there!" —

Is it a Fable? — Hark!
 FAITH answers, from the blue vault's farthest star,
 "I am the Pilot of thy wandering bark,
 Thy Guide to shores afar!"

Is it a Fable? — Sweet,
 From wave, from air, from every forest-tree,
 The murmur spoke — "Each thing thine eyes can greet
 An Angel-guide can be!"

"From myriads take thy choice,
 In all that lives a guide to God is given;
 Ever thou hear'st some Angel-guardian's voice
 When Nature speaks of Heaven!"

THE MIND AND THE HEART.

"Ma vie est un combat."

I WAR for ever with my heart,
That pines when most I would be gay;
What matter if our dreams depart? —
Let labour chase regrets away!

Though every toil but wakes the spell
To rouse the Falsehood and the Foe,
Why let the breeze disturb the well;
No storm can reach the TRUTH below.

The Mind can reign in Mind alone.
"Alas!" the heavy Heart replies,
"What king but wearies of his throne,
If girt but by unloving eyes.

"Along the world, the oceans whelm,
The eye but tracks the parted Dove;
And sad as death is all thy realm,
Without the olive-branch of Love."

Before my gaze I see my youth,
The ghost of gentler years, arise,
With looks that yearn'd for every truth,
And wings that sought the farthest skies.

The sovereign of a land of dreams,
Before this waking world began,
How bright the radiant phantom seems
Beside the time-worn weary man!

How, then, the Heart rejoiced in all
That roused the quick aspiring Mind!
What glorious music Hope could call
From every Memory left behind!

Had some sad seraph left the heaven,
The sanguine soul to undeceive,
Such faith in this fair earth was given,
No voice had made me disbelieve; —

So large a love for all that live,
 The spendthrift heart, in hope, possess, —
 It was so sweet a gift to give
 The trust that overflowed the breast; —
 A seraph's hand in vain had raised
 The lovely mask from Falsehood's brow;
 Nor, charmed the less, I still had gazed
 Along the disenchanted NOW.
 Alas! no fiend the seer can spell
 So dims the sunlight from the air
 As that which, waked from Memory's cell,
 Presents the ghost of what we were!
 Beside that ghost of time gone by,
 I stand upon the waste alone!
 And if a sunbeam light the sky,
 It wakes no floweret from the stone.
 The icy calm that smiles on all,
 But comes from pride that veils the pain;
 Alas, how much we fain would call
 Content — is nothing but Disdain!

THE DEAD QUEEN.

"MARY STUART perished at the age of forty-four years and two months. Her remains were taken from her weeping servants, and a green cloth, torn in haste from an old billiard table, was flung over her once beautiful form. Thus it remained, unwatched and unattended, except by a poor little lap-dog, which could not be induced to quit the body of its mistress. This faithful little animal was found dead two days afterwards, and the circumstance made such an impression, even on the hard-hearted minister of Elizabeth, that it was mentioned in the official dispatches." — *Mrs. Jameson's Female Sovereigns — Mary, Queen of Scots.*

NEGLECTED in that ancient hall, what once had been a monarch
 lay,
 And all this peopled world could spare not one to watch beside
 the clay.

The loveliest shape that ever yet upon the world had shone —
 A sunbeam strayed from fairy climes, to fade upon a throne;
 The fatal face, on which to look was to adore and die,
 The Siren's voice that stirr'd a storm with each melodious sigh.
 How many victims, while in life, that charmed smile had made;
 Or in the field, or by the block, to bless what had betrayed!
 And now that headless, mangled corpse — that dark and dreary
 sleep —

And, sad in death as once in life, no mourner stays to weep.
 Stern Knox, methinks those hueless lips a harsher truth can teach
 To royal pomps, than ever thine to royal sins could preach!
 So lovely and so lov'd of old, so shunn'd and ghastly now!
 O God, and what a king — but take the bauble from the brow!
 The world it seems so full of life — of life that well might spare
 One lonely heart to watch above the lonely relics there; —
 And not one human eye; — yet see, what stirs the funeral pall?
 What sound — a sound of sorrow — wails low-moaning through
 the hall?

Close by the world-forsaken form, one thing a vigil keeps,
 At every sound without, more near to that still'd heart it creeps;
 It gazes on those glazed eyes — it hearkens for a breath —
 It does not know, poor fool, why Love should not be true to
 Death.

It still can fawn, as fond a slave, upon that powerless hand;
 It still can hear from voiceless lips, a voice that can command.
 To *that* alone, through all the earth, no matter what had been,
 The pomp or fate, the guilt or doom — the Dead was still a Queen.
 Yet were the Queen a village-maid, it still had loved, the same,
 The *human friend* from whom its all of grief or gladness came.
 With eyes that never turned aside, it watched the senseless clay —
 With moan that never ceased, it breath'd its broken heart away.
 And when, at length, the doors unclosed, and human steps drew
 nigh,

The human pity paused, abashed, before that faithful eye!
 It seemed to gaze with such reproach on those who could forsake,
 Then turn'd to watch again, as if the steps the sleep might
 wake!

The one whom Hate had slain, the one whom Love sufficed to kill!
Stern Doomer, Titan-Tudor, throned amidst thy pomp, to-day,
When thy hard eyes shall scan the tale yon hireling scribes convey;
When thou shalt read how, at the last, one thing at least was found
Beside thy butchered rival's corpse, the headless and discrown'd,
Shall not the shudder half foretel thine own expiring hour,
When those who crowd the regal hall, shall fly the falling tower;
When, haunted by the ghost of him thy madden'd love hath slain,
Through vacant space thy looks shall seek *one thing that loves —*
in vain?

Though priest and noble round thy bed of bitter death shall crowd,
Far more of love was found beside thy victim's gory shroud!

1.

SIT here and muse! — it is an antique room —
High-roof'd, with casements, through whose purple pane
Unwilling Daylight stealing through the gloom,
Comes like a fearful stranger.

There THEY reign,
(In loftier pomp than waking life had known,)
The Kings of Thought! — not crown'd until the grave.
When Agamemnon sinks into the tomb,
The beggar Homer mounts the Monarch's throne!
Ye ever-living and imperial Souls
Who rule us from the page in which ye breathe,
All that divide us from the clod ye gave! —
Law — Order — Love — Intelligence — the sense
Of Beauty — Music and the Minstrel's wreath! —
What were our wanderings if without your goals?
As air and light, the glory ye dispense,
Becomes our being — who of us can tell
What he had been, had Cadmus never taught

To man the magic that embalms the thought —
 Had Plato never spoken from his cell,
 Or his high harp blind Homer never strung? —
 Kinder all earth hath grown since genial Shakspeare sung!

2.

Hark! while we muse, without the walls is heard
 The various murmur of the labouring crowd.
 How still, within those archive-cells interr'd,
 The Calm Ones reign! — and yet they rouse the loud
 Passions and tumults of the circling world!
 From them, how many a youthful Tully caught
 The zest and ardour of the eager Bar;
 From them, how many a young Ambition sought
 Gay meteors glancing o'er the sands afar —
 By them each restless wing has been unfurl'd,
 And their ghosts urge each rival's rushing car!
 They made yon Preacher zealous for the truth;
 They made yon Poet wistful for the star;
 Gave Age its pastime — fired the cheek of Youth —
 The unseen sires of all our beings are, —

3.

And now so still! This, Cicero, is thy heart;
 I hear it beating through each purple line.
 This is thyself, Anacreon — yet, thou art
 Wreath'd, as in Athens, with the Cnidian Vine.
 I ope thy pages, Milton, and, behold,
 Thy spirit meets me in the haunted ground! —
 Sublime and eloquent, as while, of old,
 "It flamed and sparkled in its crystal bound;"*
 These *are* yourselves — your life of life! The Wise,
 (Minstrel or Sage,) *out* of their books, are clay;
 But *in* their books, as from their graves, they rise,
 Angels — that, side by side, upon our way,
 Walk with and warn us!

Hark! the world so loud,
 And *they*, the movers of the world, so still!

* Cornus.

What gives this beauty to the grave? the shroud
 Scarce wraps the Poet, than at once there cease
 Envy and Hate! "Nine cities claim him dead,
 Through which the living Homer begg'd his bread!"
 And what the charm that can such health distil
 From withered leaves — oft poisons in their bloom?
 We call some books immoral! *Do they live?*
 If so, believe me, TIME hath made them pure
 In Books, the veriest wicked rest in peace —
 God wills that nothing evil should endure;
 The grosser parts fly off and leave the whole,
 As the dust leaves the disembodied soul!
 Come from thy niche, Lucretius! Thou didst give
 Man the black creed of Nothing in the tomb!
 Well, when we read thee, does the dogma taint?
 No; with a listless eye we pass it o'er,
 And linger only on the hues that paint
 The Poet's spirit lovelier than his lore.
 None learn from thee to cavil with their God;
 None commune with thy genius, to depart
 Without a loftier instinct of the heart.
 Thou mak'st no Atheist — thou but mak'st the mind
 Richer in gifts which Atheists best confute —
 FANCY AND THOUGHT! 'T is these that from the sod,
 Lift us! The life which soars above the brute
 Ever and mightiest, breathes from a great Poet's lute!
 Lo! that grim Merriment of Hatred;* — born
 Of him, — the Master-Mocker of Mankind,
 Beside the grin of whose malignant spleen,
 Voltaire's gay sarcasm seems a smile serene, —
 Do we not place it in our children's hands,
 Leading young Hope through Lemuel's fabled lands —
 God's and man's libel in that foul yahoo! —
 Well, and what mischief can the libel do?
 O impotence of Genius to belie
 Its glorious task — its mission from the sky!

* Gulliver's Travels.

Swift wrote this book to wreak a ribald scorn
 On aught the Man should love or Priest should mourn —
 And lo! the book, from all its ends beguill'd,
 A harmless wonder to some happy child!

4.

All books grow homilies by time; they are
 Temples, at once, and Landmarks. In them, we
 Who *but* for them, upon that inch of ground
 We call "THE PRESENT," from the cell could see
 No daylight trembling on the dungeon bar;
 Turn, as we list, the globe's great axle round,
 Traverse all space, and number every star,
 And feel the Near less household than the Far!
 There is no Past, so long as Books shall live!
 A disinterr'd Pompeii wakes again
 For him who seeks yon well; lost cities give
 Up their untarnish'd wonders, and the reign
 Of Jove revives and Saturn: — At our will
 Rise dome and tower, on Delphi's sacred hill;
 Bloom Cimon's trees in Academe;* — along
 Leucadia's headland, sighs the Lesbian's song;
 With Ægypt's Queen once more we sail the Nile,
 And learn how worlds are barter'd for a smile; —
 Rise up, ye walls, with gardens blooming o'er,
 Ope but that page — lo, Babylon once more!

5.

Ye make the Past our heritage and home;
 And is this all? No; by each prophet-sage —
 No; by the herald souls that Greece and Rome
 Sent forth, like hymns, to greet the Morning Star
 That rose on Bethlehem — by thy golden page
 Melodious Plato — by thy solemn dreams,
 World-wearied Tully! — and, above ye all,
 By THUS, the Everlasting Monument
 Of God to mortals, on whose front the beams

* Plut. in Vit. Cim.

Flash glory-breathing day — our lights ye are
To the dark Bourne beyond; in you are sent
The types of Truths whose life is **THE TO-COME**;
In you soars up the Adam from the fall;
In you the **FUTURE** as the **PAST** is given —
Ev'n in our death ye bid us hail our birth; —
Unfold these pages, and behold the **Heaven**,
Without one grave-stone left upon the **Earth**!

THE LAST CRUSADER.

LEFT to the Saviour's conquering foes,
The land that girds the Saviour's grave;
Where Godfrey's crozier-standard rose,
He saw the crescent-banner wave.

There, o'er the gently-broken vale,
The halo-light on Zion glow'd;
There Kedron, with a voice of wall,
By tombs* of saints and heroes flow'd;

There still the olives silver o'er
The dimness of the distant hill;
There still the flowers that Sharon bore,
Calm air with many an odour fill.

Slowly **THE LAST CRUSADER** eyed
The towers, the mount, the stream, the plain,
And thought of those whose blood had dyed
The earth with crimson streams in vain!

He thought of that sublime array,
The Hosts, that over land and deep
The Hermit marshall'd on their way,
To see those towers, and halt to weep!**

* The valley, Jehosaphat, through which rolls the torrent of the Kedron, is studded with tombs.

** See Tasso, Ger. Lib. cant. iii. st. vi.

Resign'd the lov'd familiar lands,
 O'er burning wastes the cross to bear,
 And rescue from the Paynim's hands
 No empire save a sepulchre!

And vain the hope, and vain the loss,
 And vain the famine and the strife;
 In vain the faith that bore the Cross,
 The valour prodigal of life!

And vain was Richard's lion-soul,
 And guileless Godfrey's patient mind —
 Like waves on shore, they reach'd the goal,
 To die, and leave no trace behind!

"O God!" the last Crusader cried,
 "And art thou careless of thine own?
 For us thy Son in Salem died,
 And Salem is the scoffer's throne!

"And shall we leave, from age to age,
 To godless hands the Holy Tomb?
 Against thy saints the heathen rage —
 Launch forth thy lightnings, and consume!"

Swift, as he spoke, before his sight
 A Form flash'd, white-robed, from above;
 All Heaven was in those looks of light,
 But Heaven, whose native air is love.

"Alas!" the solemn Vision said,
 "*Thy* God is of the shield and spear —
 To bless the Quick and raise the Dead,
 The Saviour-God descended here!

"Ah! know'st thou not the very name*
 Of SALEM bids thy carnage cease —
 A symbol in itself to claim
 God's People to a Home of PEACE!

* The signification of the name "Salem," as written by the Hebrews, is the Abode, or People, of PEACE.

“Ask not the Father to reward
 The hearts that seek, through blood, the Son;
 O Warrior! never by the sword
 The Saviour's Holy Land is won!”

THE ILL-OMENED MARRIAGE.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

1.

WHERE Avon, winding pastoral meads along,
 Steals its blue course, a baffled Dreamer came;
 The self-made exile from the busy throng: —
 Born to high fortunes, and a noble name,
 Lord Ruthven's youth had love and pleasure known;
 And o'er the quicksands, veil'd in verdure, Fame,
 The mighty meteor, had deceiving shone.
 But fickle joys demand the fickle mind;
 Envy pursued the fame, regret the pleasure,
 The earnest heart for kindred commune pin'd,
 And the soul starved amidst the golden treasure.
 Large was his bounty, larger still his trust
 In human faith, till falsehood chill'd the zeal,
 And slow experience canker'd, like a rust,
 The native strength and brightness of the steel: —
 Friends had betray'd, and love had left his side;
 What sprung from virtues, into griefs had grown —
 The world's wise jury, knaves and fools, decide
 The guilt of natures nobler than their own.
 A disappointed, wrong'd, and weary man,
 He sought the hearth of yon long-silent hall;
 Fresh in the vale below the river ran, —
 Nature, like Time, steals from our hearts the gall,
 And drops from brooding wings the dews, reviving all.

2.

Below those towers, in the green valley's glen,
 His refuge, too, a fellow-sufferer sought;

Seared by the trials, to the herd of men
 More stern than those whose ploughshare is the thought,
 Long, 'mid the Merchant-Princes of the Mart,
 Had Seaton seen his swelling sails depart,
 The Hermes-Messengers of earth's great god,
 Mammon! — (How from thy golden throne, O Trade,
 Thou mov'st the world's foundations with a nod!)
 But She adored at Antium, * present ever
 To change the pæan to the funeral dirge,
 Delights the temples of our pride to shiver,
 Rides on the bark, that cleaves the subject surge,
 O'er all that rules, *her* rule she loves to hold,
 Tramples earth's pagan gods, and shakes the throne of Gold!
 Reverses came: the whirlwind of a day
 Swept the bold labours of a life away;
 And, like the captain of a fleet destroy'd,
 Cast by a plank upon some barren strand,
 Where rode a thousand galleys, gloom'd a void,
 And the sun lit one solitude — the land!

True, it was said that aid, if timely lent,
 Might raise the fortunes which the storm had bent,
 But blasted not; — that skill and zeal might yet
 Restore the credit, and redeem the debt.
 The house, though shattered, still preserved its name,
 And one rich chance might win back all its fame.
 But Seaton in his conscience, or his pride,
 Left bolder hands the desperate helm to guide:
 "Not I," he said, "to risks foreseen will lure
 One other doom; mine own I can endure;"
 And so he passed from that tumultuous stage
 To face the spectres — Poverty and Age.
 Yet not alone: — Of all the ruined "power,
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious" Gold,
 Villa, and palace; in his desolate hour
 One eye look'd comfort, one sweet voice consol'd.

* Fortune; — Horat. Od. xxxv. lib. I.

With Hunger at his board, the Pauper smil'd,
And bless'd the tender Fate that spared his child.

3.

Fair was thy face, young Constance; yet more fair,
In fallen fortunes, to the father's eyes!
One flower looks lovelier in the wintry air
Than all the garden in the summer skies.

Cradled in luxury, reared to happy youth,
By all that wakes the pride or lulls the pain,
With every grace that half redeems to truth
The siren music of the flatterer's strain,
Fresh from the world she came, the gloom to share,
And lull to patience the vex'd soul of care:
For there are hues to gentler natures given,
Which shine not forth till trouble cloud the heaven;
And then, the glory from the trouble won,
Bright on the Iris stream the rays that leave the sun.
Yet were there moments when she stole apart
To nurse one memory, own'd but to the heart: —
In her fair days such love — (if love in sooth) —
As first soft Fancy stirs in virgin Youth —
The May-day Zephyr of the happy breast,
Rippling the surface, though the deep 's at rest —
Had charm'd her eye, her thought it haunted yet,
And grew more strong through silence and regret.
And he thus honoured, formed, in truth, to please
Young eyes that look not deep into the soul —
The high-horn bearing, polished into ease,
The craft that veils what virtue should control;
The modell'd form, and the melodious voice,
And every lighter grace that lures th' enamoured choice
Poor, but ambitious, wise in all the art
That to the fortunes moulds the supple heart,
Though sprung from lineage loftier than her own,
Yet far beneath the state of Seaton's heir,
Young Harcourt woo'd, perchance in willer tone,

Because True-Love — the Falterer — spoke not there;
 But she believed, and dream'd that she was blest!
 Her father liked not, yet left liking free;
 Still at his board the suitor was a guest,
 And hope went forth amidst the days to be.
 Yet now — for Harcourt's service was the sword —
 His duty called him to a distant clime.
 But one short year, and they shall meet to chain
 (Alas! can roses fetter?) Love to Time.
 A year's delay! — 'their youth may well afford
 So brief a trial, and in absence gain
 Fresh food for Faith.' So spake the anxious Sire:
 The Lover yielded, and they parted — She
 To watch, the vestal, o'er a lonely fire;
 And He? — had Harcourt learned on what a reed
 Leaned all the worldling in the maid adored?
 Did he the pretext seize, or faintly plead
 To the reluctant Sire? — the first to fly,
 When the dark speck grew thickening o'er the sky? —
 Did he — I say not — but vague rumours ran
 Of the impending storm; a week went by,
 And the mart's monarch was a ruined man!

4.

Yet still fair Constance, in her lone retreat,
 Cherish'd the woman's fond belief in truth —
 They who deceive not, dream not of deceit:
 Faith in the loved, is thy religion, Youth!
 Though now to both might Fortune's wrath deny
 The plighted vows, the Altar, and the Home,
 Yet, still and far, there glittered on the eye,
 Life's only fairy land — the days to come!
 True, he was silent! — true, no letter brought
 The absent soul, to cheer the sorrowing one;
 But in those distant climes had Rumour taught
 As yet the tidings of the Sire undone?
 All might miscarry — seas and lands conjoin
 To bar the news, and intercept the scroll; —

All easier to believe than doubt the shrine,
 Which such sweet vows had hallowed to the soul.
 But ever foremost in her wish, was yet
 To veil each memory that might seem of sorrow;
 That to her father, ne'er her own regret
 Of the gone day might darken more the morrow.
 Lull'd by her cheerful looks, he deemed, in truth,
 The Childlike Fancy fled the ripening heart of Youth.

PART II.

1.

Oft to a green creek, in the margin-mead,
 The fairy harbour of the winding wave,
 Young Constance came: — the wild thyme and the reed,
 Round the lone seat their noontide fragrance gave;
 Behind, the cottage, with its woodbine walls
 Half-seen, gleam'd smiling through the calm repose,
 High o'er the opposing bank, the feudal halls
 Of Ruthven, mournful as their master, rose.
 A lonely spot; perchance, at times, the oar
 A livelier wavelet to her feet would sling;
 But the scared Silence settled back once more
 O'er its green eyrie, with yet tenderer wing.

One day as thus she sat, and on her knees
 The Book — (O Avon's Minstrel, was it thine?)
 The boughs behind her stirred, as with a breeze,
 But ear and eye were spell-bound by the line,
 Charming all outer life to thoughts and shapes divine.
 She did not hear the stir — she saw not there
 The Stranger, startled from his musing mood,
 Pause in the copse to marvel at the fair
 Naiad or Dryad of the solitude.
 Entranced he gazed — for haply most to those
 Pall'd with the hackneyed idols of the crowd,
 The charm that gives the glory to the rose,
 Which seems its sweetness from the world to shroud.
 And, oh, the candour of that brow of truth —

The virgin innocence of that soft face!
 To the worn heart it seemed like its own youth
 Seen in a dream — with all its careless grace,
 With all the unblighted freshness of its bloom —
 With all the Aurora of its opening day,
 Ere yet one beam could scorch, one cloudlet gloom,
 Or from one leaf a breath had breathed the dews away.

2.

Silent he stood, and when she moved, withdrew
 Into the bowering copse. She closed the book,
 And homeward went. Behind at distance, too,
 Unmark'd, the selfsame path the Stranger took.
 Something, he scarce knew what, allured him on —
 Her name, her home, at least 't were sweet to know.
 Already half its gloom from earth was gone,
 And that dull stream, Existence, seemed to flow
 With a less weary sloth. O human heart —
 How vainly thinkst thou Hope can ever die!
 A moment — and to life what wings can start,
 Wak'd from their sleep by some unconscious eye,
 To catch the passing wind, and glitter to the sky.

3.

She gains the cot — to vanish from his view, —
 When, as he winds the path the threshold near,
 Loud voices! — hark! a woman's shriek within,
 And all is silent; still he halts to hear.
 The half-closed door intrusion seems to woo;
 His steps the threshold pass — a chamber win —
 And, grouping there, the noble Stranger saw
 The hunted Poverty at bay with Law.
 Pale, on that grey-haired man, the Daughter hung —
 Sullen the hard ones stood reluctant round,
 Waiting until the arms that vainly clung,
 Should loose their hold. His voice the Stranger found —
 "And what this old man's crime?" "He cannot pay
 What he hath bought!" the Tool of Law replied;
 "This is our warrant" —

Eva & the Pilgrims.

From his child away
 The old man broke, and moving to the door,
 Murmured — "Thank Heaven, that in my hour of pride,
 My wealth was ever gentle with the poor!
 Sirs, I am ready! — Nay, my child! — Lead on!"
 But while he spoke, in fragments on the floor,
 Rent by the Stranger's hand, the parchment lay:
 "Men, take your gold! — your task is done! Begone!"
 Those whom we succour, how the aid endears! —
 And, oh, how danger-fraught are Beauty's grateful tears!

4.

So, from that hour to that love-lighted home,
 Oft from his cheerless halls did Ruthven come;
 Well did he soothe the griefs his host had known,
 But well — too proud for pity — veil'd his own.
 Silent, he watch'd the gentle daughter's soul,
 Scann'd every charm, and peerless found the whole;
 He spoke not love, and if his looks betray'd,
 The anxious Sire was wiser than the Maid.
 Still, ever list'ning, on her lips he hung,
 Hush'd when she spoke — enraptured when she sung!
 And when the hues her favourite art bestow'd,
 Like a new hope from the fair fancy glow'd,
 As the cold canvass with the image warms,
 As from the blank, start forth the breathing forms,
 So would he look within him, and compare
 With those mute shapes, the new-born phantoms there;
 Upon the mind, as on the canvass rose,
 The young fresh world, the ideal only knows —
 Landscapes more fair than those beneath the sun,
 And *both* from one sweet source their life of glory won.
 What music charm'd the verse on which she gazed!
 How doubly dear the poet that she praised!
 And when he spoke, and, from the affluent mind
 That books had stored and intercourse refin'd,
 Pour'd forth the treasures, — still his choice address
 To her mild heart what seem'd to please it best;

Yet still the Maiden dream'd not that *he* loved
 Who flattered never, and at times reproved —
 Reproved — but oh, so tenderly! — and ne'er
 But for such faults as soils the purest bear —
 A trust too liberal in our common race,
 Which scarce divides the noble from the base,
 A sight too dazzled by the outward hues,
 A sense, though clear, too timid to refuse;
 Yielding the course that it would fain pursue,
 Still to each guide that proffered it the clue;
 And that soft shrinking into self — allied,
 If half to Diffidence — yet half to Pride. —
 He loved her, and she loved him not; — revered
 His lofty nature, and, revering, fear'd.
 A certain sadness, shadowing thought and care,
 To her seem'd sternness, in his noble air;
 The glorious gifts — the kingly mind she saw,
 As things that lured not tenderness, but awe!
 And the dark beauty of his musing eye,
 Chill'd back the heart, from which it woo'd reply.
 Harcourt! — the gay — the prodigal of youth,
 Still charmed her fancy, while he chained her truth!

5.

Seaton, meanwhile, the love of Ruthven read,
 With hopes made sanguine by a father's pride.
 The Past its griefs, the Future lost its dread —
 Could he but live to see his child the bride
 Of one so wise, so kind — lover, at once, and guide.
 Silent at first — at last the deeps o'erflow'd;
 And, as the sire and daughter sate alone
 One summer eve, without their calm abode,
 The sunset shining on the time-worn stone
 Grey, through green woods, of Ruthven's stately towers, —
 He thought how in his fortune's palmest hours
 His choice had, midst the loftiest of the land,
 Found none so worthy of his daughter's hand;
 And now, in poverty, the grave in view,

That daughter left in this ill world alone,
 To think that choice should yet be hers! He drew
 Close to her side, and clasp'd her to his heart,
 And murmured, "Yes, my Constance, when we part,
 When these grey hairs go down into the dust,
 How sweet my treasure to that soul to trust;
 And from the ruins of a life o'erthrown,
 See all that life most toil'd for, still thine own!
 Ah! rather bless'd the misery that effaced
 Each younger memory of the unworthier one —
 Grateful the shadow — since the darkness chased
 The insects only fluttering in the sun."
 Then the truth glares upon her eyes — the rose
 Pales from her cheek — the sire pursues the theme,
 And as he speaks, the wretched daughter knows
 How all his heart is anchor'd in the dream.
 She does not dare, the soft one, to dispel
 The happy hope. — Alas! *how* dare to dim
 Back to their gloom the smiles that rarely dwell
 On those sad lips, unveil her soul to him,
 And say, "No, Father; let thy smiles depart,
 There where it clung before, still clings my faithful heart!"

6.

And while they sate, up the green sloping hill
 The stately form of Ruthven slowly came!
 She saw — she fled — and in her chamber, still
 Her white lips, trembling, murmured Harcourt's name!
 Then from that hour her cheerful mien was fled;
 Her colour waned when Ruthven's step drew near,
 And her frame shook. His Hope the change but fed;
 Aye to its own wild visions Hope the Scer,
 Deem'd Virgin Love best told by the soft Virgin fear
 But still he spoke not love, though Seaton ever
 Press'd the conviction on her shrinking ear.

And now, distrust of Harcourt's faith, combin'd
 With the sharp struggles of that gentle mind.

Why still no tidings? — could the seas dis sever
 All those kind bonds, which still the heart to heart
 In absence link? — a year had pass'd, and never
 One line — one word, to say, "Thou still art dear?"
 Oh, in the life of love, how long one lonely year!

7.

While thus the soul's worst doubt was link'd with grief, —
 Lord Ruthven's absence brought a brief relief:
 For days, for weeks, some cause, unknown to all,
 Had won the lonely master from his hall.
 Much Seaton marvell'd! half disposed to blame;
 "Gone, and no word ev'n absence to proclaim!" —
 When, sudden as he went, the truant came;
 Franker his brow, and brighter was his look,
 And with a warmer clasp his host's wan hand he took: —
 "Joy to thee, friend; thy race is not yet run,
 Thy fortunes yet thy genius shall restore,
 Thy debts are cancell'd — nay, thy house, undone,
 Springs from its ashes, and thy name once more,
 Clear from all stain, revives — revives to stand
 'Mid England's boasts — the pillars of the land!
 Joy, Seaton, joy!"

"O mock me not! — explain! —

Constance, I dream! My name — thy father's name!
 What could rebuild the shatter'd wrecks again?
 On earth I know Misfortune hath no claim.
 Doth Heaven, as once, to earth its angels send?"
 "Man, I am rich, and thou hast called me FRIEND!"

8.

He paused, and glanced on Constance, and his heart
 Heaved with the passionate tides restrained no more;
 Speechless she stood; then, waking with a start,
 Fell at his knees, and wept. And from the floor
 He raised, and spoke — "No, no, not *thine* to kneel!
 What earth's whole treasures to thy priceless love?
 I would not woo thee, Constance, nor reveal
 One hope, while thine my fortunes seemed above,

Now we are equals in the gifts of earth —
Now thou canst look around, and see the young,
The fair, the noble, at thy feet again;
And *now* I kneel to thee, and own the dearth
Of all earth's gifts if thou art woo'd in vain.
Belov'd one — speak! Not mine the silver tongue,
Nor the gay mien, that soul through sense can chain;
But in this voice my heart speaks man's true love,
And on these lips there never smiled deceit;
And in thy faith all that survive above
The work-day world, as in Elysium, meet; —
Hope, joy, ambition — thou! oh, thou, their last retreat!
Wilt thou be mine?"

She could not speak for tears.

How, in that hour, the generous hand that blest
The sire, could she reject? That sire she hears
Murmur, "May *she* repay thee!" Can she feel
No softness melt the memory from her breast?
"If I could make thee happy," — thus she said,
And ceased; — her sentence in his eyes she read; —
Eyes that all joy, how rashly form'd! reveal;
And on that passive hand his lips have press'd the seal.

PART III.

1.

AND now the Past must be a blank to thee
Beautiful Constance! never more return
To the deserted hearths of Memory —
Wake not the embers from their funeral urn! —
Thy hand is plighted to another! O'er
The starry Future fix thine onward gaze!
He, thy affianced, well may merit more
Than thankless Hymen to man's hope repays.
And well and nobly, but with woman's weakness,
She strove the ancient idol to replace;
And if she grieved, the grief so seemed the meekness,
That even love the shadow could not trace:

But when alone! oh, *then* to muse — to start,
 To hear the conscience task the bleeding heart!
 Ah, what a world were this, if all were known,
 And smiles in crowds were traced to tears alone!

Oft, when she heard the soul of her Betroth'd
 Whisper its happy trust in her true love,
 How the deceit appall'd her; how she loath'd
 The lying mask, the bitter truth above!
 And oft she yearn'd to speak, and to confess,
 And, had he seemed less lofty to her eye,
 All had been told: but she could not repress
 The awe that chilled her when his step drew nigh;
 His virtues still his foes, and to her fear,
 His gentlest smiles had something of severe.

2.

Pass by some weeks: to London Seaton went,
 His genius glorying in its wonted vent;
 New props are built, and new foundations laid,
 And once more rose thy crowded temple, Trade!
 Then back the sire and daughter bent their way;
 There, where the troth was pledged, let Hymen claim the day!
 And with them came a maiden of the years
 That Constance told — the friend of days gone by;
 Together had they known the pangless tears,
 And the gay smiles of Life's fresh April sky;
 Shared the same toys in childhood, shared the same
 Dreams of young love, while love was still a name;
 Together knelt at night and happy morn
 By the same couch, in self-forgotful prayer —
 Prayer but for *others*; — for the earth had borne
 Flowers for themselves, unconscious of a thorn;
 And not as yet, vexing the rosy air,
 The storm the spirit to the port had driven,
 But joy it was — not grief — link'd the light heart to Heaven!
 And Juliet knew the Past; in her alone
 Sought Constance comfort in the present pain;

To her the Future as the Past was known,
 With her, Thought wandered o'er the old domain,
 With her, Compassion, stronger than Despair,
 Pray'd for *his* bliss, whose lot she might not share;
 Pray'd — though in prayer she wept — some happier maid
 Might soothe the heart her falsehood had betray'd.
 These made their commune, when the secret night
 Beheld them in their chamber, side by side;
 While he, the Affianced, in that starry light,
 By the hush'd margin of the whispering tide,
 Brushing the dew, with unseen steps, would steal,
 And dream, as lovers dream, the love *she* did not feel!

3.

Meanwhile, to England Harcourt's steps return'd,
 And Seaton's new-born state the earliest news he learn'd —
 What the emotions of this injured man?
 He had a friend — and thus his letter ran:

“Back to this land, where Merit starves, obscure,
 Where Wisdom says — ‘Be anything but poor,’
 Return'd, — my eyes the path to wealth explore,
 And straight I hear — ‘Constance is rich once more!
 Thou know'st, my friend, with what a dexterous craft
 I 'scap'd the cup a tenderer Dupe had quafft;
 For in the chalice Misery holds to life,
 What drop more nauseous — than a dowerless wife?
 Yet she was fair, and gentle, charming — all
 That Man would make his partner — at a ball!
 And, for the partner of a life, what more? —
 Plate at the board, a porter at the door!
 Love does not thrive on mutton, when 't is cold —
 The Zone of Venus, trust me, was of gold.
 Yes, she was rich, and oh, I loved her well; —
 The wealth grew doubtful — fainter grew the spell;
 The wealth was lost — Love vanish'd with the ore;
 Plutus returns — lo, Cupid as before!
 ‘But how,’ thou ask'st, ‘will one, how soft soe'er,
 List to the Lover, voiceless for a year?’

And how explain — how' — Why impute to thee
 Questions whose folly thy quick glance can see;
 Who loves is ever glad to be deceived —
 Who lies the most is still the most believed.
 Somewhat I trust to Eloquence and Art,
 And where these fail — thank Heaven, she has a heart!
 More it disturbs me that some rumours run,
 That Constance, too, can play the Faithless One;
 That, where round pastoral meads blue streamlets purr,
 Chloe has found a Thyriss — in an Earl!
 And oh, that Ruthven! Hate is not for me;
 Who loves not, hates not — both bad policy!
 Yet *could* I hate, through all the earth I know
 But that one man my soul could honour so.
 Thro' ties remote — by some Scotch grandam's side —
 We are, if scarce related, yet allied;
 And had his Mother been a harren dame,
 Harcourt's had been his heritage and name;
 Nay, if he die without an heir, ev'n yet —
 Oh, while I write, perchance the seal is set!
 Farewell! — a letter speeds to her retreat
 The prayer that wafts her Harcourt to her feet,
 There to explain the past — his faith defend,
 And claim, et cetera — Yours, in haste, my friend!
 P. S. — Thou lik'st Terese — she's somewhat in my way —
 Wilt thou accept her? She look'd well to-day."

4.

To Constance came a far less honest scroll,
 Yet oh, each word *seem'd* vivid from the soul!
 Fear, hope — reports that maddened, yet could stir
 No faith in one who ne'er could doubt of her;
 Wild vows renewed — complaints of no replies
 To lines unwrit — the Eloquence of Lies!
 And more than all, the assurance, still too dear,
 Of Love surviving that vast age — a year!
 Such were the tidings to the Maiden borne,
 And — woe the day — upon her BRIDAL MORN!

5.

It was the loving twilight's rosiest hour,
 The Love-star trembled on the ivied tower,
 As through the frowning archway pass'd the bride,
 With Juliet, whispering courage, by her side;
 For Ruthven went before, that first of all
 His voice might welcome to his fathers' hall.
 There, on the antique walls, the lamp from high
 Showed the stern wrecks of battle-storms gone by;
 Gleam'd the blue mail, indented with the glaive,
 Droop'd the dull banner, breezeless, on the stave;
 Below the Gothic masks, grotesque and grim,
 Carved from the stonework, like a wizard's whim,
 Hung the accoutrements that lent a grace
 To the old warrior-pastime of the chace;
 Cross-bows, by hands, long dust, once deftly borne;
 The Hawker's glove, the Huntsman's soundless horn;
 On the huge hearth the hospitable flame
 Lit the dark portrait in its mouldering frame;
 There many a Knight, in many a field renown'd,
 On their new daughter from their silence frown'd;
 To the young stranger, shivering to behold,
 The Home she entered seem'd the tomb of old.

6.

"Doth it so chill thee, Constance? — dare I own
 The charm that haunts what childhood's years have known;
 How many dreams of fame beyond my sires
 Wing'd the proud thought that now no more aspires!
 Here, while I paced, at the dusk twilight time,
 As the deep church-bell toll'd the curfew chime,
 In the dim Past my spirit seemed to live,
 To every relic some weird legend give,
 And muse such hopes of glorious things to be,
 As they, the Dead, mused once; — wild dreams — *fulfilled in thee!*
 Ah, never in those early visions shone,
 A face so sweet, my Constance, as thine own!
 And what if all that charm'd me then depart,

Clear, through the fading mists, smiles my soft heav'n — thy heart.
 What, drooping still! Nay, love, we are not all
 So sad within, as this time-darkened hall.
 Come!" — and they passed (still Juliet by her side)
 To a fair chamber, deck'd to greet the bride.
 There, all of later luxury lent its smile
 To cheer, yet still beseem, the reverend pile.
 What though the stately tapestry met the eyes,
 Gay were its pictures, brilliant were its dyes;
 There, graceful cressets from the gilded roof,
 In mirrors glass'd the landscapes of the woof.
 There, in the Gothic niche, the harp was placed,
 There ranged the books most hallowed by her taste;
 Through the half-open casement you might view
 The sweet soil prank'd with flowers of every hue;
 And on the terrace, crowning the green mountain,
 Gleam'd the fair statue — played the sparkling fountain —
 Within, without, all plann'd, all deck'd to greet
 The Queen of all — whose dowry was deceit!
 Soft breathed the air, soft shone the moon above —
 All, save the bride's sad heart, whispering Earth's hymn to Love!
 As Ruthven's hand sought hers, on Juliet's breast
 She fell; and passionate tears, till then suppress'd,
 Gush'd from averted eyes. To him the tears
 Betrayed no secret that could rouse his fears —
 For joy, as grief, the tender heart will melt —
 The tears but proved how well his love was felt!
 And, with the delicate thought that shunn'd to hear
 Thanks for the cares, which cares themselves endear,
 He whispered — "Linger not!" and closed the door,
 And Constance sobbed — "Thank Heaven, alone with thee once
 more!"

7.

Back to his hall, Lord Ruthven's steps repair,
 Proud of the pomp that love hath come to share;
 With a light step the solemn floors he strode,
 And his glad heart from its full deeps o'erflowed.

He, too, had thanks, than hers more meet for heaven —
 Lo, to his lonely ark, the Dove was given!
 Above the deluge of the Past around,
 Rose the bright refuge-hill with morning crown'd;
 And girdling heaven, though based upon the wild,
 The rainbow arch of God's glad Promise smil'd.
 He passed the porch, he gained the balmy air —
 Still crouch the night-winds in their forest lair;
 The moonlight silvers the unrustling pines,
 On the hushed lake the trembling glory shines;
 A stately shadow o'er the crystal brink,
 Reflects the shy stag as it halts to drink;
 And the slow cygnet, where it midway glides,
 Breaks into sparkling rings the faintly heaving tides.
 Wandering along his boyhood's haunts, he mused;
 The hour, the heaven, the bliss his soul suffused;
 It seemed all hatred from the world had flown,
 And left to Nature, Love and God alone!
 Ev'n holiest passion, holier rendered there,
 His every thought breath'd gentle as a prayer.

8.

Thus as the eve grew mellowing into night,
 Still from yon lattice stream'd the unwelcome light —
 'Why loitering yet, and wherefore linger I?'
 And at that thought ev'n Nature pall'd his eye;
 He miss'd that voice, which with low music fill'd
 The starry heaven of the rapt thoughts it thrill'd;
 He gain'd the hall — the lofty stair he wound —
 Behold, the door of his heart's fairy-ground!
 The tapestry veil'd him, as its folds, half raised,
 Gave to his eye the scene on which it gazed.
 Still Constance wept — and hark! what sounds are those,
 What awful secret those wild sobs disclose! —
 "No! leave me not! — I cannot meet his eyes!
 O God! must life be ever one disguise!
 What seem'd indifference when we pledged the troth,
 Now grown — O wretch! — to terrors that but loathe!

O that the earth might swallow me!" Again
 Gush forth the sobs, which Juliet soothes in vain.
 "Nay, nay, be cheered — we must not more delay;
 Cease these wild bursts till I his steps can stay;
 No, for thy sake — for thine — I must be gone."
 She 'scap'd the circling arms, and Constance wept alone!

9.

By the opposing door, from that, unseen,
 Where Ruthven stood, behind the arras-screen,
 Pass'd Juliet. Suddenly the startled bride
 Look'd up, and lo, the Wrong'd One by her side!
 They gazed in silence face to face; his own
 Sad, stern, and awful, chill'd her heart to stone.
 At length the low and hollow accents stirr'd
 His blanching lip, that writhed with every word:
 "Hear me a moment, nor recoil to hear;
 A love so hated wounds no more thy ear —
 I thank thee — I—!" His lips would not obey
 His pride, — and all the manly heart gave way.
 Low at his feet she fell: the altered course
 Of grief ran deepening into vain remorse.
 "Forgive me! — O forgive!"

"Forgive!" he cried,

And passion rushed in speech, till then denied.
 "Forgive! O woman! Through the years we live,
 Each hour a torture, earth a hell! — Forgive!
 Thou dost not know the ruins thou hast made.
 Faith in *all* things thy falsehood has betrayed!
 Thou, the last refuge, where my baffled youth
 Dream'd its safe haven, murmuring — 'Here is Truth!'
 Thou, in whose smile I garner'd up my breast.
 Exult, thy fraud surpasses all the rest.
 No! close, my heart — grow marble! Human worth
 Is not; — and falsehood is the name for earth!"

10.

Wildly, with long, disordered strides, he paced
 The floor, to feel the universe a waste;

For, as the earth, if God were not above,
 Man's hearth, without the Lares — Faith and Love!
 But what his woe to hers? — for him, at least,
 Conscience was calm, though every hope had ceased.
 But she! — all sorrow for herself had paused
 To live in that worse anguish she had caused.
 "No, Ruthven, no! Thy pardon not for me;
 But, oh, that Heaven may shed its peace on thee.
 So worthless I, so worthless thy regret;
 O, that repentance could requite thee yet!
 O, that a life that henceforth ne'er shall own
 One thought, one wish, one hope, but to atone, —
 Obedience, honour —"

"These may make the wife
 A faultless statue: — love but breathes the life!
 Poor child! Nay, weep not; bitterer far, in truth,
 Than mine, the fate to which thou doom'st thy youth.
 For manhood's pride the love at last may quell,
 But when could Woman with Indifference dwell?
 No sorrow soothed, no joy enhanced since shared —
 O Heaven — the solitude thy soul has dared!
 But thou hast chosen! Vain, for each, regret.
 All that is left — to seem that we forget;
 No word of mine my wrongs shall e'er recall;
 Thine, wealth, and pomp, and reverence! — take them all!
 May they console thee, Constance, for a heart
 That — but enough! So let the loathed depart!
 These chambers thine — my step invades them not;
 Sleep, if thou canst, as in thy virgin cot.
 Henceforth all love has lost its hated claim;
 If wed, be cheer'd; our wedlock but a name.
 Much as thou scorn'st me, know this heart above
 The power of beauty, when disarm'd of love:
 And so — may Heaven forgive thee!"

"Ruthven stay!

Generous — too noble; can no distant day
 Win *thy* forgiveness also, and restore

Thy trust, thy friendship, ev'n though love be o'er?"
 He paused a moment, with a softened eye,
 "Alas, thou darest, while thou ask'st, reply.
 If ever, Constance, that blest day should come,
 When crowds can teach thee what the loss of Home;
 If ever, when with those who court thee there,
 The love that chills thee now thou canst compare,
 And feel that if thy choice thou couldst recall,
 Him now unlov'd, thy love would choose from all;
 Why then, one word, one whisper! — oh, no more!"
 And fearful of himself, he closed the door!

PART IV.

1.

Ah, yes, Philosopher, * thy creed is true!
 'T is our own eyes that give the rainbow's hue;
 What we call MATTER, in this outer earth,
 Takes from our senses, those warm dupes, its birth.
 How fair, to sinless Adam, Eden smil'd;
 But sin brought tears, and Eden was a wild!
 Man's soul is as an everlasting dream,
 Glassing life's fictions on a phantom stream.
 To-day, in glory all the world is clad —
 Wherefore, O Man? — because thy heart is glad!
 To-morrow, and the selfsame scene survey —
The same! Oh! no — the pomp hath passed away!
 Wherefore the change? *Within*, go ask reply —
 Thy heart hath given its winter to the sky!
 Vainly the world revolves upon its pole; —
 Light — Darkness — Seasons — these are in the soul!

2.

"Trite truth," thou sayest — well, if trite it be,
 Why seek we ever from ourselves to flee?
 Pleased to deceive our sight; and loth to know
 We bear the climate with us where we go!
 To that immense Bethesda, whither still

* Berkeley.

Each worst disease seeks cures for every ill, —
 To that great well, in which the Heart at strife,
 Merges its own amidst the common life, —
 Whatever name it take, or Public Zeal,
 Or Self-Ambition — still as sure to heal,
 From his sad hearth, his sorrows Ruthven bore; —
 Long shunn'd the strife of men, now sought once more.
 Flock'd to his board, the Magnates of the Hour,
 Who clasp for Fame, its spectre-likeness — Power!
 The busy, babbling, talking, toiling race —
 The Word-besiegers of the Fortress — Place!
 Waves, each on each, in sunlight hurrying on,
 A moment gilded — in a moment gone;
 For Honours fool but with deluding light,
 The place it glides through — *not* the *wave* is bright! *
 The means, if not his ends, with these the same,
 In Ruthven, Party hail'd a Leader's name!
 Night after night, the listening Senate hung
 On that rous'd mind, by Grief to Action stung!
 Night after night, when Action, spent and worn,
 Left yet more sad the soul it had upborne;
 The sight of Home the frown of Life renew'd —
 The World gave Fame, and Home a Solitude!

3.

And Constance! — ever from that fearful hour
 In which her conscience saw her crime unveil'd,
 Her nature ripened to the loftier power,
 From which the fancy of her girlhood quail'd.
 The abandon'd Past, a cloud-wrapt land became,
 Before whose portals gleam'd a Seraph's sword,
 And the high name of WIFE, though but a name,
 Awed back the tempting shadows with a Word!
 A graver, mightier, and more solemn sense,
 Of all that hallows woman's holiest tie,
 Woke in the woman's soul, and call'd from thence

* Schiller.

Armies in Thought against the Memory;
 And now, in truth, she could with crowds compare
 Him who had chosen one so ill-requiting;
 She saw him noblest of the noble there;
 All eyes commanding, and all ears delighting!

'T was a new world to her, that crowning flower
 Of all which Rank amid its best can find,
 That dazzling circle — Genius, Wit, and Power,
 The focus of an empire's mingled mind;
 And, midst them all, what name than his more high?
 What form more princely? — oh, what soul so bright?
 By slow degrees in crowds he fix'd her eye,
 And when he went, what star was left to Night?

4.

Alas! 't was never, save in crowds, they met,
 They who, from crowds, should so have hail'd retreating;
 But never Love, by trysting greenwood yet,
 More yearn'd than they for that so cheerless meeting;
 And if the eye encountered, or a word
 Of the one voice were, though at distance, heard —
 Oh! could the other but have seen the cheek
 Flush with emotions Pride forbade to speak,
 Or heard, amidst the formal sounds of greeting,
 The pulse, ev'n for such sounds, with joy, yet sadness, beating!
 But woe, when once the confidence of hearts
 Pledged at the shrine, is rent in storm away —
 When lip to lip no more the soul imparts,
 And love, if felt, shrinks timorous from the day!
 Man's pride in him — and fear and shame in her,
 The modest instinct, the abash'd remorse,
 Still kept them silent; and the deeps that stir
 To the one sea, through darkness take their course.
 "His love is lost for ever," still she sigh'd,
 When his calm brow the strife beneath belied;
 And, with the fever of that wretched mirth
 Which never takes from happiness its birth,

Eva & the Pilgrims.

She seem'd the gayest of the group to shine —
 "Heartless!" he murmured, "Why should I repine?"

5.

The world look'd on, and construed, as it still
 Interprets all it knows not — into ill.
 The church's ground by daylight we revere —
 Let darkness come — what phantoms in our fear!
 So in the holiest shade will Slander mark
 Ghosts in each tomb — all Hades in the dark!
 "Was ever lord, so newly wed, so cold? —
 Poor thing! — forsaken ere a year be told!
 Doubtless, some wanton — true, we know not who —
 But those proud sinners are so wary too!
 Oh! for the good old days — we never heard
 Of men so shocking under George the Third!"
 So ran the gossip. With the gossip, came
 The brood it hatch'd — consolors to the dame.
 The soft and wily wooers, who begin
 Through sliding pity, the smooth ways to sin.
 My lord is absent at the great debate,
 Go, soothe the lady's unprotected state —
 Go, Lechery — go, and wish the cruel Heaven
 To thee such virtue, now so wrong'd, had given!
 Yes, round her flock'd the young world's fairest ones,
 The soft Rose-Garden's incense-breathing sons: —
 Roused from his calm, Lord Ruthven's watchful eye
 Mark'd the new clouds that darken'd round his sky,
 And raptur'd saw — though for his earth too far —
 How fleets and fades each cloud before that stainless Star.

6.

Now came the graver trial, though unseen
 By him who knew not where the grief had been —
 He knew not that an earlier love had steel'd
 Her heart to his — *that* curse, at least, concealed;
 Enough of sorrow in his lonely lot,
 The why — what matter? — that she loved him not!

One night, when Revel was in Ruthven's hall,
 He neared the brilliant cynosure of all:
 "Deign" (thus he whisper'd) "to receive with grace
 Him who may hold the honours of my race: —
 When the last Ruthven dies, behold his heir!"
 He said. She turn'd — O Heaven! — and Harcourt there!
 Harcourt, the same as when her glance he charmed,
 For deeper conquest, by compassion armed;
 The same, save where a softer shadow, cast
 O'er his bright looks, reflected the sad Past!
 Now, when unguarded and in crowds alone,
 The Future dark — the household gods o'erthrown;
 Now, when those looks, (that seem, the while they grieve,
 Ne'er to reproach) — can pity best deceive;
 The sole affection she of right can claim —
 Now, Virtue, tremble not — the Tempter came!

7.

He came, resolved to triumph and revenge —
 Sure of a heart whose sorrow spoke no change;
 Pleased at the thought to bind again the chain —
 For they who love not, still can love to reign;
 Calm in the deeper and more fell design
 To sever those whom outward fetters join —
 To watch the discord Scandal rumours round,
 Fret every sore, and fester every wound;
 Could he but make Dissension firm and sure,
 Success would render larger schemes secure; —
 "*Let Ruthven die but childless!*" — ran his prayer,
 And in the lover's sigh, cold avarice prompts the heir.

He came, and daily came, and daily schemed —
 Soft, grave, and reverent, but the friend he seemed.

These distant cousins, from their earliest days,
 To different goals had trod their varying ways:
 If Ruthven oft with generous hand supplied
 Those wants call'd luxuries — wants they are to pride —

Yet gifts are sometimes as offences viewed,
 And envy is the mean man's gratitude;
 And, truth to own, whate'er the one bestow'd,
 More from his own large, careless nature flow'd
 Than through the channels tenderer sources send,
 When Favour equals — since it asks a Friend.
 But Ruthven loved not, in the days gone by,
 The cold, quick shrewdness of that stealthy eye,
 That spendthrift recklessness, which still was not
 The generous folly which itself forgot.
 As snows enrich the soil they freeze, who knows
 How much the flowers have cause to thank the snows?

You love the spendthrift — you the miser loathe,
 Yet oft the clockwork is the same in both:
 Ope but the works — the penury and excess
 Chime from one point — the central selfishness: —
 And though men said (for those, who wear with ease
 The vulgar vices, seldom much displease),
 "His follies injure but himself alone!"
 His follies spared no welfare but his own:
 Mankind he deemed the epitome of self,
 And never laid *that* volume on the shelf.
 Somewhat of this, had Ruthven mark'd before —
 Now he was less acute, or Harcourt more —
 The first, absorb'd in sorrow or in thought;
 The last in craft's smooth lessons deeper taught.
 Not over anxious to be undeceived,
 Ruthven reform in what was not believed;
 They held the same opinions in the state,
 And were congenial — in the last debate;
 Harcourt had wish'd to join the patriot crew,
 Who botch our old laws with a patch of new;
 Ruthven the wish approved, and found the seat —
 And so the Cousins' union grew complete.
 Well, then, at board behold the constant guest,
 With love as yet by eyes alone exprest;

From the past vows he dared not yet invoke
 The ancient Voice — yet of the Past he spoke.
 Whene'er expected least, he seemed to glide
 A faithful shadow to her haunted side.
 But why relate how men their victims woo? —
 He left undone no art that can undo.

8.

And what deem'd Constance now, that, face to face,
 She could the contrast of the Portraits trace? —
 Could list, when Ruthven dream'd not that she gave
 Heed to the themes for Beauty's ear too grave —
 To that harmonious soul, where never aught
 Of mean made discord in its lyre of thought?
 And then from Ruthven turn to hear that voice
 Which once had all Earth's music for her choice,
 Murmur the small talk, minced to please the fair —
 Both fed and coloured by each change of air —
 Wing the light jest on Lady Mary's gown,
 Hunt the last slander through the maze of Town;
 Or pausing, fearful lest it seem too glad,
 Whisper the sentiment it means for sad;
 That sort of sentiment — that tinsel sort
 Of Man makes up — half-earnest and half sport: —
 The sport is in the prettiness of phrase,
 The earnest in the poison it conveys;
 Something at once effeminate and bold —
 The actor's foil, the gallery takes for gold —
 The tricks of words which soft-tongued Vices teach.
 To their best skill'd Man-Milliner of Speech?
 All this had duped her in the early prime,
 When balls are epochs — suit they now the time?
 Who shall decide? This truth, at least be told —
 She grew more thoughtful, and her lord more cold.

PART V.

1.

The later Summer in that Second Spring
Which August pours from Amalthæan horn —
When the turf glistens with the Fairy ring,
And the fields ripple with the gleam of corn —
When from the oak and elm a livelier green
New shoots put forth — when o'er the brooks, that run
With fresher glee, the Moonlight's mellowest sheen
Sleeps in the midnight, glorious as a sun —
When o'er the margin of the Lake, the leaves
Of the Waves' Queen, the Water-lily, float
Tremulous, and the new-fledged goldfinch weaves
The airy meshes of his earliest note —
The later summer shone on Ruthven's towers —
To Ruthven's towers the Lord and Wife returned,
With a long train of guests to cheer the hours : —
Harcourt with these, and Seaton, (who had learned
Enough to rouse him from his dreams of trade)
To watch the misery that himself had made.
Now, never from that first and fatal night,
Did Constance counsel from one breast invite;
Mute ev'n to Juliet of that gloomy scene,
His wrongs, at least, a sacred trust had been;
And Juliet now, and had for months been gone,
To milder climates with a dying mother.
Nor grieved the Wife to weep, and guard, alone,
The solemn tale vouchsafed not to another,
And least to Seaton : — from his eyes she sought
Now, as before, to veil her every care; —
With a gay smile she warded off each thought
That strove the secret (*some* there seemed) to share;
But when the Father, trembling, saw once more
The fatal Harcourt ever by her side,
And Ruthven — oh, how altered from of yore!
The cold-eyed Lord of the neglected bride,

Then, half in wrath and half in fear, his breast
 Doubtful to warn, (for warning oft but speeds
 The very peril, which when once exprest
 Becomes familiar, till its dread recedes,
 And, from weak tears refresh'd, burst forth the poison seeds,)
 To Ruthven's halls he came, resolved to know
 Whose first the wrong, or wherefore sprung the woe;
 And if the Husband could his trust forsake,
 One hand should guard, one vigil be awake.

2.

Meantime the cheek of Constance lost its rose,
 Food brought no relish, slumber no repose —
 The wasted form pined hour by hour away,
 But still the proud lip struggled to be gay;
 And Ruthven still the proud lip could deceive,
 Till the proud man forgot the proud in smiling grieve!

3.

In that old pile there was a huge square tower,
 Whence looked the Warder in its days of power:
 Still in the arch below, the eye could tell
 Where on the steel-clad van the grim portcullis fell;
 And from the arrow-headed casements, deep
 Sunk in the walls of the abandoned keep,
 The gaze look'd kingly in its wide command
 O'er all the features of the subject land.
 From town and hamlet, copse and vale, arise
 The hundred spires of Ruthven's Baronies;
 And town and hamlet, copse and vale, around,
 Its arms of peace the azure Avon wound.

4.

A lonely chamber, in this rugged tower,
 The lonely Lady made her favourite bower —
 From her more brilliant chambers crept a stair,
 That, through a waste of ruin, ended there;
 And there, unseen, unwitness'd, none intrude,
 Or vex the spirit from the solitude.
 How, in what toil, or luxury of the mind,

Could she the solace or the lethe find? —
 Music or books? — nay, rather, might be guess'd
 The art her maiden leisure loved the best;
 For there the easel and the hues were brought,
 Though all unseen the fictions that they wrought.
 Harcourt, more bold, the change in Constance made —
 Sure, Love lies hidden in that depth of shade!
 That cheek how hueless, and that eye how dim, —
 "Wherefore," he thought, and smiled, "if not for him?"
 More now his manner and his words, disarm'd
 Of their past craft, the anxious Sire alarm'd.
 True, there was nought in Constance to reprove;
 But still, what hypocrite like lawless love? —
 More close his watch. One evening as he stood,
 Pensive, within the casement's arch'd recess,
 Unseen, he heard the words that chill'd his blood,
 And left him little save the worst to guess.
 'Tis Constance answering, in a faltering tone,
 Some suit; and what, — was, by the answer, shown.
 "Yes! in an hour," it said. — "Well, be it so." —
 "The place!" — "Yon keep." — "Thou wilt not fail me!" — "No!"
 'Tis said; — she first, then Harcourt, quits the room.
 "Would," groaned the sire, "my child were in the tomb!"
 He gasp'd for breath, the fever on his brow —
 Was it too late? What boots all warning now?
 If saved to-day — to-morrow — and the same
 Danger and hazard! Oh, when lost the shame,
 Virtue has nought to guard except the name!

5.

Sickening and faint, he gained the outer air,
 And on the marge of the far-gleaming lake,
 The melancholy master, musing there,
 He saw reclined, with an unconscious eye,
 Watching the wavelets, as they breathe and break
 Upon the gentle shore. Then hurriedly
 The Father hastened to the idler's side,
 And touch'd. — "O guardian of a soul!" he cried,

"Dreamer, or Dullard, wilt thou never wake?
 Ruthven looked up, and rose, and coldly eyed
 The father's flushing cheek and heaving breast.
 "Dares he complain," he thought, "or she confide?"
 "Well, Sir!" he said, "I listen for the rest."

6.

Seaton was one in whom, in common hours,
 The World was strong: he lived in its loud life,
 A homely man of strong, keen, hardy powers,
 Pleas'd in its joys, exulting in its strife:
 He revered Gold, not for the end so much
 As for the stirring means by which 't is won;
 And to the crowd, his plain, blunt bearing such
 As the crowd hails in Labour's simple son.
 Thus men esteem'd him of the common clay,
 Whose bridled passions sober thought obey;
 A worldly, cool, and calculating brain,
 His heart a compass, and the needle, gain.
 But now all self, all prudence swept away,
 The MAN's great nature leapt into the day:
 He stretch'd his arms, and terrible and wild,
 His voice went forth — "I gave thee, Man, my child!
 I gave her young and innocent — a thing
 Fresh from the Heaven, no stain upon its wing;
 One form'd to love, and to be loved; and now,
 (Few moons have faded since the solemn vow,)
 How do I find thou hast discharged the trust?
 Account! — nay, frown not — to *thy God* thou must!
 Pale, wretched, worn, and dying: — Ruthven, still
 These lips should bless thee, couldst thou only kill.
 But is that all? Thou lead'st the unhonour'd bride
 Into the snares: — *thou* sworn from snares to guide!
 Thou leav'st a girl — a child — a lonely one,
 Forsaken, scorned — *thy* victim if undone —
 Thou leav'st her daily, hourly, to compare
 With thine *his* love — with thy contempt, *his* care!
 Oh, if the lightning blast thee, I the sire,

Tell thee thy heart of steel attracts the fire;
 Hadst thou but loved her, that meek soul I know —
 Know all —." His passion faltered in its flow;
 He paused an instant, then before the feet
 Of Ruthven fell. "Have mercy! Save her yet!
 Take back thy gold: say, did I not endure,
 And can again, the burthen of the poor? —
 But *she*, — the light, pride, angel, of my life —
 God speaks in me — O husband save thy wife!"

7.

"Save! and from whom, old Man?" Yet as he spoke
 A gleam of horror on his senses broke;
 "From whom? What! knowest thou not who made the first,
 Though fading, fancy, youth's warm visions nurst,
 This, Harcourt — this —" he stopp'd abrupt — appall'd!
 Those words how gladly had his lips recall'd;
 For at the words — the name — all life seem'd gone
 From Ruthven's image: — as a shape of stone,
 Speechless and motionless he stood! At length
 The storm suspended burst in all its strength:
 "And this to me — at last to *me*!" he cried,
 "Thine be the curse, who hast love to hate allied;
 Why, when my life on that one hope I cast,
 Why didst thou chain my future to her past —
 Why not a breath to say, 'She loved before;'
 Pause yet to question, if the love be o'er!"
 Didst thou not know how well I loved her? — how
 Worthy the Altar was the holy vow,
 That in the wildest hour my suit had known,
 Hadst thou but said, 'Her heart is not her own,'
 Thou hadst left the chalice with a taste of sweet,
 I — I had brought the Wanderer to her feet —
 Had seen those eyes through grateful softness shine,
 Nor turn'd — O God! — with loathing fear from mine;
 And from the sunshine of her happy breast,
 Drawn one bright memory to console the rest! —
 But now, thy work is done — *till* now, methought,

There was one plank to which the shipwreck'd caught; —
 Forbearance — Patience, might obtain at last
 The distant Haven — see! the dream is past —
She loves another! In that sentence — hark
 The crowning thunder! — the last gleam is dark;
 Time's wave on wave can but the more dis sever;
 The world's vast space one void for ever and for ever!"

8.

Humbled from all his anger, and too late
 Convinced whose fault had shaped the daughter's fate,
 The Father heard; — and in his hands he veil'd
 His face abash'd, and voice to courage fail'd;
 For how excuse — and how console? — and so,
 As when the tomb shuts up the ended woe,
 Over that burst of anguish closed the drear
 Abyss of silence — sound's chill sepulchre!
 At length he dared the timorous looks to raise,
 But gone the form on which he feared to gaze.
 Calm, at his feet, the wave crept murmuring;
 Calm sail'd the cygnet with its folded wing;
 Gently above his head, the lime-tree stirr'd,
 The green leaves rustling to the restless bird;
 But he who in the Beautiful of Life,
 Alone with him should share the heart at strife,
 Had left him there to the earth's happy smile —
 Ah! if the storms within earth's calmness could beguile!

9.

With a swift step, and with disordered mind,
 Through which one purpose still its clue could find,
 Lord Ruthven sought his home. "Yes, mine, no more" —
 So mused his soul. "To hope or to deplore;
 No more to watch the Heart's Aurora break
 O'er that lov'd face the light to life to speak —
 No more, without a weakness that degrades,
 Can Fancy steal from Truth's eternal shades!
 Yes, we must part! But if one holier thought
 Still guards that shrine my fated footstep sought,

Perhaps, at least, I yet her soul may save,
 And leave her this one hope — a Husband's grave!"

Home gained — he asks — they tell him — her retreat!
 He winds the stairs — and midway halts to meet
 His rival passing from that mystic room,
 With a chang'd face, half sarcasm and half gloom —
 Writhed Ruthven's lip — his hands he clench'd — his breast
 Heaved with Man's natural wrath: the wrath the man suppress.
 "Her name, at least, I will not make the gage
 Of that foul strife — whose cause a husband's rage;"

So, with the calmness of his lion eye,
 He glanced on Harcourt, and he pass'd him by.

10.

And now he gains, and pauses at the door —
 Why beats so loud the heart so stern before?
 He nerved his pride — one effort, and 't is o'er.
 Thus, with a quiet mien, he enters: — There
 Kneels Constance — yonder — Dare she kneel in prayer?
 What object doth that meek devotion chain,
 In yon dark niche? — Before his steps can gain
 Her side, she starts — confus'd, dismay'd, and pale,
 And o'er the object draws the curtain'd veil;
 But there the implements of art betray
 What thus the conscience dare not give to day. —
 A Portrait? — whose but his, the loved and lost,
 Of a sweet Past the melancholy ghost?
 So Ruthven guess'd — more dark his visage grown,
 As thus he spoke: — "Once more we meet alone!
 Once more — be tranquil — hear me! not t' upbraid,
 And not to threat, thy presence I invade;
 But if the pledge I gave thee I have kept,
 If not the Husband's rights the Wife hath wept,
 If thou hast shared whatever gifts be mine —
 Wealth — honour — freedom — all unbought, been thine —
 Hear me — O hear me, for thy father's sake!
 For the full heart that thy disgrace would break!

By all thine early innocence — by all
 The woman's Eden — withered with her fall —
 I, whom thou hast denied the right to guide,
 Implore the daughter — not command the bride —
 Protect — nor only from the sin and shame —
 Protect from *slander* — thine — *My Mother's* — name! —
 For *hers* thou bearest now! — and in her grave
 Her name thou honourest, if thine own thou save!
 I know thou lov'st another! — Dost thou start?
 From him, as me — the time hath come to part;
 And ere for ever I relieve thy view,
 The one thou lov'st must be an exile too.
 Be silent still, and fear not lest my voice
 Betray thy secret — Flight shall seem *his* choice;
 A fair excuse — a mission to some clime
 Where — weep'st thou still? — For *thee* there's hope in time! —
 This heart is not of iron, and the worm
 That gnaws the thought, soon ravages the form;
 And then, perchance, thy years may run the course
 Which flows through love undarken'd by remorse.
 And now, farewell for ever! "As he spoke,
 From her cold silence with a bound she broke,
 And clasped his hand — "O leave me not! or know
 Before thou goest, the heart that wronged thee so:
 But wrongs no more."

"No more? — O spurn the lie!
 Harcourt but now hath left thee! Well — deny!"
 "Yes, he hath left me!" — "And he urged the suit
 That — but thou maddenest me! — false lips, be mute!"
 — "He urged the suit — it is for ever o'er;
 Dead with the folly youth's crude fancies bore.
 One word, nay less, one gesture, (and she blush'd,)
 Struck dumb the suit, the scorn'd presumption crush'd."
 — "What! and yon portrait curtained with such care?" —
 "*There* did I point, and say — '*My heart is there!*'"

11.

Amazed, bewildered — struggling half with fear,
And half delight — his steps the curtain near.
He lifts the veil: — that face — IT IS HIS OWN!
But not the face her later gaze had known,
Not stern, nor sad, nor cold — but in those eyes,
The wooing softness love unmix'd supplies;
The fond smile beaming the glad lips above,
Bright, joyous, tender, as when first he sighed — “I love.”
An instant mute — oh, canst thou guess the rest?
The next his Constance clinging to his breast;
All, from the proud reserve, at once allied
To the Girl's modesty the Woman's pride,
Melting in sobs, and happy tears — and words
Swept into music from long-silent chords.
Then came the dear confession, full at last,
Then streamed life's Future on the fading Past;
And as a sudden footstep nears the door,
As a third shadow dims the threshold-floor —
As Seaton entering, in his black despair,
Pauses the tears, the joys, the heaven to share —
The happy Ruthven raised his princely head,
“Give her again — this day in truth we wed!”
And when the spring the earth's fresh glory weaves
In merry sunbeams and green quivering leaves,
A joy-bell ringing through a cloudless air,
Proclaims to Ruthven's hearth and halls — an heir!

THE LAY OF THE BEACON.

1.

How broad and bright athwart the wave,
Its steadfast light the Beacon gave!
Far beetling from the headland shore,
The rock behind, the surge before;

How lone and stern and tempest-seared,
Its brow to Heaven the turret reared!
Type of the glorious souls that are
The lamps our wandering barks to light,
With storm and cloud round every star,
The lone ones of the night!

2.

How dreary was that solitude!
Around it screamed the sea-fowl's brood;
The only sound, amidst the strife
Of wind and wave, that spoke of life,
Except, when Heaven's ghost-stars were pale,
The distant cry from hurrying sail.
From year to year the weeds had grown
O'er walls slow-rotting with the damp;
And, with the weeds, decay'd alone,
The Warder of the lamp.

3.

But twice in every week from shore
Fuel and food the boatman bore;
And then so dreary was the scene,
So wild and grim the warder's mien,
So many a darksome legend gave
Awe to that Tadmor of the wave,
That scarce the boat the rock could gain,
Scarce heav'd the pannier on the stone,
Than from the rock and from the main,
Th' unwilling life was gone.

4.

A man he was whom man had driven
To loathe the earth and doubt the heaven;
A tyrant foe, (a friend in youth,)
Had warped the law to blast the truth;
Stripp'd hearth and home, and left to shame
The broken heart — the blacken'd name.

Dark exile from the Eden, then
 He hail'd the rock, the lonely wild:
 Upon the man at war with men
 The frown of Nature smil'd.

5.

But suns on suns had roll'd away;
 The frame was bow'd, the locks were grey;
 And the eternal sea and sky
 Seem'd one still death to that dead eye;
 And Terror, like a spectre, rose
 From the grim tomb of that repose.

No sight, no sound, of human-kind;
 The hours, like drops upon the stone!
 What countless phantoms man may find
 In that dark word — "ALONE"!

6.

Dreams of blue Heaven and Hope can dwell
 With Thralldom in its narrowest cell;
 The airy mind may pierce the bars,
 Elude the chain, and hail the stars:
 Canst thou no drearier dungeon guess
 In *space*, when space is loneliness?

The body's freedom profits none;
 The heart desires an equal scope;
 All nature is a goal to one
 Who knows nor love nor hope!

7.

One day, all summer in the sky,
 A happy crew came gliding by,
 With songs of mirth, and looks of glee —
 A human sunbeam o'er the sea!
 "O Warder of the Beacon," cried
 A noble youth, the helm beside,
 "This summer-day how canst thou bear
 To guard thy smileless rock alone,
 And through the hum of Nature hear
 No heart-beat, save thine own?"

8.

"I cannot bear to live alone,
 To hear no heart-beat, save my own;
 Each moment, on this crowded earth,
 The joy-bells ring some new-born birth;
 Can ye not spare one form — but one,
 The lowest — least beneath the sun,
 To make the morning musical
 With welcome from a human sound?"
 "Nay," spake the youth — "and is that all?
 Thy comrade shall be found."

9.

The boat sail'd on, and o'er the Main
 The Awe of Silence closed again;
 But in the wassail hours of night,
 When goblets go their rounds of light,
 And in the dance, and by the side
 Of her, yon moon shall mark his bride,
 Before that Child of Pleasure rose,
 The lonely rock — the lonelier one,
 A haunting spectre — till he knows
 The human wish is won!

10.

Low-murmuring round the turret's base
 Glides wave on wave, its gentle chase;
 Lone on the rock, the warder hears
 The oar's faint music — hark! it nears —
 It gains the rock; the rower's hand
 Aids a grey, time-worn form to land.
 "Behold the comrade sent to thee!"
 He said — then went. And in that place
 The Twain were left; and Misery
 And Guilt stood face to face!

11.

Yes, face to face *once more* arrayed,
 Stood the Betrayer — the Betray'd!

Oh, how through all those gloomy years,
 When Guilt revolves what Conscience fears!
 Had that wrong'd victim breath'd the vow
That, if but face to face — And now,
 There, face to face with him he stood,
 By the great sea, on that lone steep;
 Around, the voiceless Solitude,
 Below — a grave — the Deep!

12.

They gazed — the Injurer's face grew pale —
 Pale writhe the lips, the murmurs fail,
 And thrice he strove to speak — in vain! —
 The sun looks blood-red on the main,
 The boat glides, waning less and less —
 No Law lives in the wilderness,
 Except Revenge — man's first and last!
 Those wrongs — that wretch — could they forgive?
 All that could sweeten life was past,
 Yet, oh, how sweet to live!

13.

He gazed before, he glanced behind,
 There, o'er the steep rock seems to wind
 The devious, scarce-seen path, a snake
 In slime and sloth might, labouring, make,
 With a wild cry he springs; — he crawls;
 Crag upon crag he clears; — and falls
 Breathless and mute; and o'er him stands,
 Pale as himself, the chasing foe —
 Mercy! what mean those clasped hands,
 Those lips that tremble so?

14.

“Thou hast curs'd my life, my wealth despoil'd;
 My hearth is cold, my name is soil'd;
 The wreck of what was Man, I stand
 'Mid the lone sea and desert land!
 Well, I forgive thee all; but be
 A human voice and face to me!

O stay — O stay — and let me yet
 One thing, that speaks man's language, know! —
 The waste hath taught me to forget
 That earth once held a foe!"

15.

O Heaven! methinks, from thy soft skies,
 Look'd tearful down the angel-eyes;
 Back to those walls, to mark them go,
 Hand clasp'd in hand — the Foe and Foe!
 And when the sun sunk slowly there,
 Low knelt the prayerless man in prayer.

He knelt, no more the lonely one;
 Within, secure, a comrade sleeps;
 That sun shall not go down upon
 A desert in the deeps!

16.

He knelt — the man who half till then
 Forgot his God in loathing men, —
 He knelt, and pray'd that God to spare
 The Foe to grow the Brother there;
 And, reconciled by Love to Heaven,
 Forgiving — was he not forgiven?

"Yes, man for man thou didst create;
 Man's wrongs, man's blessings can atone!
 To learn how Love can spring from Hate —
 Go Hate, and live alone."

* —————

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD AND CONDORCET.

LED by the Graces, through a Court he moved,
 "All men revered him, and all women loved" * —
 Happier than Paris, when to *him* there came
 The three Celestials — Learning, Love, and Fame;

* "The men respect you, and the women love you." — Such was the subtle compliment paid by Prior to one equally ambitious of either distinction; viz., Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke.

He found the Art to soothe them all, and see
The Golden Apple shared amidst the Three.
Yet he, this man, for whom the world assumed
Each Rose that in Gargettian* gardens bloomed,
Left to mankind a legacy of all
That from Earth's sweetness can extract a gall.
With him, indeed, poor Love is but a name —
Virtue a mask — Beneficence a game.
The Eternal Egotist, the Human Soul,
Sees but in Self the starting-post and goal.
Nipp'd in the frost of that cold, glittering air,
High thoughts seem dwarf'd, and youth's warm dreams despair!
He lived in luxury, and he died in peace,
And saints in powder wept at his decease!
Man loves this sparkling satire on himself; —
Gaze round — see Rochefoucauld on every shelf!
Look on the other; — Penury made him sour,
His learned youth the hireling slave of power;
His Manhood cast amidst the stormiest time,
A hideous stage, half frenzy and all crime; —
Upon the Dungeon's floor of stone he died,
With Life's last Friend, his Horace, by his side!
Yet he — this Sage — who found the world so base,
Left what? — His "Progress of the Human Race,"
A golden dream of man without a sin;
All virtue round him, and all peace within!
Man does not love such portraits of himself,
And thrusts the unwelcome Flatterer from the shelf.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

1.

INTO my heart a silent look,
Flashed from thy careless eyes,
And what before was shadow, took
The light of summer skies.

* Epicurean.

The First-born Love was in that look ;
The Venus rose from out the deep
Of those inspiring eyes.

2.

My life, like some lone solemn spot,
A spirit passes o'er,
Grew instinct with a glory not
In earth or heaven before.
Sweet trouble stirr'd the haunted spot,
And shook the leaves of every thought
Thy presence wandered o'er !

3.

My being yearned, and crept to thine,
As if in times of yore
Thy soul had been a part of mine,
Which claimed it back once more.
Thy very self no longer thine,
But merged in that delicious life,
Which made us one of yore !

4.

There bloomed beside thee forms as fair,
There murmured tones as sweet,
But round thee breathed th' enchanted air,
'T was life and death to meet.
And henceforth thou alone wert fair,
And, though the stars had sung for joy,
Thy whisper only sweet !

LOVE'S SUDDEN GROWTH.

1.

BUT yester-morn, with many a flower
The garden of my heart was drest ;
A single tree has sprung to bloom,
Whose branches cast a tender gloom,
That shadows all the rest.

2.

A jealous and a tyrant tree,
That seeks to reign alone;
As if the wind's melodious sighs,
The dews and sunshine of the skies,
Were only made for One!

3.

A tree on which the Host of Dreams
Low-murmur mystic things,
While Hopes, those birds of other skies,
To Dreams themselves chant low replies —
Ah, wherefore have they wings?

4.

The Seasons nurse the blight and storm,
The glory leaves the air —
The Dreams and Birds will pass away,
The blossom wither from the spray —
One day — the stem be bare; —

5.

But mine has grown the Dryad's life,
Coæval with the Tree.
The sun, the frost, the bloom, the fall,
My fate, sweet Tree, must share them all,
To live and die with thee!

THE CONSOLATIONS OF SLEEP.

1.

COME to me, Night, that I with HER may be!
For duly o'er the deep
Of the moon-lighted sleep,
Boundeth that Bark — the Soul, to reach
Her presence by the lonely beach,
Of some fair Dream, the Isle in that Enchanted Sea.

2.

Are ye *not* Isles of flowers and fairy ground,
Ye shadow-peopled Dreams?
Isles by whose lulling streams
And thick-leaved woods, the shapes we view,
We pined for most the daylight through,
Where Psyche nightly roves, and clasps her Eros found?

3.

Come, Night, that I may be with HER once more
In the far land and lone,
Where she is all my own;
Where, till the jealous day-star shine,
Beyond this life a life divine
Unites divided Souls along the Elysian shore!

THE LOVE LETTER.

As grains of gold that in the sands
Of Lydian waters shine,
The welcome sign of mountain lands
That veil the silent mine —

Thus may the River of my Thought,
That glideth now to thee,
Reveal the wealth as yet unwrought,
Which Love has heap'd in me!

So strove I to enrich the scroll
To thy dear hands consign'd;
I thought to leave the lavish soul
No golden wish behind!

Ah, Fool! to think an hour could drain
What life can scarce explore —
Enough, if guided by the grain,
Thy heart should seek the ore!

THE LAY OF THE MINSTREL'S HEART.

It was the time when Spring on Earth
 Gives Eden to the young; —
 On Provence shone the Vesper star;
 Beneath fair Marguerite's lattice-bar
 The Minstrel, Aymer, sung —

“The year may take a second birth,
 But May is swift of wing;
 The Heart whose sunshine lives in thee
 One May from year to year shall see: —
 Thy love, eternal spring!”

The Ladye blushed, the Ladye sigh'd,
 All Heaven was in that Hour!
 The Heart he pledged was leal and brave —
 And what the pledge the Ladye gave? —
 — Her hand let fall a flower!

And when shall Aymer claim his Bride?
 It is the Hour to part!
 He goes to guard the Saviour's grave; —
 Her pledge, a flower, the Maiden gave,
 And *his* — the Minstrel's heart!

Behold, a Cross, a Grave, a Foe!
What else — Man's Holy Land?
 High deeds, that level Rank to Fame,
 Have bought young Aymer's right to claim
 The high-born Maiden's hand.

High deeds should ask no meed below —
 Their guerdon in the sky!
 The poison-dart, in Victory's hour,
 Has pierced the Heart where lies the flower,
 And hers its latest sigh!

It is the time when Spring on Earth
 Gives Eden to the young,
 And harp and hymn proclaim the Bride,

Who smiles, Count Raimond, by thy side, —
The Maid whom Aymer sung!

And, darkly through the wassail mirth,
A pale procession see! —

Turn, Marguerite, from the bridegroom turn —
Thine Aymer's heart — the funeral urn, —
His pledge, comes back to thee!

Lo, on the Urn how wither'd lies
Thy gift — the scentless flower!
Amidst those garlands, fresh and fair,
That prank the hall and glad the air,
What does that wither'd flower?

One tear bedew'd the Ladye's eyes,
No tears beseem the day.
The dead can not to life return,
"A marble tomb shall grace the Urn,"
She said, and turn'd away.

The marble rose the Urn above,
The World went on the same;
The Ladye smil'd, Count Raimond's bride,
And flowers, like hers, that bloom'd and died,
Each May returning came.

The faded flower, the dream of love,
The poison and the dart,
The tearful trust, the smiling wrong,
The tomb, — behold, O Child of Song,
The History of thy Heart!

THE MASTER TO THE SCHOLAR.

WRITE for the pedant Few, the vein shall grow
Cold at its source and meagre in its flow;
But for the vulgar Many wouldst thou write,
How coarse the passion, and the thought how trite!

"Nor Few, nor Many — riddles from thee fall?"
Author, as Nature smiles — so write; — for ALL!

THE BEAUTIFUL DESCENDS NOT.

In Cyprus, looking on the lovely sky,
Lone by the marge of music-haunted streams,
A youthful Poet prayed — "Descend from high,
Thou of whose face each youthful Poet dreams.
O Venus! once more to the Earth be given
The Beauty that makes beautiful the Heaven."

Swift to a silver cloudlet, floating o'er,
A rushing Presence rapt him as he pray'd.
What He beheld I know not; — but once more
The midnight heard him sighing to the shade, —
"Again — again unto the Earth be given
The Beauty that makes beautiful the Heaven."

A sweet voice answered from the distant star —
"Vainly did Venus grace on thee bestow —
Unworthy he the loftier realms afar,
Who wooes the gods above to earth below;
Rapt to the Beautiful thy soul must be,
And not the Beautiful debased to thee!"

THE BONES OF RAPHAEL.

WHEN the author was in Rome, in the year 1833, the bones of Raphael were discovered, and laid for several days in state in one of the churches.

WAVE upon wave, the human ocean streamed
Along the chancel of the solemn pile;
And, with a softer day, the tapers beamed
Upon the Bier within the vaulted aisle: —
And, mingled with the crowd, I halted there,
And asked a Roman scholar by my side, —

What sainted dust invok'd the common prayer?
 "Stranger!" the man, as in disdain, replied,
 "Nine days already hath the Disinterred
 Been given again to mortal eye, and all
 The Great of Rome, the Conclave and the Pope,
 Have flock'd to grace the second funeral
 Of him whose soul, until it fled, like Hope,
 Gave Beauty to the World: — But haply thou,
 A dweller of the North, hast never heard
 Of one who, if no saint in waking life,
 In dreams communed with angels, and transferred
 The Heaven in which we trust his soul is now
 To the mute canvass. — Underneath that pall
 Repose the bones of Raphael!" —

Not a word

I answered, but in awe I drew more near,
 And saw the crowd toil on in busy strife,
 Eager which first should touch the holy bier;
 I ask'd a boor more earnest than the rest,
 "Whose bones are these?"

"I know not what his name;

But, since the Pope and Conclave have been here,
 Doubtless a famous Saint!" —

The Boor exprest

The very thought the wandering stranger guest.
 Which wiser, he, the Scholar, who had sneer'd
 To hear the Stranger canonize the Dead;
 Or they, the Boor, the Stranger, who revered
 The Saint, where he the Artist? — Answer, Fame,
 Whose Saints are not the Calendar's! Perchance
 Tasso and Raphael, age to age, have given
 The earth a lustre more direct from Heaven
 Than San Gennaro, or thy Dennis, France,
 Or English George! — Read History. * —

* Gibbon, after a powerful sketch of the fraud, the corruption, and the vices of George the Cappadocian, thus concludes — "The odious stranger, disguising every circumstance of time and place, assumed

When the crowd

Were gone, I slipped some coins into the hand
Of a grave-visaged Priest, who took his stand
Beside the Bier, and bade him lift the shroud;
And there I paused, and gazed upon the all
The Worm had spared to Raphael. — He had died,
As sang the Alfieri of our land,
In the embrace of Beauty * — beautiful
Himself as Cynthia's Shepherd! — That, the skull
Once pillowed on soft bosoms, which still rise
With passionate life, in canvass; — in the void
Of those blank sockets shone the starry eyes,
That, *like* the stars, found home in heaven! The pall
With its dark hues, gave forth, in gleaming white,
The delicate bones; for still an undestroy'd
Beauty, amidst decay, appeared to dwell
About the mournful relics; and the light,
In crownlike halo, lovingly did fall
On the broad brow, — the hush'd and ruined cell
Of the old Art — Nature's sweet Oracle!
Believe or not, no horror seemed to wrap
What has most horror for our life — the Dead:
The sleep slept soft, as in a mother's lap,
As if the Genius of the Grecian Death,
That with a kiss inhaled the parting breath,
That, wing'd for Heaven, stood by the charnel porch,
Lowering, with looks of love, th' extinguished torch,
Had taken watch beside the narrow bed;
And from the wrecks of the beloved clay
Had scared, with guardian eyes, each ghastlier shape away!

the mask of a martyr, a saint, and a Christian hero; and the infamous George of Cappadocia has been transformed into the renowned St. George of England, the patron of arms, of chivalry, and the garter."

GIBBON'S *Decline and Fall*, vol. iv., c. xxiii.

* "Italian Beauty! didst thou not inspire
Raphael, who died in thy embrace?"

BYRON.

Come, Moralist, with truths of tritest worth,
And tell us how "to this complexion" all
That beautify the melancholy earth
"Must come at last!" The little and the low,
The mob of common men, rejoice to know
How the grave levels with themselves the great:
For something in the envy of the small
Still loves the vast Democracy of Death!
But flatter not yourselves — in death the fate
Of genius still divides itself from yours:
Yea, ev'n upon the earth! For Genius lives
Not in your life — it does not breathe your breath,
It does not share your charnels; — but ensures
In death itself the life that life survives!
Genius to you what most you value gave,
The noisy forum and the glittering mart,
The solid goods and mammon of the world,
In *these* your life — and *these* with life depart!
Grudge not what Genius to itself shall claim —
A life that lived but in the dreams of Art,
A world whose sunshine was the smile from Fame.
These die not, Moralist, when all are hurl'd,
Fasces and sceptre, in the common grave: —
Genius, in life or death, is still the same —
Death but makes deathless what Life asked — THE NAME.

THE LADY AND THE DOGS.

FROM THE FABLIAUX.

SIR Gawaine now his bride had won, and side by side they rode
To where from Carduel's stately towers the Dragon-banner flowed;
With loving looks and sweet discourse the bride-groom cheered
the way,
When, "Oh," the lady cried, "my dogs, my darlings, where
are they?"
Back Gawaine rides, and gains the gates, (the dogs were left
behind,)

God's wot, may ladies newly wed a Gawaine ever find !
 Then to the Fair he spurs with speed ; the Fair delighted sees
 Her favourites' white and dappled hues come gleaming through
 the trees ;

And on they ride, and on they ride, when in the darksome wood
 Before them, arm'd from head to foot, a sturdy stranger stood.
 With iron hand he rudely seized the lady's bridle rein ;
 Out flash'd the sword, out spake the wrath, of that good knight,
 Gawaine.

"Though mine be but the silken vest, and thine the iron mail,
 A loyal heart can guard its prize, whatever foes assail ;
 So foot to foot, and steel to steel" —

"Nay," quoth the Stranger Knight,
 "Not thine by choice this Damsel, if I read her eyes aright ;
 What need of blows ? No lady's smile can lure us back to life —
 Let her who is the cause, herself, in peace decide the strife ;
 Retire we both a certain space, and leave the Lady free,
 And whomsoe'er her steps shall seek, his prize the Lady be."
 "Content," Sir Gawaine gaily said ; "the world will pass away
 Before that heart forsakes the faith it vowed to me to-day."
 On either side the Knights retire, the Lady rests between,
 She eyes the Stranger's rusted mail, Sir Gawaine's silken sheen,
 A laidley, grim, rough-bearded carle the stranger was to view,
 A comelier knight than Gawaine ne'er, the Bower of Beauty
 knew : —

With wistful gaze she looked, compared, and weighed and scanned
 them o'er,
 Then slowly paced to choose the man she ne'er had seen before.
 Amazement first, and then disdain, struck dumb Sir Gawaine's
 voice ;

He turned his steed, and calmly left the Lady to her choice.
 But scarce some thirty roods or so, the Knight had gone, before
 He heard the ring of hoofs, and lo, that cursed carle once more !
 "The Dogs," he cried, "the dogs, for thine, have left their
 Lady's side —

Give back the Dogs !"

"My learned friend," the brideless Knight replied,

"By thee, but now, 't was argued well, to leave the Lady free;
So leave the Dogs, and whom they choose, his prize the Dogs
shall be."

Ill could the carle, with just reply, that just demand refuse:
They both retire, and call the brutes: — *the brutes* no stranger
choose.

By many a gentle word and deed, their grace the Knight had won,
When, through whate'er she loved, his love had woo'd that
faithless one.

"Friend," quoth the Knight, "I thank thee for the truth thou
hast taught to me;

In turn these faithful hounds may teach a lovelier truth to thee.
Each day beholds a woman's heart from one to other range,
Each day on friendship's brow beholds the clouds that tell of
change;

And ever to our grave we trace the sad and weary way,
By smiles or tears, as fleet as those which mark the April day;
But never yet, in all the books the wisest sage has read,
Can it be found the Dog deserts the hand that gives it bread."
He said, and called the Dogs, and rode upon his careless way;
Back went the Stranger to the Fair — no doubt he was as gay; —
But which the lot to envy most, ye married men decide —
The happy bridegroom got the Dogs — that wretched man the
Bride!

LOVE AND FAME.

1.

It was the May when I was born,
Soft moonlight through the casement streamed,
And still, as it were yester-morn,
I dream the dream I dreamed.
I saw two forms from Fairy Land,
Along the moonbeam gently glide,
Until they halted, hand in hand,
My infant couch beside.

2.

With smiles, the cradle bending o'er,
 I heard their whispered voices breathe —
 The one a crown of diamond wore,
 The one a myrtle wreath;
 "Twin brothers from the Better Clime,
 A Poet's spell hath lured to thee;
 Say which shall, in the coming time,
 Thy chosen Fairy be?"

3.

I stretched my hand, as if my grasp
 Could snatch the toy from either brow;
 And found a leaf within my clasp,
One leaf — as fragrant now!
 If both in life may not be won,
 Be mine, at least, the gentler brother —
 For he whose life deserves the one,
 In death may gain the other.

 THE LANGUAGE OF THE EYES.

THOSE eyes — those eyes — how full of heaven they are,
 When the calm twilight leaves the heaven most holy,
 Tell me, sweet eyes, from what divinest star,
 Did ye drink in your liquid melancholy?
 Tell me, beloved Eyes!

Was it from you lone orb, that ever by
 The quiet moon, like Hope on Patience, hovers,
 The Star to which hath sped so many a sigh,
 Since lutes in Lesbos hallowed it to lovers?
 Was that your Fount, sweet Eyes?

Ye Sibyl Books, in which the truths foretold,
 Inspire the Heart, your dreaming Priest, with gladness,
 Bright Alchemists that turn to Thoughts of Gold
 The leaden cares ye steal away from sadness,
 Teach only me, sweet Eyes!

Hush! when I ask ye how, at length, to gain
 The cell where Love the Sleeper yet lies hidden,
 Loose not those arch lips from their rosy chain;
 Be every answer, save your own, forbidden —
 Feelings are words for Eyes!

LOVE'S EXAGGERATIONS: A DEFENCE.

THE passion of the mightiest shell
 That ever rapt the choir above,
 Were all too weak and cold to tell
 The warm extravagance of love.
 Thought's deepest mines the soul will seek,
 Or speed to Fancy's airiest height,
 In search of aught that best can speak
 The Symbol-Worship of Delight.
 Image far-wrought and rich conceit,
 Familiar to its household tongue; —
 So the same purple thoughts we meet
 By Avon or Ilissus sung.*
 In every land, Love's language still
 A sacred learning to the few;
 A folly to *their* solemn skill,
 Who hold the Real for the True; —
 Fount of the lavish, joyous youth,
 It sports with every star above: —
 Give sober words to meaner truth,
 The wildest to the truths of Love?

* Compare the well-known extravagance —
 "O, that I were a glove upon that hand,"
 with a similar thought in Anacreon. Od. xx.

D O U B T.

BRIGHT laughs the sun, the Birds that are to Air
 Like Song to Life, — are gaily on the wing,
 In every mead the handmaid Hours prepare
 The delicates of Spring; — *
 But, if she love me not!

To me at this fair season still hath been
 In every wild-flower an exhaustless treasure,
 And, when the young-eyed violet first was seen,
 Methought to breathe was pleasure; —
 But, if she love me not!

How, in thy twilight, DOUBT, at each unknown
 Dim shape, the superstitious Love will start;
 How Hope itself will tremble at its own
 Light shadow on the heart; —
 Ah, if she love me not!

Well; I will know the worst, and leave the wind
 To drift or drown the venture on the wave;
 Life has two friends in grief itself most kind —
 Remembrance and the Grave —
 Mine, if she love me not!

THE ASSURANCE.

I AM loved, I am loved — Jubilate!
 Hark! hark! how the happy note swells,
 To and fro from the fairy bells,
 With which the Flowers melodiously
 To their banquet-halls invite the bee! —
 He is loved, he is loved — Jubilate!

The Echo at rest on her mountain-keep,
 Murmurs the sound in her broken sleep —
 He is loved, he is loved — Jubilate!

* "The choicest delicates from yonder mead."

And those gossips, the winds, have come to scout
 What the earth is so happy about,
 And they catch the sound, and circle it round —
 He is loved, he is loved — Jubilate!

And the Rivers, whom all the world must know,
 Were in love with the stars ever since they could flow,
 With a dimpled cheek and a joyous sigh,
 Whisper it up to the list'ning sky,
 He is loved, he is loved — Jubilate!

It is not the world that I knew before;
 Where is the gloom that its glory wore?
 Not a foe could offend, or a friend betray,
 Old Hatred hath gone to his grave to-day!
 Hark! hark, his knell we toll,
 Here's to the peace of his sinful soul!
 On the earth below, in the heaven above,
 Nothing is left us now but love.
 Love, love, honour to love,
 I am loved, I am loved — Jubilate!

THE MAIDEN'S GRAVE.

A TALE.

"YONDER distant hill," said Hyppolyte, "is called the grave of Krak, whom History mentions as the first King of Poland; but the other, which is nearer to us, and looks so dismal, is called the Sepulchral Monument of his daughter Vanda. An early love had united the hearts of Vanda, Queen of Poland, and of Ritiger, Duke of Arkona, in the Isle of Rugen. However, when the murder of a brother, and the punishment which befell the guilty, called the daughter of Krak to the throne, the Sarmatian nation disapproved the alliance of their Queen with a foreigner, and the call of Duty, proved stronger than the voice of Love," &c. — BRONIKOWSKI'S Court of Sigismund Augustus, translated by Count Kucinski, vol. i. p. 59.

The concluding portion of the History of Vanda is related in the following Poem.

SEEK thou yon twain opposing steepes?
 No wild-flower glads their solemn gloom;

There old Sclavonia's hero sleeps,
 And there his Hero-Daughter's tomb!
 When careless youth is on the wing,
 The heart but o'er the heart would reign —
 She was the Daughter of a King —
 She loved, and was beloved again!
 And proud her choice, and fair her fate
 Before her visions seem'd to smile;
 What maid too high to be thy mate,
 Young Prince of Rugen's Warrior-Isle?
 Ah! not to Kaisar and to King
 Hath Love his happy Eden sold;
 The hearts that sleep beneath his wing,
 The meanest hut hath space to hold! *
 And joy, they weave her bridal wreath,
 And joy, he comes to claim his own; —
 And woe, she weeps a Brother's death,
 And woe, she mounts a Brother's throne!
 Alas! the Maiden Monarch now
 The crown, and not the wreath, must wear;
 The crown that weighs above thy brow,
 A stranger's temples may not bear!
 The low need envy not the great
 When Greatness is unshared with Love; —
 The lonely heart in robes of state, —
 The Orb unshadowed by the Dove!
 But Vanda is a Hero's child,
 The Mother of a Hero's land;
 They saw not — when the Martyr smil'd,
 And, calm, resigned the plighted hand, —
 They saw not how, that smile below,
 Realms fairer than Sarmatia lay,

* "Raum ist in der kleinsten Hütte
 Für ein glücklich liebend Paar," — SCHILLER.

A desert never more to know
The opening eyelids of the day!

Not Tadmor, in its lone repose,
Its wrecks to wandering eye reveals,
More sad amidst the waste — than those,
One broken human heart conceals!

“Up, spear and lance, my Liegemen all!
My Lady's choice shall vassals bind? —
A Monarch's heart shall rebels thrall?
No! — give my banners to the wind!”

Along yon valleys, sheen and far,
Arkona's steel-clad legions lay;
And bright, beneath the steadfast star,
The River rush'd its glittering way.

From yonder cliff, whose gloom of shade
Half wrapt the starlight from the foe,
Sclavonia's Virgin Queen survey'd
The warfare and the peace below;

She saw the pastoral huts, where beat
Brave hearts entrusted to her care;
And, like their shrouds, beneath her feet
The ghastly war-tents whitening there!

She saw the joyous River glide,
With peaceful banks on either shore;
To-morrow, and the starry tide
Runs crimson with a people's gore!

And, darkly fronting, looms the steep
Where her great Father's dust is laid;
And, waking from th' invaded sleep,
His ghost seems frowning in the shade!

Before her soul, as in her sight,
The Lover's and the Country's Cause; —
A Voice thrill'd through the sullen night —
“Child of a Hero, canst thou pause?”

High heaved her heart, and to her cheek
A blush, half pride, half shame, was given;
Calm through the blue eye seemed to break
The thought that comes in light from Heaven.

“Accept the sacrifice,” she said,
And raised her solemn arms on high;
Why sudden droops that lofty head? —
Where — the last weakness — turns the eye?

One glance — but one, where, glittering, sleep
The tents of that beloved Foe; —
Flash’d the white robe — and from the steep
She plunged into the stream below!

The stream below received its prey,
The starlight darkened from the wave;
But Glory shall outlive the ray,
And Memory is the Martyr’s Grave! *

THE POET SINGS TO THE YOUNG.

A THOUGHT FROM HORACE.

“*Virginibus — puerisque canto.*”

FAR hence, ye Herd Profane! — along
These aisles each earthlier sound hath ceast;
For Holy is the Altar-Song,
And holy is the Poet-Priest!

Far hence, ye Herd Profane — oh, ne’er
For ye the Nine’s melodious truth;
The Priest but calls around him, there,
The Virgin and the Soul of Youth.

The Godlike Hierophant conceals
From vulgar eyes the solemn rite;
But to the Pure alone reveals
The Eleusinia of Delight.

* The story adds that the enemy retired.

Yes, then along the charmed floor
The gods of old, descending, glide;
And mists o'er mortal eyes no more
Elysium from the Earth divide!

Priest-Poet, yes! — in every age
Virgin and Youth thine Audience be!
The Pure alone can in thy page
The Vision and the Glory see!

Mourn not, if scorned by those who are
The vulgar herd *without* the shrine —
Through fogs and clouds, the Hesper Star
Disdains on troubled streams to shine; —

Its home, an unpolluted sky —
Its glass, O stillest wave thou art!
And still the gaze must turn on high,
To feel its influence on the heart!

So does the Poet, from the Hour
Escape unto the farther years;
That thou mayst almost doubt the power
Of Him the passing Hour reveres; —

From his lone height he sings to those
Who linger, Youth, in thy green vale —
A Fairy yet in every rose,
An Angel's wing in every gale.

They, the Endymions, o'er whose sleep
Watches the Moon's enamoured eye, —
The Ganymedes, for whom there sweep
God's eagles from the world on high, —

They who yet dream, and yet aspire, —
For them, the holy chord is strung; —
Far hence, ye Herd Profane! — the lyre
Invokes the Virgin and the Young!

EURIPIDES.

LONE, 'mid the loftier wonders of the Past,
 Thou stand'st — more household to the modern age; —
 In a less stately mould thy thoughts were cast
 Than thy twin Masters of the Grecian stage.
 Thou mark'st that change in Manners when the frown
 Of the vast Titans vanish'd from the earth,
 When a more soft Philosophy stole down
 From the dark heavens to man's familiar hearth.
 With thee, came Love and Woman's influence o'er
 Her sterner Lord; and Poesy till then
 A Sculpture, warmed to Painting; * what before
 Glass'd but the dim-seen Gods, grew now to men
 Clear mirrors, and the Passions took their place,
 Where a serene if solemn Awe had made
 The Scene a Temple to the Elder Race:
 The struggles of Humanity became
 Not those of Titan with a God, nor those
 Of the great Heart with that unbodied Name
 By which our ignorance would explain our woes
 And justify the Heavens, — the ruthless FATE; —
 But, truer to the human life, thine art
 Made thought with thought and will with will debate,
 And placed the God and Titan in the Heart;
 Thy Phædra, and thy pale Medea were
 The birth of that more subtle wisdom, which
 Dawn'd in the world with Socrates, to bear
 Its last most precious offspring in the rich
 And genial soul of Shakspeare. And for this

* The celebrated comparison between Sculpture and the Ancient, Painting and the Modern Dramatic Poetry, is not applicable to Euripides, who has a warmth and colour of passion which few, indeed, of the moderns have surpassed, and from which most of the modern writers have mediately, if not directly, borrowed their most animated conceptions.

Wit blamed thee living, Dullness taunts thee dead. *

And yet the Pythian did not speak amiss
When in thy verse the latent truths she read,
And hailed thee wiser than thy tribe. ** Of thee
All genius in our softer times hath been
The grateful echo, and thy soul we see
Still through our tears — upon the later Scene.
Doth the Italian, for his frigid thought
Steal but a natural pathos, — hath the Gaul
Something of passion to his phantoms taught,
Ope but thy page — and, lo, the source of all! —
But that which made thee wiser than the Schools
Was the long sadness of a much-wrong'd life;
The sneer of satire, and the gibe of fools,
The broken hearth-gods, and the perjured wife.
For Sorrow is the Messenger between
The Poet and and Men's bosoms: — Genius can
Fill with unsympathizing Gods the Scene,
But Grief alone can teach us what is Man!

* Among the taunting accusations which Aristophanes, in his Comedy of the Frogs, lavishes upon Euripides, through the medium of Aeschylus, is that of having introduced female love upon the stage! Aeschylus, indeed, is made, very inconsistently, considering his Clytemnestra, (Ran: l. 1042) to declare that he does not know that *he* ever represented a single woman in love. At a previous period of the comedy, Euripides is also ridiculed, through a boast ironically assigned to his own lips, for having debased Tragedy, by the introduction of domestic interest — (household things, *οἰκία πράγματα*.) Upon these and similar charges have later critics, partly in England, especially in Germany, sought by duller diatribes to perpetuate a spirit of depreciation against the only ancient dramatic poet who has vitally influenced the later stage. The true merit of Euripides is seen in the very ridicule of Aristophanes. There, may sound criticism find the answer to all his pedant detractors, from Longinus, who was almost as wretched a critic as, now-a-days, an English reviewer — to — but the sneerers of our own time have not even established the privilege to be named!

** "Wise Sophocles, wiser Euripides, wisest of all, Socrates," was the well-known decision of the Delphian Oracle. Yet the wisdom of Euripides was not in the philosophical sentences with which he often mars the true philosophy of the drama. His wisdom is his pathos.

THE POPE AND THE BEGGAR.

The Desires the chains, the Deeds the wings.

I SAW a Soul beside the clay it wore,
When reign'd that clay the Hierarch-Sire of Rome;
A hundred priests stood, ranged the bier before,
Within St. Peter's dome;

And all was incense, solemn dirge, and prayer —
And still the Soul stood sullen by the clay:
"O Soul, why to thy heavenlier native air
Dost thou not soar away?"

And the Soul answered, with a ghastly frown,
"In what life loved, death finds its weal or woe:
Slave to the clay's DESIRES, they drag me down
To the clay's rot below!"

It spoke, and where Rome's Purple Ones reposed,
They lower'd the corpse; and downwards from the sun
Both Soul and Body sunk — and Darkness closed
Over that twofold one!

Without the church, unburied on the ground,
There lay, in rags, a Beggar newly dead;
Above the dust, no holy priest was found,
No pious prayer was said!

But round the corpse unnumbered lovely things,
Hovering, unseen by the proud passers by,
Form'd, upward, upward, upward, with bright wings,
A ladder to the sky!

"And what are ye, O Beautiful?" "We are,"
Answered the choral cherubim, "HIS DEEDS!"
Then his Soul, sparkling sudden as a star,
Flashed from its mortal weeds,

And, lightly passing, tier on tier, along
The gradual pinions, vanish'd like a smile!
Just then, swept by the solemn-visaged throng
From the Apostle's pile —

“Knew ye this beggar?” “Knew! a wretch, who died
Under the curse of our good Pope, now gone!”
“Loved ye that Pope?” “He was our Church’s pride,
And Rome’s most holy Son!”

Then did I muse: — Such are men’s judgments; — blind
In scorn or love! In what unguessed-of things,
DESIRES, or DEEDS — do rags and purple find
The fetters or the wings!

TALENT AND GENIUS.

(Suggested by a passage in Goethe’s Correspondence with a Child.)

TALENT convinces — Genius but excites;
This tasks the reason, that the soul delights.
Talent from sober judgment takes its birth,
And reconciles the pinion to the earth;
Genius unsettles with desires the mind,
Contented not till earth be left behind;
Talent, the sunshine on a cultured soil,
Ripens the fruit, by slow degrees, for toil.
Genius, the sudden Iris of the skies,
On cloud itself reflects its wondrous dies:
And, to the earth, in tears and glory, given,
Clasps in its airy arch the pomp of Heaven!
Talent gives all that vulgar critics need —
From its plain horn-book learn the Dull to read;
Genius, the Pythian of the Beautiful,
Leaves its large truths a riddle to the Dull —
From eyes profane a veil the Isis screens,
And fools on fools still ask — ‘what Hamlet means?’

THE TRUE CRITIC.

TASTE is to sense, as Charity to soul,
 A bias less to censure than to praise;
 A quick perception of the arduous whole,
 Where the dull eye some careless flaw surveys;
 Every true critic — from the Stagirite
 To Schlegel and to Addison — hath won
 His fame by serving a reflected light,
 And clearing vapour from a clouded sun.
 Who envies him whose microscopic eyes
 See but the canker in the glorious rose?
 Not much I ween the Zollus we prize,
 Though even Homer may at moments doze.
 Praise not to me the sharp sarcastic sneer,
 Mocking the Fane which Genius builds to Time.
 High works are Sabbaths to the Soul! Revere
 Ev'n some rare discord in the solemn chime.
 When on the gaze the Venus dawns divine,
 The Cobbler comes the slipper to condemn;
 The Slave alone descends into the mine
 To work the dross — the Monarch wears the gem.

GANYMEDE.

“When Ganymedes was caught up to Heaven, he let fall his pipe on which he was playing to his sheep.”

ALEXANDER ROSS, *Myst. Poet.*

UPON the Phrygian hill
 He sate, and on his reed the Shepherd play'd;
 The noonbeam glinted thro' the greenwood shade,
 And every wind was still.
 He saw not where, on high,
 The noiseless eagle of the Heavenly King
 Rested; — till rapt upon the rushing wing
 Into the opening sky.

Then, from this sad world freed,
A destined God, — below his glance he cast,
And felt how poor the music of the Past,
And dropt the idle reed!

So he whom Thought divine,
Bears to that life the calm Celestials know,
Must for th' Empyrean Element resign
All that seem'd sweet below!

MEMNON.

WHERE Morning first appears,
Waking the rather flowers in their Eastern bed,
Aurora still, with her ambrosial tears,
Weeps for her Memnon dead.

Him, the Hesperides
Nurs'd on the margent of their golden shore,
And still the smile that then the Mother wore
Dimples the orient seas.

He died, and, lo! the while
The fire consumed his ashes, glorious things,
With joyous song and wonder-tinted wings,
Rose from the funeral pile.

He died, — and yet became
A music, and his Theban image broke
Into sweet sounds that, with each sunrise, spoke
The Mighty Mother's name.

Beautiful Parable!
Typing in golden thoughts the death and birth
Of that which glads and sanctifies the earth
On which we dwell; —

Leaving, in scatheless youth,
A Music-Image, with enchanted voices
Answering the Light that on its front rejoices —
The Christian's Memnon-Truth!

MEMORIES, THE FOOD OF LOVE.

WHEN shall we come to that delightful day,
When each can say to each, "*Dost thou remember?*"
Let us fill urns with rose-leaves in our May,
And hive the thrifty sweetness for December!
For who may deem the Reign of Love secure,
Till in a mighty Past is built his throne? —
Hope is a star each vapour can obscure,
Memory, the only empire, all our own.
'T is the Hearts' Home to have a World in Time,
Of Happy Thoughts that we have known before;
Hearing, in common words, the holy chime
Of those sweet sabbath-bells — the Dreams of yore.
Oft dost thou ask me, with that bashful eye,
"If I shall love thee evermore as now?"
Feasting as fondly on the sure reply,
As if my lips were virgin of the vow!
Sweet does that question, "Wilt thou love me?" fall
Upon the heart that has forsworn its will;
But when the words hereafter we recall,
"*Dost thou remember?*" — shall be sweeter still!

LOVERS' QUARRELS — AN OLD MAXIM REFUTED.

THEY never loved as thou and I,
Who ministered the moral,
That aught which deepens love can lie
In true love's lightest quarrel.
They never knew, in times of fear,
The safety of affection,
Nor sought, when angry Fate drew near,
Love's Altar for protection; —
They never knew how Kindness grows
A vigil and a care,

Nor watch'd beside the heart's repose
In silence and in prayer;

For weaker loves be storms enough
To frighten back Desire;
We have no need of gales so rough
To fan our steadier fire.

'T were sweet to kiss thy tears away,
If tears those eyes must know;
But sweeter still to hear thee say,
"Thou never had'st them flow."

The wrongful word will rankling live
When wrong itself hath ceast,
And Love, that all things may forgive,
Can ne'er forget the least.

If pain can not from life depart,
There 's pain enough around us;
The rose we wear upon the heart
Should have no thorn to wound us.

And hollow sounds the wildest vow,
If Memory wake, the while,
The bitter taunt — the darkened brow,
The stinging of a smile.

There is no anguish like the hour,
Whatever else befall us,
When One the heart has raised to power
Exerts it but to gall us.

Yet if — this calm too blest to last —
Some cloud, at times, must be,
I'm not so proud but I would cast
The fault alone on me.

So deeply blent with thy dear thought,
All faith in human kindness,
Methinks if thou couldst change in aught,
The only bliss were blindness.

But no — if Rapture may not last,
 It ne'er shall bring Regret,
 Nor leave one look in all the Past
 'T were mercy to forget.

Repentance often finds too late,
 To wound us is to harden;
 And Love is on the verge of Hate,
 Each time it stoops for Pardon.

THE ATHENIAN AND THE SPARTAN.

A DIALOGUE

THE ATHENIAN.

STERN Prisoner in thy rites of old
 To Learning blind, to Beauty cold, —
 Never for thee, with garlands crown'd,
 The lyre and myrtle circle round;
 Dull to the Lesbian ruby's froth,
 Thou revellest in thy verjuice broth.
 With Phidian art our temples shine,
 Like mansions meet for gods divine;
 Thou think'st *thy* gods despise such toys,
 And shrines are made — for scourging boys;
 As triflers, thou canst only see
 The Drama's Kings — our glorious Three.
 No Plato fires your youth to thinking,
 Your nobler school, — in Helots drinking!
 Contented as your sires before —
 The Little makes ye loathe The More.
 We, ever pushing forward, still
 Take power, where powerless, from the will;
 We, ever straining at the All,
 With hands that grasp when feet may fall, * —
 Earth, ocean, — near and far, — we roam,
 Where Fame, where Fortune, — there a home!

* Thucyd., lib. 1, c. 68—71. (The Speech of the Corinthians.)

You hold all progress degradation,
 Improvement but degeneration,
 And only wear your scarlet coat
 When self-defence must cut a throat.
 Yet ev'n in war, your only calling,
 A snail would beat your best at crawling;
 We slew the Mede at Marathon,
 While you were gazing at the moon! *
 Pshaw, man, lay by these antique graces,
 True wisdom hates such solemn faces!
 Spartans, if only livelier fellows,
 Would make ev'n us a little jealous!

THE SPARTAN, *calmly*.

Friend, Spartans when they need improvement
 Take models not from endless movement.
 We found our sires the lords of Greece; —
 Ask'd why? this answer — "Laws and Peace."
 Enough for us to hold our own;
 Who grasps at shadows risks the bone.
 You 're ever up, and ever down, —
 There 's something fix'd in True Renown.
 The New has charms for men, I 'm told;
 Granted, — but all our gods are old.
 Better to imitate a god
 Than shift like men.

THE ATHENIAN, *impatiently*.

You are so odd!
 There is no sense in these laconics.
 Ho, Dromio! bring my last Platonics.
 This mode of arguing, though emphatic,
 Is quite eclipsed by the Socratic.

SPARTAN.

Friend —

* Herod., lib. 6, c. 120.

ATHENIAN.

You have said. Now listen! Peace!

SPARTAN.

Friend —

ATHENIAN.

Gods! his tongue will never cease!

*I tell you, man is made for walking,
Not standing still.*

SPARTAN.

My friend —

ATHENIAN.

And talking!

Forward's my motto — life and motion!

SPARTAN.

Mine be the Rock, as thine the Ocean.

TIME.

Discuss, ye symbols of the twain

Great Creeds — THE STEADFAST AND IMPROVING;

The one shall rot that would remain,

The one wear out in moving!

THE PHILANTHROPIST AND THE MISANTHROPE.

A DIALOGUE.

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

Yes, thou mayst sneer, but still I own

A love that spreads from zone to zone:

No time the sacred fire can smother!

Where breathes the man, I hail the brother.

Man! how sublime, — from Heaven his birth —

The God's bright Image walks the earth!

And if, at times, his footstep strays,

I pity where I may not praise.

THE MISANTHROPE.

Thou lov'st mankind. Pray tell me, then,

What history best excuses men?

Long wars for slight pretences made,
 See murder but a glorious trade;
 Each landmark from the savage state,
 Doth virtue or a vice create?
 Do ships speed plenty o'er the main? —
 What swells the sail? The lust of gain!
 What makes a law where laws were not?
 Strength's wish to keep what Strength has got!
 If rise a Few — the true sublime,
 Who lend the light of Heaven to Time,
 What the return the Many make?
 See Athens' bowl! and Lisbon's stake!
 Thou lov'st mankind, — come tell me, then,
 Lov'st thou the past career of men?

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

Nay, little should I love mankind,
 If their dark PAST my praise could find,
 It is because —

THE MISANTHROPE.

A moment hold!
 Enough gone times; *our own* behold!
 What lessons doth a past of woe
 And crime upon our age bestow?
 How few amongst the tribes of earth
 Are rescued from the primal wild;
 What countless lands the oceans girth,
 By savage rites and gore defil'd!
 Afric' — a mart of human flesh;
 Asia — a satrapy of slaves!
 And yonder tracts from Nature fresh,
 Worn empires fill with knaves?
 Nay; turn to Europe's happier clime,
 Ausonia see, a ruined realm!
 A shipwreck in the storms of time,
 With San Gennaro at the helm!

Say, did the latest Goth bequeath
 To Spain a darker midnight than
 Our eyes have seen in horror breathe
 Along those fairest shores of man?
 Turn'st thou to France? — in streams of gore,
 The phantoms of thy folly see;
 The butcher-race the sophists bore
 Were but — Philanthropists, like thee!
 And for what end the ghastly shrouds,
 The shatter'd thrones, the crimson'd ermines?
 New forts for kings to laugh at crowds,
 A railway to St. Germain!
 Are men at home more good and wise?
 My friend, thou readst the daily papers;
 Perchance, thou see'st but laughing skies,
 Where I but mists and vapours.

But much the same seems each disease.
 What most improv'd? The doctor's fees!
 The Law can still oppress the Weak,
 The Proud still march before the Meek.
 Still crabbed Age and heedless Youth;
 Still Power perplex'd, asks "What is Truth?"
 To no result our squabbles come:
 To some what 's best is worst to some.
 The few the cake amongst them carve,
 And labourers sweat and poets starve;
 And Envy still on Genius feeds,
 And not one modest man succeeds.
 All much the same for prince and peasant —
 I've done. — How dost thou love the PRESENT?

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

'T is not man's Present or man's Past;
Beyond, man's friend his eye must cast.
 Must see him break each galling fetter;
 To gain the best, desire the better —

From Discontent itself we borrow
 The glorious yearnings for the morrow;
 Science and Truth like waves advance
 Upon the antique Ignorance.

THE MISANTHROPE.

Like waves — the image not amiss!
 They gain on that side — lose on this;
 Pleased, after fifty ages, if
 They gulp at last an inch of cliff.

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

You really cannot think by satire,
 To mine the truths you cannot batter;
 Man's destinies are bright'ning slowly,
 With them entwined each thought most holy.
 What though the PAST my horror moves,
 No Eden though the PRESENT seems,
 Who loves Mankind, their FUTURE loves,
 And trusts, and lives —

THE MISANTHROPE.

In dreams!

WISDOM.

In both extremes there seems conveyed,
 A truth to own, and yet deny;
 But what between th' extremes has made
 The master-difference?

HOPE.

I! —

What wert thou, Wisdom, but for me?
 Though thou the Past, the Present see,
 Through ME alone, the eye can mark
 The *Future* dawning on the dark.
 I plant the tree, and till the soil;
 I show the fruit, — where thou the toil;
 Where thou desponded, I aspire —
 Thine sad Content, mine bright Desire.

Under my earthlier name of **HOPE**,
 The love to things unborn is given,
 But call me **FAITH** — behold I ope
 The sparkling gates of Heaven!
 Take **ME** from **Man**, and **Man** is both
 The Dastard and the Slave;
 And **Love** is lust, and **Peace** a sloth,
 And all the **Earth** a **Grave**!

TO A WITHERED TREE IN JUNE.*

DESOLATE tree, why are thy branches bare?
 What hast thou done,
 To win strange winter from the summer air,
 Frost from the sun?
 Thou wert not churlish in thy palmier year
 Unto the herd;
 Tenderly gav'st thou shelter to the deer,
 Home to the bird!
 And ever, once, the earliest of the grove,
 Thy smiles were gay;
 Opening thy blossoms with the haste of love
 To the young **May**.
 Then did the bees, and all the insect wings
 Around thee gleam;
 Feaster and darling of the gilded things
 That dwell i' the beam.
 Thy liberal course, poor prodigal, is sped!
 How lonely now!
 How bird and bee, light parasites, have fled
 The leafless bough!

* These stanzas, and the lines that follow, called "The Last Separation," have been printed before.

Tell me, sad tree, why are thy branches bare?

What hast thou done,

To win strange winter from the summer air,

Frost from the sun?

"Never," replied that forest hermit, lone,

(Old truth and endless!)

"Never for evil done, but fortune flown,

Are we left friendless.

"Yet wholly nor for winter, nor for storm

Doth love depart:

We are not all forsaken till the worm

Creeps to the heart!

"Ah, nought without — within thee, if decay —

Can heal or hurt thee!

Nor boots it, if thy heart itself betray,

Who may desert thee!"

THE LAST SEPARATION.

WE shall not rest together, love,

When death has wrenched my heart from thine;

The sun may smile thy grave above,

When clouds are dark on mine!

I know not why, since in the tomb

No instinct fires the silent heart —

And yet it seems a thought of gloom,

That we should ever part;

That, journeying through the toilsome past,

Thus, hand in hand and side by side,

The rest we reach should, at the last,

The weary ones divide;

That the same breezes should not sigh

The self-same funeral boughs among, —

Nor o'er *one* grave, at daybreak, die
The night-bird's lonely song!

A foolish thought! — for *we* are not
The things that rest beneath the sod —
The very shapes we wore forgot,
When near the smile of God.

A foolish thought, yet human, too!
For love is not the soul's alone:
It winds around the form we woo —
The mortal we have known!

The eyes that speak such tender truth —
The lips that every care assuage —
The hand that thrills the heart in youth,
And smoothes the couch in age;

With these — *The Human* — human love
Will twine its thoughts and weave its doom,
And still confound the life above
With death beneath the tomb!

And who shall tell, in yonder skies,
What earthlier instincts we retain —
What link, to souls released, supplies
The old material chain?

The stars that pierced this darksome state
May fade in that meridian shore;
And human love, like human hate,
Be memory — and no more!

We will not think it: for in vain
Were all our dreams of heaven could show,
Without the hope to love again
What we have loved below!

But still the heart will haunt the well
Wherein the golden bowl lies broken,
And treasure, in the narrow cell,
The Past's most holy token!

Or wherefore grieve above the dead?
Why bid the rose-tree o'er them bloom? —
Why fondly deck their dismal bed,
And sanctify the tomb?

'T is through the form the soul we love; —
And hence the thought will chill the heart,
That, though our souls may meet above,
Our forms shall rest apart!

THE DESIRE OF FAME.

I do confess that I have wish'd to give
My land the gift of no ignoble name,
And, in that holier life, have sought to live
Whose air, the Hope of Fame.

Do I lament that I have seen the bays
Denied my own, not worthier brows above?
Foes quick to scoff and friends afraid to praise? —
More active, Hate than Love!

Do I lament that roseate youth has flown
In the hard labour grudged its niggard meed,
And cull from far and juster lands alone
Few flowers from many a seed?

No! — for whoever, with an earnest soul,
Strives for some end from this low world afar,
Still upward travels though he miss the goal,
And strays — but towards a star!

Better than Fame is still the wish for Fame,
The constant training for a glorious strife: —
The Athlete, nurtured for the Olympian Game,
Gains strength, at least, for Life.

He who desires the conquest over Time
Already lives in some immortal dream,

And the Thought glides beneath the Ideal Clime
With moonlight on its stream!

I thank thee, Hope, if vain, all blessed still,
For much that makes the soul forget the clay;
The morning dew still balms the sadden'd hill,
Though sun forsakes the day.

And what is Fame but Faith in holy things
That soothe the life and shall outlive the tomb?
A reverent listening for some angel-wings
That cower above the gloom?

To gladden earth with beauty, or men's lives
To serve with Action, or their souls with Truth —
These are the ends for which the Hope survives
Th' ignobler thirsts of Youth.

And is not this a Sister-Hope with thee,
Lovely Religion — foe alike to Time?
Does not God's smile light Heaven, on earth to see
Man's faith in ends sublime?

No! — I lament not — though these leaves may fall
From the sear'd branches on the desert plain,
Mock'd by the idle winds that waft — and all
Life's blooms — (its last) — in vain.

If vain for others — *not* in vain for me! —
Who builds an altar let him worship there!
What needs the crowd? — though lone the Shrine may be
Not hallow'd less the Prayer!

Enough if, haply, in the after-days,
When by the altar sleeps the funeral stone —
When gone the mists, our wizard passions raise,
And Truth is seen alone;

When Calumny its prey can wound no more,
And fawns its late repentance on the dead —
If gentle footsteps from some kindlier shore
Pause by the narrow bed;

Or, if yon children, whose young sounds of glee
Float to mine ear the evening gales along,
Recall some echo, in their years to be,
Of not all-perished song;
Taking some spark to glad the hearth, or light
The student-lamp from now-neglected fires; —
And one sad memory in the Sons requite
What — I forgive the Sires!

THE END.

THE
PILGRIMS OF THE RHINE.

"Wilt thou forget the happy hours
Which we buried in love's sweet bowers,
Heaping over their corpses cold
Blossoms and leaves, instead of mould?"

SHELLEY.

"Thou passest in review before me the whole series of animated things; and teachest me to know my brothers in the still wood, in the air, and in the water."

HAYWARD'S *Faust*.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

FIRST EDITION.

COULD I prescribe to the critic and to the public, I would wish that this work might be tried by the rules rather of poetry than prose, for according to those rules have been both its conception and its execution; — and I feel that something of sympathy with the author's design is requisite to win indulgence for the superstitions he has incorporated with his tale; for the floridity of his style and the redundancy of his descriptions. Perhaps, indeed, it would be impossible, in attempting to paint the scenery and embody some of the Legends of the Rhine, not to give (it may be, too loosely) the reins to the imagination, or to escape the imbuing influence of that wild German spirit which I have sought to transfer to a colder tongue.

I have made the experiment of selecting for the main interest of my work the simplest materials, and weaving upon them the ornaments given chiefly to subjects of a more fanciful nature. I know not how far I have succeeded, but various reasons have conspired to make this the work, above all others that I have written, which has given me the most delight (though not unmixed with melancholy) in producing, and in which my mind, for the time, has been the most completely absorbed. But the ardour of composition is

often disproportioned to the merit of the work; and the public sometimes, nor unjustly, avenges itself for that forgetfulness of its existence, which makes the chief charm of an author's solitude — and the happiest, if not the wisest, inspiration of his dreams.

TO
HENRY LYTTON BULWER, Esq.

&c. &c.

ALLOW me, my dear Brother, to dedicate this Work to you. The greater part of it (viz. the tales which vary and relieve the voyages of Gertrude and Trevelyán) was written in the pleasant excursion we made together some years ago. Among the associations — some sad, and some pleasing — connected with the general design, none are so agreeable to me as those that remind me of the friendship subsisting between us, and which, unlike that of near relations in general, has grown stronger and more intimate as our footsteps have receded farther from the fields where we played together in our childhood. I dedicate this Work to you with the more pleasure, not only when I remember that it has always been a favourite with yourself, but when I think that it is one of my

writings most liked in foreign countries; and I may possibly, therefore, have found a record to last some little time of the affectionate esteem which this Dedication is intended to convey.

Yours, &c.

E. L. B.

LONDON,
April 23, 1840.

Prefatory Poem:

T O T H E I D E A L.

ARGUMENT.

Opening Address to the Ideal. — The Escape from the real World proffered by the Imaginary. — Our Disappointment in Love. — The Object we dream of is never found, but even in this we possess a consolation. — Genius is often made eloquent by that very disappointment; and Rousseau, the Victim, is also the Priest, of the Ideal — Character of Byron — But the Comfort and the Rewards of the Ideal are not confined to Poets, they belong equally to the Enthusiasts of Freedom. — Portrait of Algernon Sidney, the Night before his Death. — The Title of the Ideal is Consoler, but she is also the Exalter; our noblest aspirations are from her. — The Dreams are her subjects. — Their Power over the Past. — Young Napoleon, and what might have been his Visions of the Future. — The Ideal is the Defier of Kings, the true Leveller of Ranks, — her Service is the Worship of the Beautiful. — The Invocation of the Author. — Address to Germany. — Outline of the Tale which the Poem prefaces, and of the Aid which it has borrowed from the Ideal.

1.

LIKE the sweet Naiad of the Grecian's dreams,
A Spirit born of Song — unseen, all-seeing —
Lives deep within our dark Life's wandering streams —
Nymph of our soul, and brightener of our being:
She makes the common waters musical —
Binds the rude nightwinds in a silver thrall —
Bids Hybla's thyme, and Tempe's violet, dwell
Round the green marge of her moon-haunted cell:
She — The Ideal, in the Wells of Truth —
Moves, gladdening all things with a Godhead's youth!

2.

There is a world beyond the visual scope,
 Where Memory, brightening, wears the hues of Hope;
 A life as *this* to youth's first gaze may seem
 Vague, but intense — a passion and a dream.
 There, when the earth glooms dark, we glide away,
 Soft breathes the air, and golden glows the day; —
 Flowers bloom and forests wave, — the wild-bird calls, —
 The noon laughs loud along the waterfalls:
Man is not there; yet ever mayst thou mark
 The River-Maid her amber tresses sleeking;
 Or, when the day is done, and through the dark
 That bathes the sky, the twilight stars are breaking,
 Oft mayst thou view, afar and faintly seen,
 The glancing fairies on the silvered green:
 Or there (what time the roseate Urns of Dawn
 Scatter fresh dews, and the first skylark weaves
 Wild meshes of glad song), the bearded Faun
 Comes piping cheerly through the odorous leaves,
 Dim shapes sink, mist-like, down the crystal fountain,
 And fades the Oread through the green caves of the mountain.

These are thy work and world, O Habitant,
 And Angel of the Beautiful! — all creeds.
 Hallowing the Earth with shapes unearthly, thine!
 From antique Saturn, in his pastoral haunt,
 Or Pan's first music, waked from Dorian reeds,
 To the last sprite, when Heaven's pale lamps decline,
 Heard wailing, soft and low, along the charmed Rhine!

3.

We love, and loving, aye ourselves deceive,
 For Custom chills what Fate may not bereave;
 And still, as Passion sobers in its vow,
 The Angel darkens from the mortal's brow.

In vain we yearn, we pine, on earth to win
 The Being of the Heart, our boyhood's Dream:

Thou, the Egeria of the world within,
 The creature of the West-wind and the Beam —
 'The fairy falsehood of most sweet emotion;
 Thou *seems*'t, but *art* not in each human love.
 The eye may track the starlight on the ocean,
 But, ah! what wings can reach the star above?
 With dimly guessed and vague desires we sigh,
 And ask from earth the *Eureka* of the sky!
 Yet if the pain, the recompense is thine,
 And To Imagine conquers To Repine!
 And still, as Persia's tender minstrel told,
 The Rose's breath inspires the common mould,*
 If not for us the eternal flow'ret springs,
 Still round our dust the ærial odour clings;
 By the loved scent the exalted earth is known,
 And grows of worth from fragrance not its own.
 Thus gave thy power the imperishable name
 To souls whose veriest frailties cradled Fame;
 Stuck the bright fount of hallowing tears from wo,
 And lit with prophet fires the wild Rousseau.

4.

And HE, the erring great, and dimly wise,
 O'er whom stern Judgment, while it censures, sighs;
 'The young, the beautiful' — whose music cast
 A haunting echo where his shadow past,
 And with a deep, yet half-disdainful, art,
 Chained to his wandering home the world's mute heart;
 Was he not thine — all thine? — his fallings, powers,
 Faults, fame, and all that make his memory ours?
 Not in this world his life: he breathed an air,
 Its light thy hope — its vapour thy despair.

* "One day I was delighted by the odour of a piece of earth. 'Art thou musk?' said I. 'Art thou amber?' It replied, 'I am but common earth; but the rose grew from me; its beneficent virtue penetrated my nature. Were it not for the rose, I should be but common earth.'" —
 SAADI.

If earthlier passion, snake-like, crept within —
 If stung suspicion nursed ungenial sin —
 If his soul shrunk within one sickly dream
 Till self became his idol as his theme;
 Yet while we blame, his mournful image chides,
 As if we wronged the memory of a friend.
 As moonlight sways the trouble of the tides,
 Wild Minstrel, didst *thou* sway the soul, and blend
 Thyself with us as in a common cause;
 And when thy wayward heart its rest had won,
 The eternal course of Nature seemed to pause:
 We stood stunn'd — shock'd: thy very life had grown
 A part — a power — a being of our own!

Oh, who shall tell what comforts yet were thine,
 In the lone darkness of the unwatched mind;
 When thy youth stood beside the rushing Rhine,
 Or heard, through Nero's towers, the moaning wind;
 Or gazed, with kindling eyes, along the main,
 Where fiery Athens foil'd the Medes' invasion; —
 Or where, along the olive-silvered plain,
 The old melodious River rolls persuasion,*
 Victim and Votary of the Ideal, none
 Shall sound thy joys, or measure thy despair! —
 The harp is shattered, and the spirit gone,
 And half of Heaven seems vanish'd from the air!

Yet still the murmurs of the Adrian sea
 Shall blend with Tasso's song wild thoughts of thee;
 Thy shade shall gloom through old Ravenna's lair,
 "Till ev'n the forest leaves seem stirred with prayer."
 And when the Future, envious of the Past,
 Shall break the Argive's iron sleep at last,
 Thy reverent name the Albanian youth shall keep; —
 Thy shape shall haunt the Ionian maiden's sleep; —

* "Rolls persuasion." — ANACREON, *Od.* xxii.

Thy song be heard along the Delphian hill,
 By Love's own Isle, and Music's ancient rill; —
 And one grey halo, all unknown before,
 Crest the drear wastes by Missolonghi's shore!

5.

But not to them, the Lyre-God's sons, is given
 Alone the light of the Ideal Heaven:
 Alike thy power o'er souls more arm'd and stern,
 And Earth's great Truths drink freshness from thy urn!
 In the dim cell where lofty Sidney told
 The hours before the Morn on which his soul
 Trod, with unfaltering steps and firm, the old
 But unworn bridge to our eternal goal,
 Arching the Drear Invisible, — the vast
 Abyss that wombs THE SECRET OF THE PAST: —
 In that lone cell what thoughts, what white-robed dreams,
 Kept watch, like vestals o'er the holy fire,
 Round the bright altar of his high desire!
 Thou, his Unfound IDEAL! thou, whose beams
 Broke through earth's bars upon his upward eye,
 Thon, his beloved — his cherished — his adored —
 His creature — yet creator — LIBERTY!
 Thou that didst twine around the Athenian's sword,
 The wreaths made sacred when Hipparchus fell,
 Wert THOU not with him in that glorious cell?
 Didst thou not fill the darkness with bright things,
 And mighty prophecies of times to be?
 Thy love had wrought those fetters, but the wings,
 No chains could curb, were Eagle-plumed by thee!
 Thon gav'st the dungeon, — but the key to Heaven:
 Thou gav'st the death-blow, — but the deathless fame:
 The thunder roll'd around, but through the riven
 And stormy clouds, the Future's Angel came,
 And in the chamber where the doom'd man sate,
 Foretold the brightening march of Human Fate!
 Yes! it is thou, — when life's last hope is o'er,

And the soul sails affrighted from the shore, —
 While the Eternal Deep spreads wide and dark,
 Light'st the lone star, and guid'st the helmless bark.
 On the grim scaffold, with the axe on high,
 To thee the patriot lifts his dauntless eye,
 Recks not the crowd below, the headsman near —
 The gaze — the pause — the pity and the fear.
 Bright through the waste the burning column beams,
 Lights the blest land — the Canaan of his dreams.
 By Freedom's blood Futurity is freed,
 And from each drop springs forth the Dragon Seed!

6.

Is not thy name Consoler? Do we ask
 A gift, thou calm'st us with its gilded seeming!
 Life is a wayward child — thy mother-task
 Is still to rock its cradle to sweet dreaming! —
 Exalter as Consoler! Dost thou not
 Build altars in our hearts to THE SUBLIME?
 What were our thoughts without thy worship? What
 Were this dark islet in the seas of Time,
 Hedged round by petty wants and low desires,
 But for thy lore — the commune of the skies, —
 Great Magian of the Stars? — Thy creed inspires
 All that we ween of Noble! Poesy, —
 Religion, — and the Soul's Archangel, Fame, —
 Unconquered Liberty — the wish to be
 Better and brighter than we are — our claim
 To make men great and blest, and consummate
 Our likeness to the glorious shapes of heaven —
 The yearnings to outleap our mortal state,
 And climb Olympus — are they not all given
 By thee? — all thine? — but longings to obey
 The haunting oracles that stir our clay,
 To make the Unseen with actual glories rife,
 And raise, — alas in vain, — the soul above the life!

The Dreams — the ivory-palaced Dreams — are thine,
 The countless brood of Earth's great mother, Sleep; —
 The gentle despots whose soft courts combine
 Against life's cares; — and with a wondrous power,
 Mightier than all men's grinding laws, control
 Ev'n tears themselves! — They cover hearts that weep
 With a wild web of smiles — they bid the tomb
 Give back the Loved; and colour forth the Hour
 With our heart's early hues and vanished bloom;
 As a nurse leads or lulls her restless child,
 They guide at will, or fondling hush, the soul:
 Our lords — *thy* slaves; — what wonder that their wild
 Voices, with prophet tales, the elder age beguiled?

7

Lo! on yon couch pale Austria's crownless Boy,
 The sad Scamandrius of a fallen Troy;
 His birth the date of what august designs!
 Visions of thrones made stable to all time;
 Laugh'd France's violet vales and nodding vines;
 High swell'd the harp; exulting glowed the rhyme.
 Women, and warriors with a thousand scars,
 The veteran race of Austerlitz, the bands
 That, o'er the rent Alps, poured the avenging wars
 Into the heart of the ancestral lands
 Of Conquest's dark-winged Eagle, throng'd around; —
 "HAIL, TO OUR MOTHER FRANCE A SON IS FOUND!"

Hark, at that shout from north to south, grey Power
 Quailed on her weak hereditary thrones,
 And widow'd mothers prophesied the hour
 Of future carnage to their cradled sons.
 "What, shall our race to blood be thus consigned,
 And Até claim an heirloom in mankind?
 Are these proud lots unshaken in the urn?"
 — Years pass — approach, pale questioner, and learn!

Lo! on yon rock the Eagle Lord expires!
 Lo! the Son's life the moral of the Sire's! —
 What know we of thy *real* self, poor boy! —
 If thou wert brave or recreant; if thy soul
 Aspired, or drank content from vulgar joy?
 If wisdom lurked beneath that fair young brow,
 Or the dull sense lay lock'd in the control
 Of a court's gaoler customs? — If the blood
 Leapt through the proud veins kindling; — or its flow
 Oozed from the torpid heart with lagging flood?
 If, as thy features in their softer mould
 Betokened, thou hadst something of thy sire
 Writ in thy nature, which perchance foretold,
 Had the Fates spared thy thread, that on the pyre
 Lit above lone St. Helen's, there should rise
 A phoenix from the ashes? — or if all
 The guards of slavish tongues and watchful eyes,
 The eunuch Luxury, that doth build a wall
 Between a court and such thoughts as inspired
 Thy Father in the vigorous airs of life, —
 Whether *these* quenched the spark that might have fired
 Napoleon's last, unsceptred son, to strife,
 And urged again the ravening Eagle's wings
 Against the towers of King-descended Kings,
 Who now shall tell or guess? — Fate's darkest gloom
 Shuts out even dreams from thine unlaurelled tomb; —
 And the small web of royal flatteries,
 The chamber's gossip, and the lackey's lies,
 The prodigal tongues of courtly charity,
 Benign alike to Bourdeaux or to thee,
 Are all thy record! — So the race is run
 Of the Great Corsican's world-welcomed son!

Yet this, at least, 't is ours of thee to deem,
 In Thought's wide realms not throneless, that at night,
 When the world slept, the wing'd Ideal's dream
 Came to thine unwatched pillow, and a light

Streamed o'er that Future never to be thine.
 For merciful is youth to all; — and thou,
 Son of the Sword that first made Kings divine,
 Wouldst nurse at least the vision and the vow,
 The fancy panting for a glorious truth,
 Which are the eternal heritage of youth.
 Then didst thou flame before the quailing world —
 Fame kept the lurid promise of thy birth;
 Then was the Eagle flag again unfurl'd, —
 A monarch's voice cried "Havoc," to the Earth;
 A new Philippi gained a second Rome,
 And the Son's sword avenged the greater Cæsar's doom.

8.

Yes! THOU, the wild Armida of the Soul,
 Laughed to scorn the arts and arms of Kings;
 They share the visible Empires, and control
 The surface of Earth's tides; — its deeper springs,
 Its higher ether, yea, unto the stars,
 And all the boundless royalty of Hope,
 The Heaven of heavens are *thine*! nor bolts, nor bars,
 Nor courts, nor laws, can circumscribe the scope.
 The Fates themselves can wither not one leaf
 In thy unwinter'd gardens; the dread Three
 Knock at thy gates in vain! Heart-gnawing Grief
 And false-eyed Love, and Fortune with her wheel,
 Sore Shame that dogs poor Pride, and Jealousy
 (The shadow of hot Passion), cannot steal
 Into thy bowers where souls awhile made free
 Breathe the sweet, thoughtful joy, the Gods meant life to be!

9.

Seraph that art within me! Comforter!
 Apostle, preaching holy thoughts and heaven!
 Scornor of all things base, — albeit, to err
 Is man's sad lot, yet it may be forgiven

If we err nobly ; — and one mean desire
 Methinks would scare the angel from its ward.
 Thus do I feed thine altars with a fire,
 Which Thought must wear a priestly robe to guard,
 And with a solemn conscience and serene,
 Watch the flame chase the mists from every scene ;
 Making a worship of THE BEAUTIFUL,
 Whether on earth, or in the human heart,
 And seeking, from this shadowy vale, to cull
 The flowers wherein I learn the gentle art,
 To waft an incense of sweet thoughts above ;
 Thus have I imaged Virtue as a seen
 And felt divinity, and filled with love —
 As I believe God wills us — all the springs
 In which life stirs the universe of things !

Lo ! as I write, before my lattice waves
 The wild wood where the midnight winds rejoice,
 And the lone stars are on the stream, that laves
 The green banks, wailing with a spirit's voice ;
 And these thy presence consecrates to me ; —
 'T is not the common turf, or wave, or sky, —
 In every herb thy holiness I see,
 And in each breeze thy low voice murmurs by. —
 My heart is wed to sadness, and my frame
 Bows from the vigour of my earlier youth,
 And much it roused my rapture once to name,
 Won now too late, hath lost the power to soothe ;
 But Thou, unscath'd by Time's destroying blast,
 Coverest the wintry earth with verdure to the last ! —

10.

Enough ! my song is closing ; and to Thee,
 Land of the North, I dedicate its lay,
 As I have done the simple tale, to be
 The Drama of this prelude. —

Far away

Rolls the swift Rhine beneath the mooned ray,
 But to my listening ear and dreaming eye
 Murmur the pines, the blue wave ripples by;
 Through the deep Rheingau's vine-ennamoured vale,
 I see dark shapes careering down the gale; —
 Or hear the Lurlei's moaning Syren call, —
 Or walk with Song by Roland's shattered Hall! —

11.

Simple my tale, nor would it lure the ear
 From earth's hack sounds one instant, if the glory
 Of Fancy, from the Real, did not rear
 Its rainbow images, and deck the story
 With hues the kind Ideal lends to all,
 Who, though with voice untuned, upon her duiy call!
 I tell of Her who, withering in her bloom,
 Left one lone heart to find the world a tomb!
 This all I take from Truth, but THOU, more kind,
 Still as our PILGRIMS sail, shalt balm the wind;
 With many a tale the various way beguile,
 And charm ev'n death with love's untiring smile.
 Still as the sufferer droops, thy witchery calls
 Wild handmaid shapes from Oberon's grassy halls;
 Bids Faeries watch the soft life glide away;
 And with fond dreams make beautiful decay; —
 Brighten the path; keep ward above the heart,
 And steal at least the venom from the dart.
 And when the heart lies dumb, around the tomb,
 Still shall the Fairies bid the wild flowers bloom,
 Woo gentlest moonbeams to the odorous grass,
 And smooth the waves to music as they pass;
 And still shall Fancy deem, in him who wreathes
 These fading flowers, thy power not vainly breathes.
 If o'er his task thy angel presence shone,
 Hath his soul quaff'd no magic not its own?

No spell to lure the anxious world awhile
From truths that vex, to visions that beguile,
Chequering the darkness of surrounding strife
With the brief moonlight of a lovelier life?

THE PILGRIMS OF THE RHINE.

CHAPTER I.

In which the Reader is introduced to Queen Nymphalin.

IN one of those green woods which belong so peculiarly to our island (for the Continent has its forests, but England its woods), there lived, a short time ago, a charming little fairy called Nymphalin. I believe she is descended from a younger branch of the house of Mab, but perhaps that may only be a genealogical fable, for your fairies are very susceptible to the pride of ancestry, and it is impossible to deny that they fall somewhat reluctantly into the liberal opinions so much in vogue at the present day.

However that may be, it is quite certain that all the courtiers in Nymphalin's domain (for she was a queen fairy) made a point of asserting her right to this illustrious descent; and, accordingly, she quartered the Mab arms with her own — three acorns vert, with a grass-hopper rampant. It was as merry a little court as could possibly be conceived, and on a fine midsummer night it would have been worth while attending the queen's balls — that is to say, if you could have got a ticket; a favour not obtained without great interest.

But, unhappily, until both men and fairies adopt Mr. Owen's proposition, and live in parallelograms, they will always be the victims of *ennui*. And Nymphalin, who had been disappointed in love, and was still unmarried, had for the last five or six months been exceedingly tired even of giving balls. She yawned very frequently, and consequently yawning became a fashion.

"But why don't we have some new dances, my Pipalee?" said Nymphalin to her favourite maid of honour; "these waltzes are very old-fashioned."

"Very old-fashioned," said Pipalee.

The queen gaped, and Pipalee did the same.

It was a gala night; the court was held in a lone and beautiful hollow, with the wild brake closing round it on every side, so that no human step could easily gain the spot. Wherever the shadows fell upon the brake, a glow-worm made a point of exhibiting himself, and the bright August-moon sailed slowly above, pleased to look down upon so charming a scene of merriment; for they wrong the moon who assert that she has an objection to mirth; — with the mirth of fairies she has all possible sympathy. Here and there in the thicket the scarce honeysuckles — in August, honeysuckles are somewhat out of season — hung their rich festoons, and at that moment they were crowded with the elderly fairies, who had given up dancing and taken to scandal. Besides the honeysuckle you might see the hawkweed and the white convolvulus, varying the soft verdure of the thicket; and mushrooms in abundance had sprung up in the circle, glittering in the silver moonlight, and acceptable beyond measure to the dancers: every one knows how agreeable a thing tents are in a *fête champêtre*! I was mistaken in saying that the brake closed the circle *entirely* round; for there was one gap, scarcely apparent to mortals, through which a fairy at least might catch a view of a brook that was close at hand, rippling in the stars, and chequered at intervals by the rich weeds floating on the surface, interspersed with the delicate arrow-head and the silver water-lily. Then the trees themselves, in their prodigal variety of hues; the blue, the purple, the yellowing tint — the tender and silvery verdure, and the deep mass of shade frowning into black; the willow, the elm, the ash, the fir, the lime, "and, best of all, Old England's haunted oak:" these hues were broken again into a thousand minor and subtler shades, as the twinkling stars pierced the foliage, or the moon slept with a richer light upon some favoured glade.

It was a gala night; the elderly fairies, as I said before, were chatting among the honeysuckles; the young were flirting, and

dancing, and making love; the middle-aged talked politics under the mushrooms; and the queen herself, and half-a-dozen of her favourites, were yawning their pleasure from a little mound, covered with the thickest moss.

"It has been very dull, madam, ever since Prince Fayzenhelm left us," said the fairy Nip.

The queen sighed.

"How handsome the prince was!" said Pipalee.

The queen blushed.

"He wore the prettiest dress in the world; and what a mustache!" cried Pipalee, fanning herself with her left wing.

"He was a coxcomb," said the lord treasurer, sourly. The lord treasurer was the honestest and most disagreeable fairy at court; he was an admirable husband, brother, son, cousin, uncle, and goldfather; it was these virtues that had made him a lord treasurer. Unfortunately they had not made him a sensible fairy. He was like Charles the Second in one respect, for he never did a wise thing; but he was not like him in another — for he very often said a foolish one.

The queen frowned.

"A young prince is not the worse for that," retorted Pipalee. "Heigho! does your majesty think his highness likely to return?"

"Don't tease me," said Nymphalin, pettishly.

The lord treasurer, by way of giving the conversation an agreeable turn, reminded her majesty that there was a prodigious accumulation of business to see to, especially that difficult affair about the emmet-wasp loan. Her majesty rose, and leaning on Pipalee's arm, walked down to the supper-tent.

"Pray," said the fairy Trip to the fairy Nip, "what is all this talk about Prince Fayzenhelm? Excuse my ignorance; I am only just out, you know."

"Why," answered Nip, a young courtier, not a marrying fairy, but very seductive, "the story runs thus: Last summer a foreigner visited us, calling himself Prince Fayzenheim: one of your German fairies, I fancy; — no great things, but an excellent waltzer. He wore long spurs, made out of the stings of the horse-flies in the Black Forest; his cap sat on one side, and his musta-

chios curled like the lip of the dragon-flower. He was on his travels, and amused himself by making love to the queen. You can't fancy, dear Trip, how fond she was of hearing him tell stories about the strange creatures of Germany — about wild huntsmen, water-sprites, and a pack of such stuff," added Nip, contemptuously, for Nip was a freethinker.

"In short?" said Trip.

"In short, she loved," cried Nip, with a theatrical air.

"And the prince?"

"Packed up his clothes, and sent on his travelling-carriage, in order that he might go at his ease on the top of a stage-pigeon; in short — as you say — in short, he deserted the queen, and ever since she has set the fashion of yawning."

"It was very naughty in him," said the gentle Trip.

"Ah, my dear creature," cried Nip, "if it had been *you* to whom he had paid his addresses!"

Trip simpered, and the old fairies from their seats in the honeysuckles observed she was "sadly conducted;" but the Trips had never been *too* respectable.

Meanwhile the queen, leaning on Pipalee, said, after a short pause, "Do you know I have formed a plan!"

"How delightful," cried Pipalee. "Another gala!"

"Pooh, surely even you must be tired with such levities: the spirit of the age is no longer frivolous; and I dare say as the march of gravity proceeds, we shall get rid of galas altogether." The queen said this with an air of inconceivable wisdom, for the "Society for the Diffusion of General Stupefaction" had been recently established among the fairies, and its tracts had driven all the light reading out of the market. The "Penny Proser" had contributed greatly to the increase of knowledge and yawning, so visibly progressive among the courtiers.

"No," continued Nymphalin; "I have thought of something better than galas. — Let us travel!"

Pipalee clasped her hands in ecstasy.

"Where shall we travel?"

"Let us go up the Rhine," said the queen, turning away her head. "We shall be amazingly welcomed; there are fairies

without number, all the way by its banks; and various distant connexions of ours, whose nature and properties will afford interest and instruction to a philosophical mind."

"Number Nip, for instance," cried the gay Pipalee.

"The Red Man!" said the graver Nymphalin.

"O my queen, what an excellent scheme!" and Pipalee was so lively during the rest of the night, that the old fairies in the honeysuckle insinuated that the lady of honour had drunk a buttercup too much of the Maydew.

CHAPTER II.

The Lovers.

I WISH only for such readers as give themselves heart and soul up to me — if they begin to cavil I have done with them; their fancy should put itself entirely under my management; and, after all, ought they not to be too glad to get out of this hackneyed and melancholy world, to be run away with by an author who promises them something new?

From the heights of Bruges, a Mortal and his Betrothed gazed upon the scene below. They saw the sun set slowly amongst purple masses of cloud, and the lover turned to his mistress and sighed deeply; for her cheek was delicate in its blended roses, beyond the beauty that belongs to the hues of health; and when he saw the sun sinking from the world, the thought came upon him, that *she* was his sun, and the glory that she shed over his life might soon pass away into the bosom of the "everduring Dark." But against the clouds rose one of the many spires that characterize the town of Bruges; and on that spire, tapering into heaven, rested the eyes of Gertrude Vane. The different objects that caught the gaze of each was emblematic both of the different channel of their thoughts, and the different elements of their nature: he thought of the sorrow, she of the consolation; his heart prophesied of the passing away from earth — hers of the ascension into heaven. The lower part of the landscape was wrapt in shade; but, just where the bank curved round in a mimic bay, the waters caught the sun's parting smile, and rippled against the herb-

age that clothed the shore, with a scarcely noticeable wave. There were two of the numerous mills which are so picturesque a feature of that country, standing at a distance from each other on the rising banks, their sails perfectly still in the cool silence of the evening, and adding to the rustic tranquillity which breathed around. For to me there is something in the stilled sails of one of those inventions of man's industry peculiarly eloquent of repose; the rest seems typical of the repose of our own passions — short and uncertain, contrary to their natural ordination; and doubly impressive from the feeling which admonishes us how precarious is the stillness — how utterly dependent on every wind rising at any moment and from any quarter of the heavens! They saw before them no living forms, save of one or two peasants yet lingering by the water-side.

Trevlyan drew closer to his Gertrude; for his love was inexpressively tender, and his vigilant anxiety for her made his stern frame feel the first coolness of the evening, even before she felt it herself.

“Dearest, let me draw your mantle closer round you.”

Gertrude smiled her thanks.

“I feel better than I have done for weeks,” said she; “and when once we get into the Rhine, you will see me grow so strong as to shock all your interest for me.”

“Ah, would to heaven my interest for you may be put to such an ordeal!” said Trevlyan; and they turned slowly to the inn, where Gertrude's father already awaited them.

Trevlyan was of a wild, a resolute, and an active nature. Thrown on the world at the age of sixteen, he had passed his youth in alternate pleasure, travel, and solitary study. At the age in which manhood is least susceptible to caprice, and most perhaps to passion, he fell in love with the loveliest person that ever dawned upon a poet's vision. I say this without exaggeration, for Gertrude Vane's was indeed the beauty, but the perishable beauty, of a dream. It happened most singularly to Trevlyan (but he was a singular man), that being naturally one whose affections it was very difficult to excite, he should have fallen in love at first sight with a person whose disease, already

declared, would have deterred any other heart from risking its treasures on a bark so utterly unfitted for the voyage of life. Consumption, but consumption in its most beautiful shape, had set its seal upon Gertrude Vane, when Trevelyhan first saw her, and at once loved. He knew the danger of the disease; he did not, except at intervals, deceive himself; he wrestled against the new passion: but, stern as his nature was, he could not conquer it. He loved, he confessed his love, and Gertrude returned it.

In a love like this, there is something ineffably beautiful — it is essentially the poetry of passion. Desire grows hallowed by fear, and, scarce permitted to indulge its vent in the common channel of the senses, breaks forth into those vague yearnings — those lofty aspirations, which pine for the Bright, the Far, the Unattained. It is “the desire of the moth for the star” — it is the love of the soul!

Gertrude was advised by the Faculty to try a southern climate; but Gertrude was the daughter of a German mother, and her young fancy had been nursed in all the wild legends and the alluring visions that belong to the children of the Rhine. Her imagination, more romantic than classic, yearned for the vine-clad hills and haunted forests, which are so fertile of their spells to those who have once drunk, even sparingly, of the Literature of the North. Her desire strongly expressed, her declared conviction that if any change of scene could yet arrest the progress of her malady, it would be the shores of the river she had so longed to visit, prevailed with her physicians and her father, and they consented to that pilgrimage along the Rhine on which Gertrude, her father, and her lover, were now bound.

It was by the green curve of the banks which the lovers saw from the heights of Bruges, that our fairy travellers met. They were reclining on the water-side, playing at dominos with eye-bright and the black specks of the trefoil; viz. Pipalee, Nip, Trip, and the lord treasurer (for that was all the party selected by the queen for her travelling *cortège*), and waiting for her majesty, who, being a curious little elf, had gone round the town to reconnoitre.

“Bless me!” said the lord treasurer; “what a mad freak is

this! Crossing that immense pond of water! And was there ever such bad grass as this? — one may see that the fairies thrive ill here."

"You are always discontented, my lord," said Pipalee: "but then you are somewhat too old to travel — at least, unless you go in your nutshell and four."

The lord treasurer did not like this remark, so he muttered a peevish pshaw, and took a pinch of honeysuckle dust to console himself for being forced to put up with so much frivolity.

At this moment, ere the moon was yet at her middest height, Nymphalin joined her subjects.

"I have just returned," said she, with a melancholy expression on her countenance, "from a scene that has almost renewed in me that sympathy with human beings which of late years our race has well-nigh relinquished.

"I hurried through the town without noticing much food for adventure. I paused for a moment on a fat citizen's pillow, and bade him dream of love. He woke in a fright, and ran down to see that his cheeses were safe. I swept with a light wing over a politician's eyes, and straightway he dreamed of theatres and music. I caught an undertaker in his first nap, and I have left him whirled into a waltz. For what would be sleep if it did not contrast life? Then I came to a solitary chamber, in which a girl, in her tenderest youth, knelt by the bedside in prayer, and I saw that the death-spirit had passed over her, and the blight was on the leaves of the rose. The room was still and hushed — the angel of Purity kept watch there. Her heart was full of love, and yet of holy thoughts, and I bade her dream of the long life denied to her — of a happy home — of the kisses of her young lover — of eternal faith, and unwaning tenderness. Let her at least enjoy in dreams what Fate has refused to Truth! — And, passing from the room, I found her lover stretched in his cloak beside the door; for he reads with a feverish and desperate prophecy the doom that waits her; and so loves he the very air she breathes, the very ground she treads, that when she has left his sight he creeps, silently and unknown to her, to the nearest spot hallowed by her presence, anxious that while yet she is on earth not an hour, not

a moment, should be wasted upon other thoughts than those that belong to her; and feeling a security, a fearful joy, in lessening the distance that *now* only momentarily divides them. And that love seemed to me not as the love of the common world, and I stayed my wings and looked upon it as a thing that centuries might pass, and bring no parallel to, in its beauty and its melancholy truth. But I kept away the sleep from the lover's eyes, for well I knew that sleep was a tyrant, that shortened the brief time of waking tenderness for the living, yet spared him; and one sad, anxious thought of her was sweeter, in spite of its sorrow, than the brightest of fairy dreams. So I left him awake, and watching there through the long night, and felt that the children of earth have still something that unites them to the spirits of a finer race, so long as they retain amongst them the presence of real love!"

And oh! Is there not a truth also in our fictions of the Unseen World? Are there not yet bright lingerers by the forest and the stream? Do the moon and the soft stars look out on no delicate and winged forms bathing in their light? Are the fairies, and the invisible hosts, but the children of our dreams; and not their inspiration? Is that all a delusion which speaks from the golden page? And is the world only given to harsh and anxious travellers, that walk to and fro in pursuit of no gentle shadows? Are the chimeras of the passions the sole spirits of the universe? No! while my remembrance treasures in its deepest cell the image of one no more — one who was "not of the earth, earthy" — one in whom love was the essence of thoughts divine — one whose shape and mould, whose heart and genius, would, had Poesy never before have dreamed it, have called forth the first notion of spirits resembling mortals, but not of them; — no, Gertrude! while I remember you, the faith, the trust in brighter shapes and fairer natures than the world knows of, comes clinging to my heart; and still will I think that Fairies might have watched over your sleep, and Spirits have ministered to your dreams!

CHAPTER III.

Feelings.

GERTRUDE and her companions proceeded by slow, and, to her, delightful stages, to Rotterdam. Trevelyán sat by her side, and her hand was ever in his; and when her delicate frame became sensible of fatigue, her head drooped on his shoulder as its natural resting-place. Her father was a man who had lived long enough to have encountered many reverses of fortune, and they had left him, as I am apt to believe long adversity usually *does* leave its prey, somewhat chilled and somewhat hardened to affection; passive and quiet of hope, resigned to the worst as to the common order of events, and expecting little from the best, as an unlooked-for incident in the regularity of human afflictions. He was insensible of his daughter's danger, for he was not one whom the fear of love endows with prophetic vision; and he lived tranquilly in the present, without asking what new misfortune awaited him in the future. Yet he loved his child, his only child, with whatever of affection was left him by the many shocks his heart had received; and in her approaching connexion with one rich and noble as Trevelyán, he felt even something bordering upon pleasure. Lapped in the apathetic indifference of his nature, he leaned back in the carriage, enjoying the bright weather that attended their journey, and sensible — for he was one of fine and cultivated taste — of whatever beauties of nature or remains of art varied their course. A companion of this sort was the most agreeable that two persons never needing a third could desire; he left them undisturbed to the intoxication of their mutual presence; he marked not the interchange of glances; he listened not to the whisper, the low delicious whisper, with which the heart speaks its sympathy to heart. He broke not that charmed silence which falls over us when the thoughts are full, and words leave nothing to explain; that repose of feeling; that certainty that we are understood without the effort of words, which makes the real luxury of intercourse and the true enchantment of travel. What a memory hours like these bequeath, after we have settled

down into the calm occupations of common life! — how beautiful, through the vista of years, seems that brief moonlight track upon the waters of our youth!

And Trevelyman's nature, which, as I have said before, was naturally hard and stern, which was hot, irritable, ambitious, and early tinctured with the policy and lessons of the world, seemed utterly changed by the peculiarities of his love; every hour, every moment was full of incident to him; every look of Gertrude's was entered on the tablets of his heart, so that his love knew no languor, it required no change: he was absorbed in it — *it was himself!* And he was soft and watchful as the step of a mother by the couch of her sick child; the lion within him was tamed by indomitable love; the sadness, the presentiment that was mixed with all his passion for Gertrude; filled him too with that poetry of feeling which is the result of thoughts weighing upon us, and not to be expressed by ordinary language. In this part of their journey, as I find by the date, were the following lines written; they are to be judged as the lines of one in whom emotion and truth were the only inspiration: —

1.

“As leaves left darkling in the flush of day,
When glints the glad sun chequering o'er the tree,
I see the green earth brightening in the ray,
Which only casts a shadow upon me!

2.

What are the beams, the flowers, the glory, all
Life's glow and gloss — the music and the bloom,
When every sun but speeds the Eternal Pall,
And Time is Death that dallies with the Tomb?

3.

And yet — oh yet, so young, so pure! — the while
Fresh laugh the rose-hues round youth's morning sky,
That voice, — those eyes, — the deep love of that smile,
Are they not soul — *all* soul — and *can* they die?

4.

Are there the words ‘No More’ for thoughts like ours?
Must the bark sink upon so soft a wave?
Hath the short summer of thy life no flowers,
But those which bloom above thine early grave?

5.

O God! and what is life, that I should live?
 (Hath not the world enow of common clay?)
 And she — the Rose — whose life a soul could give
 To the void desert, sigh its sweets away!

6.

And I that love thee thus, to whom the air,
 Blest by thy breath, makes heaven where'er it be,
 Watch thy cheek wane, and smile away despair —
 Lest it should dim one hour yet left to Thee.

7.

Still let me conquer self, — oh, still conceal
 By the smooth brow the snake that coils below;
 Break, break my heart, it comforts yet to feel
 That *she* dreams on, unwakened by my woe!

8.

Hush'd, where the Star's soft Angel loves to keep
 Watch o'er their tide, the mourning waters roll;
 So glides my spirit — darkness in the deep,
 But o'er the wave the presence of thy soul!"

Gertrude herself had not as yet the presentiments that filled the soul of Trevlyan. She thought too little of herself to know her danger, and those hours to her were hours of unmingled sweetness. Sometimes, indeed, the exhaustion of her disease tinged her spirits with a vague sadness, an abstraction came over her, and a languor she vainly struggled against. These fits of dejection and gloom touched Trevlyan to the quick; his eye never ceased to watch them, nor his heart to soothe. Often when he marked them, he sought to attract her attention from what he fancied, though erringly, a sympathy with his own forebodings, and to lead her young and romantic imagination through the temporary beguilements of fiction; for Gertrude was yet in the first bloom of youth, and all the dews of beautiful childhood sparkled freshly from the virgin blossoms of her mind. And Trevlyan, who had passed some of his early years among the students of Leipsic, and was deeply versed in the various world of legendary lore, ransacked his memory for such tales as seemed to him most likely to win her interest; and often with false smiles entered into the playful tale, or oftener, with more faithful interest, into the graver legend of

trials that warned yet beguiled them from their own. Of such tales I have selected but a few; I know not that they are the least unworthy of repetition; they are those which many recollections induce me to repeat the most willingly. Gertrude loved these stories, for she had not yet lost, by the coldness of the world, one leaf from that soft and wild romance which belonged to her beautiful mind. And, more than all, she loved the sounds of a voice which every day became more and more musical to her ear. "Shall I tell you," said he, one morning, as he observed her gloomier mood stealing over the face of Gertrude, "shall I tell you, ere yet we pass into the dull land of Holland, a story of Malines, whose spires we shall shortly see?" Gertrude's face brightened at once, and, as she leaned back in the carriage as it whirled rapidly along, and fixed her deep blue eyes on Trevelyman, he began the following tale.

CHAPTER IV.

The Maid of Malines.

It was noonday in the town of Malines, or Mechlin, as the English usually term it; the Sabbath bell had summoned the inhabitants to divine worship; and the crowd that had loitered round the Church of St. Rembauld had gradually emptied itself within the spacious aisles of the sacred edifice.

A young man was standing in the street, with his eyes bent on the ground, and apparently listening for some sound; for, without raising his looks from the rude pavement, he turned to every corner of it with an intent and anxious expression of countenance; he held in one hand a staff, in the other a long slender cord, the end of which trailed on the ground; every now and then he called, with a plaintive voice, "Fido, Fido, come back! Why hast thou deserted me?" — Fido returned not; the dog, wearied of confinement, had slipped from the string, and was at play with his kind in a distant quarter of the town, leaving the blind man to seek his way as he might to his solitary inn.

By and by a light step passed through the street, and the young stranger's face brightened.

"Pardon me," said he, turning to the spot where his quick ear had caught the sound, "and direct me, if you are not much pressed for a few moments' time, to the hotel *Mortier d'Or*."

It was a young woman, whose dress betokened that she belonged to the middling class of life, whom he thus addressed. — "It is some distance hence, Sir," said she; "but if you continue your way straight on for about a hundred yards, and then take the second turn to your right hand —"

"Alas!" interrupted the stranger, with a melancholy smile, "your direction will avail me little; my dog has deserted me, and I am blind!"

There was something, in these words, and in the stranger's voice, which went irresistibly to the heart of the young woman. — "Pray forgive me," she said, almost with tears in her eyes, "I did not perceive your —" misfortune, she was about to say, but she checked herself with an instinctive delicacy. — "Lean upon me, I will conduct you to the door; nay, Sir," observing that he hesitated, "I have time enough to spare, I assure you."

The stranger placed his hand on the young woman's arm, and though Lucille was naturally so bashful that even her mother would laughingly reproach her for the excess of a maiden virtue, she felt not the least pang of shame, as she found herself thus suddenly walking through the streets of Malines, alone with a young stranger, whose dress and air betokened him of rank superior to her own.

"Your voice is very gentle," said he, after a pause; "and that," he added, with a slight sigh, "is the only criterion by which I know the young and the beautiful!" Lucille now blushed, and with a slight mixture of pain in the blush, for she knew well that to beauty she had no pretension. "Are you a native of this town?" continued he.

"Yes, Sir; my father holds a small office in the customs, and my mother and I eke out his salary by making lace. We are called poor, but we do not feel it, Sir."

"You are fortunate! there is no wealth like the heart's wealth — content," answered the blind man mournfully.

"And monsieur," said Lucille, feeling angry with herself

that she had awakened a natural envy in the stranger's mind, and anxious to change the subject — "and monsieur, has he been long at Malines?"

"But yesterday. I am passing through the Low Countries on a tour; perhaps you smile at the tour of a blind man — but it is wearisome even to the blind to rest always in the same place. I thought during church-time, when the streets were empty, that I might, by the help of my dog, enjoy safely at least the air, if not the sight of the town: but there are some persons, methinks, who cannot have even a dog for a friend!"

The blind man spoke bitterly — the desertion of his dog had touched him to the core. Lucille wiped her eyes. "And does monsieur travel then alone?" said she; and looking at his face more attentively than she had yet ventured to do, she saw that he was scarcely above two-and-twenty. "His father, his *mother*," she added, with an emphasis on the last word, "are they not with him?"

"I am an orphan!" answered the stranger; "and I have neither brother nor sister."

The desolate condition of the blind man quite melted Lucille; never had she been so strongly affected. She felt a strange flutter at the heart — a secret and earnest sympathy, that attracted her at once towards him. She wished that heaven had suffered her to be his sister.

The contrast between the youth and the form of the stranger, and the affliction which took hope from the one, and activity from the other, increased the compassion he excited. His features were remarkably regular, and had a certain nobleness in their outline; and his frame was gracefully and firmly knit, though he moved cautiously and with no cheerful step.

They had now passed into a narrow street leading towards the hotel, when they heard behind them the clatter of hoofs; and Lucille, looking hastily back, saw that a troop of the Belgian horse was passing through the town.

She drew her charge close by the wall, and trembling with fear for him, she stationed herself by his side. The troop passed at a full trot through the street; and at the sound of their clanging

arms, and the ringing hoofs of their heavy chargers, Lucille might have seen, had she looked at the blind man's face, that its sad features kindled with enthusiasm, and his head was raised proudly from its wonted and melancholy bend. "Thank Heaven!" she said, as the troop had nearly passed them, "the danger is over!" Not so. One of the last two soldiers who rode abreast, was unfortunately mounted on a young and unmanageable horse. The rider's oaths and digging spur only increased the fire and impatience of the charger; it plunged from side to side of the narrow street.

"Look to yourselves!" cried the horseman, as he was borne on to the place where Lucille and the stranger stood against the wall. "Are ye mad? — why do you not run?"

"For Heaven's sake — for mercy's sake, he is blind!" cried Lucille, clinging to the stranger's side.

"Save yourself, my kind guide!" said the stranger. But Lucille dreamed not of such desertion. The trooper wrested the horse's head from the spot where they stood; with a snort, as it felt the spur, the enraged animal lashed out with its hind-legs; and Lucille, unable to save *both*, threw herself before the blind man, and received the shock directed against him; her slight and delicate arm fell shattered by her side — the horseman was borne onward. "Thank God, *you* are saved!" was poor Lucille's exclamation; and she fell, overcome with pain and terror, into the arms which the stranger mechanically opened to receive her.

"My guide! my friend!" cried he, "you are hurt, you —"

"No, Sir," interrupted Lucille, faintly, "I am better — I am well. *This* arm, if you please — we are not far from your hotel now."

But the stranger's ear, tutored to every inflection of voice, told him at once of the pain she suffered; he drew from her by degrees the confession of the injury she had sustained; but the generous girl did not tell him it had been incurred solely in his protection. He now insisted on reversing their duties, and accompanying *her* to her home: and Lucille, almost fainting with pain, and hardly able to move, was forced to consent. But a few steps down the next turning stood the humble mansion of her father — they reached

it — and Lucille scarcely crossed the threshold, before she sank down, and for some minutes was insensible to pain. It was left to the stranger to explain, and to beseech them immediately to send for a surgeon, “the most skilful — the most practised in the town,” said he. “See, I am rich, and this is the least I can do to atone to your generous daughter, for not forsaking even a stranger in peril.”

He held out his purse as he spoke, but the father refused the offer; and it saved the blind man some shame, that he could not see the blush of honest resentment, with which so poor a species of remuneration was put aside.

The young man stayed till the surgeon arrived, till the arm was set; nor did he depart until he had obtained a promise from the mother, that he should learn the next morning how the sufferer had passed the night.

The next morning, indeed, he had intended to quit a town that offers but little temptation to the traveller; but he tarried day after day, until Lucille herself accompanied her mother, to assure him of her recovery.

You know, or at least I do, dearest Gertrude, that there *is* such a thing as love at the first meeting — a secret, an unaccountable affinity, between persons (strangers before), which draws them irresistibly together. If there were truth in Plato’s beautiful phantasy, that our souls were a portion of the stars, it might be that spirits, thus attracted to each other, have drawn their original light from the same orb; and they thus but yearn for a renewal of their former union. Yet without recurring to such fanciful solutions of a daily mystery, it was but natural that one in the forlorn and desolate condition of Eugene St. Amand, should have felt a certain tenderness for a person who had so generously suffered for his sake.

The darkness to which he was condemned did not shut from his mind’s eye the haunting images of ideal beauty; rather, on the contrary, in his perpetual and unoccupied solitude, he fed the reveries of an imagination naturally warm, and a heart eager for sympathy and commune.

He had said rightly that his only test of beauty was in the melody of voice; and never had a softer or a more thrilling tone than that of the young maiden touched upon his ear. Her exclamation, so beautifully denying self, so devoted in its charity, "Thank God, *you* are saved!" uttered too in the moment of her own suffering, rang constantly upon his soul, and he yielded, without precisely defining their nature, to vague and delicious sentiments, that his youth had never awakened to till then. And Lucille, — the very accident that had happened to her on his behalf, only deepened the interest she had already conceived for one who, in the first flush, of youth, was thus cut off from the glad objects of life, and left to a night of years, desolate and alone. There is, to your beautiful and kindly sex, a perpetual and gushing *lovingness* to *protect*. This makes them the angels of sickness, the comforters of age, the fosterers of childhood; and this feeling, in Lucille peculiarly developed, had already inexpressibly linked her compassionate nature to the lot of the unfortunate traveller. With ardent affections, and with thoughts beyond her station and her years, she was not without that modest vanity which made her painfully susceptible to her own deficiencies in beauty. Instinctively conscious of how deeply she herself could love, she believed it impossible that she could ever be so loved in return. This stranger, so superior in her eyes to all she had yet seen, was the first who had ever addressed her in that voice which by tones, not words, speaks that admiration most dear to a woman's heart. To *him* she was beautiful, and her lovely mind spoke out undimmed by the imperfections of her face. Not, indeed, that Lucille was wholly without personal attraction; her light step and graceful form were elastic with the freshness of youth, and her mouth and smile had so gentle and tender an expression, that there were moments when it would not have been the blind only who would have mistaken her to be beautiful. Her early childhood had indeed given the promise of attractions, which the small-pox, that then fearful malady, had inexorably marred. It had not only seared the smooth skin and the brilliant hues, but utterly changed even the character of the features. It so happened that Lucille's family were celebrated for beauty, and vain of that celebrity; and so bit-

terly had her parents deplored the effects of the cruel malady, that poor Lucille had been early taught to consider them far more grievous than they really were, and to exaggete the advantages of that beauty, the loss of which was considered by her parents so heavy a misfortune. Lucille too had a cousin named Julie, who was the wonder of all Malines for her personal perfections; and as the cousins were much together, the contrast was too striking not to occasion frequent mortification to Lucille. But every misfortune has something of a counterpoise; and the consciousness of personal inferiority had meekened, without souring, her temper, had given gentleness to a spirit that otherwise might have been too high, and humility to a mind that was naturally strong, impassioned, and energetic.

And yet Lucille had long conquered the one disadvantage she most dreaded in the want of beauty. Lucille was never known but to be loved. Wherever came her presence, her bright and soft mind diffused a certain inexpressible charm; and where she was not, a something was absent from the scene which not even Julie's beauty could replace.

"I propose," said St. Amand to Madame le Tisseur, Lucille's mother, as he sat in her little salon, — for he had already contracted that acquaintance with the family which permitted him to be led to their house, to return the visits Madame le Tisseur had made him, and his dog, once more returned a penitent to his master, always conducted his steps to the humble abode, and stopped instinctively at the door. — "I propose," said St. Amand after a pause, and with some embarrasment, "to stay a little while longer at Malines; the air agrees with me, and I like the quiet of the place! but you are aware, madame, that at a hotel among strangers, I feel my situation somewhat cheerless. I have been thinking" — St. Amand paused again — "I have been thinking that if I could persuade some agreeable family to receive me as a lodger, I would fix myself here for some weeks. I am easily pleased."

"Doubtless there are many in Malines who would be too happy to receive such a lodger."

"Will you receive me?" said St. Amand abruptly. "It was of *your* family I thought."

Eva & the Pilgrims.

"Of us? Monsieur is too flattering. But we have scarcely a room good enough for you."

"What difference between one room and another can there be to me? That is the best apartment to my choice in which the human voice sounds most kindly."

The arrangement was made, and St. Amand came now to reside beneath the same roof as Lucille. And was she not happy that *he* wanted so constant an attendance? was she not happy that she was ever of use? St. Amand was passionately fond of music; he played himself with a skill that was only surpassed by the exquisite melody of his voice; and was not Lucille happy when she sat mute and listening to such sounds as in Malines were never heard before? Was she not happy in gazing on a face to whose melancholy aspect her voice instantly summoned the smile? Was she not happy when the music ceased, and St. Amand called "Lucille?" Did not her own name uttered by that voice seem to her even sweeter than the music? Was she not happy when they walked out in the still evenings of summer, and her arm thrilled beneath the light touch of one to whom she was so necessary? Was she not proud in her happiness, and was there not something like worship in the gratitude she felt to him, for raising her humble spirit to the luxury of feeling herself beloved?

St. Amand's parents were French; they had resided in the neighbourhood of Amiens, where they had inherited a competent property, to which he had succeeded about two years previous to the date of my story.

He had been blind from the age of three years. "I know not," said he, as he related these particulars to Lucille one evening when they were alone; "I know not what the earth may be like, or the heaven, or the rivers whose voice at least I can hear, for I have no recollection beyond that of a confused, but delicious blending of a thousand glorious colours — a bright and quick sense of joy — A VISIBLE MUSIC. But it is only since my childhood closed that I have mourned, as I now unceasingly mourn, for the light of day. My boyhood passed in a quiet cheerfulness; the least trifle then could please and occupy the vacancies of my mind; but it was as I took delight in being read to, — as I listen-

ed to the vivid descriptions of Poetry, as I glowed at the recital of great deeds, as I was made acquainted by books with the energy, the action, the heat, the fervour, the pomp, the enthusiasm of life, that I gradually opened to the sense of all I was for ever denied. I felt that I existed, not lived; and that, in the midst of the Universal Liberty, I was sentenced to a prison, from whose blank walls there was no escape. Still, however, while my parents lived, I had something of consolation; at least I was not alone. They died, and a sudden and dread solitude, a vast and empty dreariness, settled upon my dungeon. One old servant only, who had nursed me from my childhood, who had known me in my short privilege of light, by whose recollections my mind could grope back its way through the dark and narrow passages of memory to faint glimpses of the sun, was all that remained to me of human sympathies. It did not suffice, however, to content me with a home where my father and my mother's kind voice were *not*. A restless impatience, an anxiety to move possessed me, and I set out from my home, journeying whither I cared not, so that at least I could change an air that weighed upon me like a palpable burthen. I took only this old attendant as my companion; he too died three months since at Bruxelles, worn out with years. Alas! I had forgotten that he was old, for I saw not his progress to decay; and now, save my faithless dog, I was utterly alone, till I came hither and found *thee*."

Lucille stooped down to caress the dog; she blessed the desertion that had led him to a friend who never could desert.

But however much, and however gratefully, St. Amand loved Lucille, her power availed not to chase the melancholy from his brow, and to reconcile him to his forlorn condition.

"Ah, would that I could see thee! Would that I could look upon a face that my heart vainly endeavours to delineate!"

"If thou couldst," sighed Lucille, "thou wouldst cease to love me."

"Impossible!" cried St. Amand, passionately. "However the world may find thee, *thou* wouldst become my standard of beauty; and I should judge not of thee by others, but of others by thee."

He loved to hear Lucille read to him, and mostly he loved the

descriptions of war, of travel, of wild adventure, and yet they occasioned him the most pain. Often she paused from the page as she heard him sigh, and felt that she would even have renounced the bliss of being loved by him, if she could have restored to him that blessing, the desire for which haunted him as a spectre.

Lucille's family were Catholic, and, like most in their station, they possessed the superstitions, as well as the devotion, of the faith. Sometimes they amused themselves of an evening by the various legends and imaginary miracles of their calendar: and once, as they were thus conversing with two or three of their neighbours, "The Tomb of the Three Kings of Cologne" became the main topic of their wondering recitals. However strong was the sense of Lucille, she was, as you will readily conceive, naturally influenced by the belief of those with whom she had been brought up from her cradle, and she listened to tale after tale of the miracles wrought at the consecrated tomb, as earnestly and undoubtedly as the rest.

And the Kings of the East were no ordinary saints; to the relics of the Three Magi, who followed the Star of Bethlehem, and were the first potentates of the earth who adored its Saviour, well might the pious Catholic suppose that a peculiar power, and a healing sanctity, would belong. Each of the circle (St. Amand, who had been more than usually silent, and even gloomy during the day, had retired to his own apartment, for there were some moments when, in the sadness of his thoughts, he sought that solitude which he so impatiently fled from at others) — each of the circle had some story to relate equally veracious and indisputable, of an infirmity cured, or a prayer accorded, or a sin atoned for at the foot of the holy tomb. One story peculiarly affected Lucille; the narrator, a venerable old man with grey locks, solemnly declared himself a witness of its truth.

A woman at Anvers had given birth to a son, the offspring of an illicit connexion, who came into the world deaf and dumb. The unfortunate mother believed the calamity a punishment for her own sin. "Ah! would," said she, "that the affliction had fallen only upon me! Wretch that I am, my innocent child is punished for my offence!" This idea haunted her night and day:

she pined and could not be comforted. As the child grew up, and wound himself more and more round her heart, its caresses added new pangs to her remorse; and at length (continued the narrator) hearing perpetually of the holy fame of the Tomb of Cologne, she resolved upon a pilgrimage barefoot to the shrine. "God is merciful," said she, "and he who called Magdalene his sister, may take the mother's curse from the child." She then went to Cologne; she poured her tears, her penitence, and her prayers, at the sacred tomb. When she returned to her native town, what was her dismay as she approached her cottage to behold it a heap of ruins! — its blackened rafters and yawning casements betokened the ravages of fire. The poor woman sunk upon the ground utterly overpowered. Had her son perished? At that moment she heard the cry of a child's voice, and, lo! her child rushed to her arms, and called her "mother!"

He had been saved from the fire which had broken out seven days before; but in the terror he had suffered, the string that tied his tongue had been loosened; he had uttered articulate sounds of distress; the curse was removed, and one word at least the kind neighbours had already taught him, to welcome his mother's return. What cared she now that her substance was gone, that her roof was ashes? — she bowed in grateful submission to so mild a stroke; her prayer had been heard, and the sin of the mother was visited no longer on the child.

I have said, dear Gertrude, that this story made a deep impression upon Lucille. A misfortune so nearly akin to that of St. Amand, removed by the prayer of another, filled her with devoted thoughts, and a beautiful hope. "Is not the tomb still standing?" thought she. "Is not God still in heaven? — He who heard the guilty, may He not hear the guiltless? Is He not the God of love? Are not the affections the offerings that please Him best? and what though the child's mediator was his mother, can even a mother love her child more tenderly than I love Eugene? But if, Lucille, thy prayer be granted, if he recover his sight, *thy* charm is gone, he will love thee no longer. No matter! be it so — I shall at least have made him happy!"

Such were the thoughts that filled the mind of Lucille; she

cherished them till they settled into resolution, and she secretly vowed to perform her pilgrimage of love. She told neither St. Amand nor her parents of her intention; she knew the obstacles such an announcement would create. Fortunately she had an aunt settled at Bruxelles, to whom she had been accustomed, once in every year, to pay a month's visit, and at that time she generally took with her the work of a twelvemonth's industry, which found a readier sale at Bruxelles than at Malines. Lucille and St. Amand were already betrothed; their wedding was shortly to take place; and the custom of the country leading parents, however poor, to nourish the honourable ambition of giving some dowry with their daughters, Lucille found it easy to hide the object of her departure, under the pretence of taking the lace to Bruxelles, which had been the year's labour of her mother and herself — it would sell for sufficient, at least, to defray the preparations for the wedding.

"Thou art ever right, child," said Madame le Tisseur; "the richer St. Amand is, why the less oughtest thou to go a beggar to his house."

In fact, the honest ambition of the good people was excited; their pride had been hurt by the envy of the town and the current congratulations on so advantageous a marriage; and they employed themselves in counting up the fortune they should be able to give to their only child, and flattering their pardonable vanity with the notion that there would be no such great disproportion in the connexion after all. They were right, but not in their own view of the estimate; the wealth that Lucille brought was what fate could not lessen, — reverse could not reach, — the ungracious seasons could not blight its sweet harvest, — imprudence could not dissipate, — fraud could not steal one grain from its abundant coffers! Like the purse in the Fairy Tale, its use was hourly, its treasure inexhaustible.

St. Amand alone was not to be won to her departure; he chafed at the notion of a dowry; he was not appeased even by Lucille's representation, that it was only to gratify and not to impoverish her parents. "And *thou*, too, canst leave me!" he said, in that plaintive voice which had made his first charm to Lucille's heart. "It is a double blindness!"

"But for a few days, a fortnight at most, dearest Eugene."

"A fortnight! you do not reckon time as the blind do," said St. Amand, bitterly.

"But listen, listen, dear Eugene," said Lucille, weeping.

The sound of her sobs restored him to a sense of his ingratitude. Alas, he knew not how much he had to be grateful for. He held out his arms to her; "Forgive me," said he. "Those who can see nature know not how terrible it is to be alone."

"But my mother will not leave you."

"She is not you!"

"And Julie," said Lucille, hesitatingly.

"What is Julie to me?"

"Ah, you are the only one, save my parents, who could think of me in her presence."

"And why, Lucille?"

"Why! She is more beautiful than a dream."

"Say not so. Would I could see, that I might prove to the world how much more beautiful thou art. There is no music in *her* voice."

The evening before Lucille departed, she sat up late with St. Amand and her mother. They conversed on the future; they made plans; in the wide sterility of the world they laid out the garden of household love, and filled it with flowers, forgetful of the wind that scatters, and the frost that kills. And when, leaning on Lucille's arm, St. Amand sought his chamber, and they parted at his door, which closed upon her, she fell down on her knees at the threshold, and poured out the fulness of her heart in a prayer for his safety, and the fulfilment of her timid hope.

At day-break she was consigned to the conveyance that performed the short journey from Malines to Bruxelles. When she entered the town, instead of seeking her aunt, she rested at an auberge in the suburbs, and confiding her little basket of lace to the care of its hostess, she set out alone, and on foot, upon the errand of her heart's lovely superstition. And erring though it was, her faith redeemed its weakness — her affection made it even

sacred. And well may we believe, that the Eye which reads all secrets, scarce looked reprovngly on that fanaticism whose only infirmity was love.

So fearful was she, lest, by rendering the task too easy, she might impair the effect, that she scarcely allowed herself rest or food. Sometimes, in the heat of noon, she wandered a little from the roadside, and under the spreading lime-trees surrendered her mind to its sweet and bitter thoughts; but ever the restlessness of her enterprise urged her on, and faint, weary, and with bleeding feet, she started up and continued her way. At length she reached the ancient city, where a holier age has scarce worn from the habits and aspects of men the Roman trace. She prostrated herself at the tomb of the Magi; she proffered her ardent but humble prayer to Him before whose Son those fleshless heads (yet to faith at least preserved) had, eighteen centuries ago, bowed in adoration. Twice every day, for a whole week, she sought the same spot, and poured forth the same prayer. The last day an old priest, who, hovering in the church, had observed her constantly at devotion, with that fatherly interest which the better ministers of the Catholic sect (that sect which has covered the earth with the mansions of charity) feel for the unhappy, approached her as she was retiring with moist and downcast eyes, and saluting her, assumed the privilege of his order, to inquire if there was aught in which his advice or aid could serve. There was something in the venerable air of the old man which encouraged Lucille; she opened her heart to him; she told him all. The good priest was much moved by her simplicity and earnestness. He questioned her minutely as to the peculiar species of blindness with which St. Amand was afflicted; and after musing a little while, he said, "Daughter, God is great and merciful; we must trust in his power, but we must not forget that he mostly works by mortal agents. As you pass through Louvain in your way home, fail not to see there a certain physician, named Le Kain. He is celebrated through Flanders for the cures he has wrought among the blind, and his advice is sought by all classes from far and near. He lives hard by the Hôtel de Ville, but any one will inform you of his residence. Stay, my child, you shall take him a note from me; he

is a benevolent and kindly man, and you shall tell him exactly the same story (and with the same voice) you have told to me."

So saying the priest made Lucille accompany him to his home, and forcing her to refresh herself less sparingly than she had yet done since she had left Malines, he gave her his blessing, and a letter to Le Kain, which he rightly judged would ensure her a patient hearing from the physician. Well known among all men of science was the name of the priest, and a word of recommendation from him went farther, where virtue and wisdom were honoured, than the longest letter from the haughtiest sieur in Flanders.

With a patient and hopeful spirit, the young pilgrim turned her back on the Roman Cologne: and now about to rejoin St. Amand, she felt neither the heat of the sun nor the weariness of the road. It was one day at noon that she again passed through Louvain, and she soon found herself by the noble edifice of the Hôtel de Ville. Proud rose its spires against the sky, and the sun shone bright on its rich tracery and Gothic casements; the broad open street was crowded with persons of all classes, and it was with some modest alarm that Lucille lowered her veil and mingled with the throng. It was easy, as the priest had said, to find the house of Le Kain; she bade the servant take the priest's letter to his master, and she was not long kept waiting before she was admitted to the physician's presence. He was a spare, tall man, with a bald front, and a calm and friendly countenance. He was not less touched than the priest had been, by the manner in which she narrated her story, described the affliction of her betrothed, and the hope that had inspired the pilgrimage she had just made.

"Well," said he, encouragingly, "we must see our patient. You can bring him hither to me."

"Ah, Sir, I had hoped —" Lucille stopped suddenly.

"What, my young friend?"

"That I might have had the triumph of bringing you to Malines. I know, Sir, what you are about to say; and I know, Sir, your time must be very valuable; but I am not so poor as I seem, and Eugene, that is Monsieur St. Amand, is very rich, and — and I have at Bruxelles, what I am sure is a large sum; it was to

have provided for the wedding, but it is most heartily at your service, Sir."

Le Kain smiled; he was one of those men who love to read the human heart when its leaves are fair and undefiled; and, in the benevolence of science, he would have gone a longer journey than from Louvain to Malines to give sight to the blind, even had St. Amand been a beggar.

"Well, well," said he; "but you forget that Monsieur St. Amand is not the only one in the world who wants me. I must look at my note-book, and see if I can be spared for a day or two."

So saying he glanced at his memoranda; every thing smiled on Lucille; he had no engagements that his partner could not fulfil, for some days; he consented to accompany Lucille to Malines.

Meanwhile, cheerless and dull had passed the time to St. Amand; he was perpetually asking Madame le Tisseur what hour it was; it was almost his only question. There seemed to him no sun in the heavens, no freshness in the air, and he even forbore his favourite music; the instrument had lost its sweetness since Lucille was not by to listen.

It was natural that the gossips of Malines should feel some envy at the marriage Lucille was about to make with one, whose competence report had exaggerated into prodigal wealth, whose birth had been elevated from the respectable to the noble, and whose handsome person was clothed, by the interest excited by his misfortune, with the beauty of Antinous. Even that misfortune, which ought to have levelled all distinctions, was not sufficient to check the general envy; — perhaps to some of the damsels of Malines blindness in a husband would not have seemed an unwelcome infirmity! But there was one in whom this envy rankled with a peculiar sting; it was the beautiful, the all-conquering Julie. That the humble, the neglected Lucille should be preferred to her; that Lucille, whose existence was well-nigh forgot beside Julie's, should become thus suddenly of importance; that there should be one person in the world, and that person young, rich, handsome, to whom she was less than nothing, when weighed in the balance with Lucille, mortified to the quick a vanity that had never till then received a wound. "It is well," she would say

with a bitter jest, "that Lucille's lover is blind. To be the one it is necessary to be the other!"

During Lucille's absence she had been constantly in Madame le Tisseur's house — indeed Lucille had prayed her to be so. She had sought, with an industry that astonished herself, to supply Lucille's place, and among the strange contradictions of human nature, she had learned during her efforts to please, to love the object of those efforts, — as much at least as she was capable of loving.

She conceived a positive hatred to Lucille; she persisted in imagining that nothing but the accident of first acquaintance had deprived her of a conquest with which she persuaded herself her happiness had become connected. Had St. Amand never loved Lucille and proposed to Julie, his misfortune would have made her reject him, despite his wealth and his youth; but to be Lucille's lover, and a conquest to be won from Lucille, raised him instantly to an importance not his own. Safe, however, in his affliction, the arts and beauty of Julie fell harmless on the fidelity of St. Amand. Nay, he liked her less than ever, for it seemed an impertinence in any one to counterfeit the anxiety and watchfulness of Lucille.

"It is time, surely it is time, Madame le Tisseur, that Lucille should return! She might have sold all the lace in Malines by this time," said St. Amand one day peevishly.

"Patience, my dear friend, patience; perhaps she may return to-morrow."

"To-morrow! let me see, it is only six o'clock — only six, you are sure?"

"Just five, dear Eugene, shall I read to you? this is a new book from Paris; it has made a great noise;" said Julie.

"You are very kind, but I will not trouble you."

"It is any thing but trouble."

"In a word, then, I would rather not."

"Oh! that he could see," thought Julie; "would I not punish him for this!"

"I hear carriage wheels, who can be passing this way? Surely it is the voiturier from Bruxelles," said St. Amand starting up; "it

is his day — his hour, too. No, no, it is a lighter vehicle," and he sank down listlessly on his seat.

Nearer and nearer rolled the wheels; they turned the corner; they stopped at the lowly door; and, overcome, overjoyed, Lucille was clasped to the bosom of St. Amand.

"Stay," said she blushing, as she recovered her self-possession, and turned to Le Kain; "pray pardon me, Sir. Dear Eugene, I have brought with me one who, by God's blessing, may yet restore you to sight."

"We must not be sanguine, my child," said Le Kain; "any thing is better than disappointment."

To close this part of my story, dear Gertrude, Le Kain examined St. Amand, and the result of the examination was a confident belief in the probability of a cure. St. Amand gladly consented to the experiment of an operation; it succeeded — the blind man saw! Oh! what were Lucille's feelings, what her emotion, what her joy, when she found the object of her pilgrimage, — of her prayers — fulfilled! That joy was so intense, that in the eternal alternations of human life she might have foretold from its excess how bitter the sorrows fated to ensue.

As soon as by degrees the patient's new sense became reconciled to the light, his first, his only demand, was for Lucille. "No, let me not see her alone, let me see her in the midst of you all, that I may convince you that the heart never is mistaken in its instincts." With a fearful, a sinking presentiment, Lucille yielded to the request to which the impetuous St. Amand would hear indeed no denial. The father, the mother, Julie, Lucille, Julie's younger sisters, assembled in the little parlour; the door opened, and St. Amand stood hesitating on the threshold. One look around sufficed to him; his face brightened, he uttered a cry of joy. "Lucille! Lucille!" he exclaimed, "it is you, I know it, *you only!*" He sprang forward *and fell at the feet of Julie!*

Flushed, elated, triumphant, Julie bent upon him her sparkling eyes; *she* did not deceive him.

"You are wrong, you mistake," said Madame le Tisseur, in confusion; "that is her cousin Julie — this is your Lucille."

St. Amand rose, turned, saw Lucille, and at that moment she

wished herself in her grave. Surprise, mortification, disappointment, almost dismay, were depicted in his gaze. He had been haunting his prison-house with dreams, and, now set free, he felt how unlike they were to the truth. Too new to observation to read the woe, the despair, the lapse and shrinking of the whole frame, that his look occasioned Lucille, he yet felt, when the first shock of his surprise was over, that it was not thus he should thank her who had restored him to sight. He hastened to redeem his error; — ah! how could it be redeemed?

From that hour all Lucille's happiness was at an end; her fairy palace was shattered in the dust; the magician's wand was broken up; the Ariel was given to the winds; and the bright enchantment no longer distinguished the land she lived in from the rest of the barren world. It was true that St. Amand's words were kind; it is true that he remembered with the deepest gratitude all she had done in his behalf; it is true that he forced himself again and again to say, "she is my betrothed — my benefactor!" and he cursed himself to think that the feelings he had entertained for her were fled. Where was the passion of his words? where the ardour of his tone? where that play and light of countenance which her step, her voice, could formerly call forth? When they were alone he was embarrassed and constrained, and almost cold; his hand no longer sought hers; his soul no longer missed her if she was absent a moment from his side. When in their household circle, he seemed visibly more at ease; but did his eyes fasten upon her who had opened them to the day? did they not wander at every interval with a too eloquent admiration to the blushing and radiant face of the exulting Julie? This was not, you will believe, suddenly perceptible in one day or one week, but every day it was perceptible more and more. Yet still — bewitched, ensnared as St. Amand was — he never perhaps would have been guilty of an infidelity that he strove with the keenest remorse to wrestle against, had it not been for the fatal contrast, at the first moment of his gushing enthusiasm, which Julie had presented to Lucille; but for that he would have formed no previous idea of real and living beauty to aid the disappointment of his imaginings and his dreams. He would have seen Lucille young and graceful, and with eyes

becoming affection, contrasted only by the wrinkled countenance and bended frame of her parents, and she would have completed her conquest over him before he had discovered that she was less beautiful than others; nay more — that infidelity never could have lasted above the first few days, if the vain and heartless object of it had not exerted every art, all the power and witchery of her beauty, to cement and continue it. The unfortunate Lucille — so susceptible to the slightest change in those she loved, so diffident of herself, so proud too in that diffidence — no longer necessary, no longer missed, no longer loved — could not bear to endure the galling comparison of the past and present. She fled uncomplainingly to her chamber to indulge her tears, and thus, unhappily, absent as her father generally was during the day, and busied as her mother was either at work or in household matters, she left Julie a thousand opportunities to complete the power she had begun to wield over — no, not the heart! — the *senses* of St. Amand! Yet, still not suspecting, in the open generosity of her mind, the whole extent of her affliction, poor Lucille buoyed herself at times with the hope that when once married, when, once in that intimacy of friendship, the unspeakable love she felt for him could disclose itself with less restraint than at present, — she should perhaps regain a heart which had been so devotedly hers, that she could not think that without a fault it was irrevocably gone: on that hope she anchored all the little happiness that remained to her. And still St. Amand pressed their marriage, but in what different tones! In fact, he wished to preclude from himself the possibility of a deeper ingratitude than that which he had incurred already. He vainly thought that the broken reed of love might be bound up and strengthened by the ties of duty; and at least he was anxious that his hand, his fortune, his esteem, his gratitude, should give to Lucille the only recompense it was now in his power to bestow. Meanwhile left alone so often with Julie, and Julie bent on achieving the last triumph over his heart, St. Amand was gradually preparing a far different reward, a far different return for her to whom he owed so incalculable a debt.

There was a garden, behind the house, in which there was a small arbour, where often in the summer evenings, Eugene and

Lucille had sat together — hours never to return! One day she heard from her own chamber, where she sat mourning, the sound of St. Amand's flute swelling gently from that beloved and consecrated bower. She wept as she heard it, and the memories that the music bore, softening and endearing his image, she began to reproach herself that she had yielded so often to the impulse of her wounded feelings; that chilled by *his* coldness, she had left him so often to himself, and had not sufficiently dared to tell him of that affection which, in her modest self-depreciation, constituted her only pretension to his love. "Perhaps he is alone now," she thought; "the tune too is one which he knows that I love:" and with her heart in her step, she stole from the house and sought the arbour. She had scarce turned from her chamber when the flute ceased; as she neared the arbour she heard voices — Julie's voice in grief, St. Amand's in consolation. A dread foreboding seized her; her feet clung rooted to the earth.

"Yes, marry her — forget me," said Julie; "in a few days you will be another's, and I, I — forgive me, Eugene, forgive me that I have disturbed your happiness. I am punished sufficiently — my heart will break, but it will break loving you:" sobs choked Julie's voice.

"Oh, speak not thus," said St. Amand. "I, I only am to blame; I, false to both, to both ungrateful. Oh, from the hour that these eyes opened upon you I drank in a new life; the sun itself to me was less wonderful than your beauty. But — but — let me forget that hour. What do I not owe to Lucille? I shall be wretched — I shall deserve to be so; for shall I not think, Julie, that I have embittered your life with our ill-fated love? But all that I can give — my hand — my home — my plighted faith — must be hers. Nay, Julie, nay — why that look? could I act otherwise? can I dream otherwise? Whatever the sacrifice, *must* I not render it? Ah, what do I owe to Lucille, were it only for the thought that but for her I might never have seen thee!"

Lucille stayed to hear no more; with the same soft step as that which had borne her within hearing of these fatal words, she turned back once more to her desolate chamber.

That evening, as St. Amand was sitting alone in his apartment,

he heard a gentle knock at the door. "Come in," he said, and Lucille entered. He started in some confusion, and would have taken her hand, but she gently repulsed him. She took a seat opposite to him, and looking down, thus addressed him: —

"My dear Eugene, that is, Monsieur St. Amand, I have something on my mind that I think it better to speak at once; and if I do not exactly express what I would wish to say, you must not be offended with Lucille: it is not an easy matter to put into words what one feels deeply." Colouring, and suspecting something of the truth, St. Amand would have broken in upon her here; but she, with a gentle impatience, waved him to be silent, and continued: —

"You know that when you once loved me, I used to tell you that you would cease to do so, could you see how undeserving I was of your attachment? I did not deceive myself, Eugene; I always felt assured that such would be the case, that your love for me necessarily rested on your affliction: but, for all that, I never at least had a dream, or a desire, but for your happiness; and God knows, that if again, by walking bare-footed, not to Cologne, but to Rome — to the end of the world, I could save you from a much less misfortune than that of blindness, I would cheerfully do it; yes, even though I might foretell all the while that, on my return, you would speak to me coldly, think of me lightly, and that the penalty to me would — would be — what it has been!" Here Lucille wiped a few natural tears from her eyes; St. Amand, struck to the heart, covered his face with his hands without the courage to interrupt her. Lucille continued: —

"That which I foresaw, has come to pass; I am no longer to you what I once was, when you could clothe this poor form and this homely face, with a beauty they did not possess; you would wed me still, it is true; but I am proud, Eugene, and cannot stoop to gratitude where I once had love. I am not so unjust as to blame you; the change was natural, was inevitable. I should have steeled myself more against it; but I am now resigned: we must part; you love Julie — that too is natural — and *she* loves you; ah! what also more in the probable course of events? Julie loves you, not yet, perhaps, so much as I did, but then she has

not known you as I have, and she whose whole life has been triumph, cannot feel the gratitude I felt at fancying myself loved; but this will come; — God grant it! Farewell, then, for ever, dear Eugene; I leave you when you no longer want me; you are now independent of Lucille; wherever you go, a thousand hereafter can supply my place; — farewell!”

She rose, as she said this, to leave the room; but St. Amand seizing her hand, which she in vain endeavoured to withdraw from his clasp, poured forth incoherently, passionately, his reproaches on himself, his eloquent persuasions against her resolution.

“I confess,” said he, “that I have been allured for a moment; I confess that Julie’s beauty made me less sensible to your stronger, your holier, oh! far, far holier title to my love! But forgive me, dearest Lucille; already I return to you, to all I once felt for you; make me not curse the blessing of sight that I owe to you. You must not leave me; never can we two part; try me, only try me, and if ever, hereafter, my heart wander from you, *then*, Lucille, leave me to my remorse!”

Even at that moment Lucille did not yield; she felt that his prayer was but the enthusiasm of the hour; she felt that there was a virtue in her pride; that to leave him was a duty to herself. In vain he pleaded; in vain were his embraces, his prayers; in vain he reminded her of their plighted troth, of her aged parents, whose happiness had become wrapt in her union with him: “How, — even were it as you wrongly believe, — how, in honour to them, can I desert you, can I wed another?”

“Trust that, trust all, to me,” answered Lucille; “your honour shall be my care, none shall blame *you*; only do not let your marriage with Julie be celebrated here before their eyes: that is all I ask, all they can expect. God bless you! do not fancy I shall be unhappy, for whatever happiness the world gives you, shall I not have contributed to bestow it? — and with that thought, I am above compassion.”

She glided from his arms, and left him to a solitude more bitter even than that of blindness; that very night Lucille sought her mother; to her she confided all. I pass over the reasons she urged, the arguments she overcame; she conquered rather than convinced,

and leaving to Madame le Tisseur the painful task of breaking to her father her unalterable resolution, she quitted Malines the next morning, and with a heart too honest to be utterly without comfort, paid that visit to her aunt which had been so long deferred.

The pride of Lucille's parents prevented them from reproaching St. Amand. He could not bear, however, their cold and altered looks; he left their house; and though for several days he would not even see Julie, yet her beauty and her art gradually resumed their empire over him. They were married at Courtroi, and, to the joy of the vain Julie, departed to the gay metropolis of France. But, before their departure, before his marriage, St. Amand endeavoured to appease his conscience by purchasing for Monsieur le Tisseur, a much more lucrative and honourable office than that he now held. Rightly judging that Malines could no longer be a pleasant residence for them, and much less for Lucille, the duties of the post were to be fulfilled in another town; and knowing that Monsieur le Tisseur's delicacy would revolt at receiving such a favour from his hands, he kept the nature of his negotiation a close secret, and suffered the honest citizen to believe that his own merits alone had entitled him to so unexpected a promotion.

Time went on. This quiet and simple history of humble affections took its date in a stormy epoch of the world — the dawning Revolution of France. The family of Lucille had been little more than a year settled in their new residence, when Dumouriez led his army into the Netherlands. But how meanwhile had that year passed for Lucille? I have said that her spirit was naturally high; that, though so tender, she was not weak; her very pilgrimage to Cologne alone, and at the timid age of seventeen, proved that there was a strength in her nature no less than a devotion in her love. The sacrifice she had made brought its own reward. She believed St. Amand was happy, and she would not give way to the selfishness of grief; she had still duties to perform; she could still comfort her parents and cheer their age; she could still be all the world to them: she felt this, and was consoled. Only once during the year had she heard of Julie; she had been seen by a mutual friend

at Paris, gay, brilliant, courted, and admired; of St. Amand she heard nothing.

My tale, dear Gertrude, does not lead me through the harsh scenes of war. I do not tell you of the slaughter and the siege, and the blood that inundated those fair lands — the great battle-field of Europe. The people of the Netherlands in general were with the cause of Dumouriez, but the town in which *Le Tisseur* dwelt, offered some faint resistance to his arms. *Le Tisseur* himself, despite his age, girded on his sword; the town was carried, and the fierce and licentious troops of the conqueror poured, flushed with their easy victory, through its streets. *Le Tisseur's* house was filled with drunken and rude troopers; *Lucille* herself trembled in the fierce gripe of one of those dissolute soldiers, more bandit than soldier, whom the subtle *Dumouriez* had united to his army, and by whose blood he so often saved that of his nobler band; her shrieks, her cries were vain, when suddenly the troopers gave way; "the Captain! brave Captain!" was shouted forth; the insolent soldier, felled by a powerful arm, sunk senseless at the feet of *Lucille*; and a glorious form, towering above its fellows, — even through its glittering garb, even in that dreadful hour, remembered at a glance by *Lucille*, stood at her side; her protector — her guardian! — Thus once more she beheld *St. Amand*!

The house was cleared in an instant — the door barred. Shouts, groans, wild snatches of exulting song, the clang of arms, the tramp of horses, the hurrying footsteps, the deep music, sounded loud, and blended terribly without. *Lucille* heard them not, — she was on that breast which never should have deserted her.

Effectually to protect his friends, *St. Amand* took up his quarters at their house; and for two days he was once more under the same roof as *Lucille*. He never recurred voluntarily to *Julie*; he answered *Lucille's* timid inquiry after her health, briefly, and with coldness, but he spoke with all the enthusiasm of a long-pent and ardent spirit, of the new profession he had embraced. Glory seemed now to be his only mistress; and the vivid delusion of the first bright dreams of the Revolution filled his mind, broke from

his tongue, and lighted up those dark eyes which Lucille had redeemed to day.

She saw him depart at the head of his troop; she saw his proud crest glancing in the sun; she saw his steed winding through the narrow street; she saw that his last glance reverted to her, where she stood at the door; and, as he waved his adieu, she fancied that there was on his face that look of deep and grateful tenderness, which reminded her of the one bright epoch of her life.

She was right; St. Amand had long since in bitterness repented of a transient infatuation, had long since distinguished the true Florimel from the false, and felt that, in Julie, Lucille's wrongs were avenged. But in the hurry and heat of war he plunged that regret — the keenest of all — which embodies the bitter words, "TOO LATE!"

Years passed away, and in the resumed tranquillity of Lucille's life, the brilliant apparition of St. Amand appeared as something dreamed of, not seen. The star of Napoleon had risen above the horizon; the romance of his early career had commenced; and the campaign of Egypt had been the herald of those brilliant and meteoric successes which flashed forth from the gloom of the Revolution of France.

You are aware, dear Gertrude, how many in the French as well as the English troops, returned home from Egypt, blinded with the ophthalmia of that arid soil. Some of the young men in Lucille's town, who had joined Napoleon's army, came back darkened by that fearful affliction, and Lucille's alms, and Lucille's aid, and Lucille's sweet voice, were ever at hand for those poor sufferers, whose common misfortune touched so thrilling a chord of her heart.

Her father was now dead, and she had only her mother to cheer amidst the ills of age. As one evening they sat at work together, Madame le Tisseur said, after a pause —

"I wish, dear Lucille, thou couldst be persuaded to marry Justin; he loves thee well, and now that thou art yet young, and hast many years before thee, thou shouldst remember that when I die thou wilt be alone."

"Ah cease, dearest mother, I never can marry now; and as

for love — once taught in the bitter school in which I have learned the knowledge of myself — I cannot be deceived again."

"My Lucille, you do not know yourself: never was woman loved, if Justin does not love you; and never did lover feel with more real warmth how worthily he loved."

And this was true; and not of Justin alone, for Lucille's modest virtues, her kindly temper, and a certain undulating and feminine grace, which accompanied all her movements, had secured her as many conquests as if she had been beautiful. She had rejected all offers of marriage with a shudder; without even the throb of a flattered vanity. One memory, sadder, was also dearer, to her than all things; and something sacred in its recollections made her deem it even a crime to think of effacing the past by a new affection.

"I believe," continued Madame le Tisseur, angrily, "that thou still thinkest fondly of him, from whom only in the world thou couldst have experienced ingratitude."

"Nay, mother," said Lucille, with a blush and a slight sigh, "Eugene is married to another."

While thus conversing, they heard a gentle and timid knock at the door — the latch was lifted. "This," said the rough voice of a *commissionnaire* of the town, "this, monsieur, is the house of *Madame le Tisseur*, and, *voilà mademoiselle!*" A tall figure, with a shade over his eyes, and wrapped in a long military cloak, stood in the room. A thrill shot across Lucille's heart. He stretched out his arms; "Lucille," said that melancholy voice, which had made the music of her first youth — "where art thou, Lucille? Alas! she does not recognise St. Amand."

Thus was it, indeed. By a singular fatality, the burning suns and the sharp dust of the plains of Egypt had smitten the young soldier, in the flush of his career, with a second — and this time, with an irremediable — blindness! He had returned to France to find his hearth lonely: Julie was no more — a sudden fever had cut her off in the midst of youth; and he had sought his way to Lucille's house, to see if one hope yet remained to him in the world!

And when, days afterwards, humbly and sadly he re-urged a

former suit, did Lucille shut her heart to its prayer? Did her pride remember its wound — did she revert to his desertion — did she reply to the whisper of her yearning love "*thou hast been before forsaken?*" That voice, and those darkened eyes, pled to her with a pathos not to be resisted; "I am once more necessary to him," was all her thought — "if I reject him, who will tend him?" In that thought was the motive of her conduct; in that thought gushed back upon her soul all the springs of checked, but unconquered, unconquerable love! In that thought, she stood beside him at the altar, and pledged, with a yet holier devotion than she might have felt of yore, the vow of her imperishable truth.

And Lucille found, in the future, a reward which the common world could never comprehend. With his blindness returned all the feelings she had first awakened in St. Amand's solitary heart; again he yearned for her step — again he missed even a moment's absence from his side — again her voice chased the shadow from his brow — and in her presence was a sense of shelter and of sunshine. He no longer sighed for the blessing he had lost; he reconciled himself to fate, and entered into that serenity of mood which mostly characterizes the blind. Perhaps after we have seen the actual world, and experienced its hollow pleasures, we can resign ourselves the better to its exclusion; and as the cloister, which repels the ardour of our hope, is sweet to our remembrance, so the darkness loses its terror, when experience has wearied us with the glare and travail of the day. It was something, too, as they advanced in life, to feel the chains that bound him to Lucille strengthening daily, and to cherish in his overflowing heart the sweetness of increasing gratitude; — it was something that he could not see years wrinkle that open brow, or dim the tenderness of that touching smile; — it was something that to him she was beyond the reach of time, and preserved to the verge of a grave (which received them both within a few days of each other), in all the bloom of her unwithering affection — in all the freshness of a heart that never could grow old!

Gertrude, who had broken in upon Trevylyan's story by a thousand anxious interruptions, and a thousand pretty apologies for interrupting, was charmed with a tale in which true love was

made happy at last, although she did not forgive St. Amand his ingratitude, and although she declared, with a critical shake of the head, that "it was very unnatural that the mere beauty of Julie, or the mere want of it in Lucille, should have produced such an effect upon him, if he had ever *really* loved Lucille in his blindness."

As they passed through Malines, the town assumed an interest in Gertrude's eyes, to which it scarcely of itself was entitled. She looked wistfully at the broad market-place; at a corner of which was one of those out-of-door-groups of quiet and noiseless revellers, which Dutch art has raised from the Familiar to the Picturesque; and then glancing to the tower of St. Rembauld, she fancied, amidst the silence of noon, that she yet heard the plaintive cry of the blind orphan — "Fido, Fido, why hast thou deserted me?"

CHAPTER V.

Rotterdam. — The Character of the Dutch. — Their resemblance to the Germans. — A dispute between Vane and Trevelyman, after the manner of the ancient Novelists, as to which is preferable, the life of action or the life of repose. — Trevelyman's Contrast between literary Ambition and the Ambition of Public Life.

Our travellers arrived at Rotterdam on a bright and sunny day. There is a cheerfulness about the operations of Commerce — a life — a bustle — an action which always exhilarate the spirits at the first glance. Afterwards they fatigue us; we get too soon behind the scenes, and find the base and troublous passions which move the puppets and conduct the drama.

But Gertrude, in whom ill health had not destroyed the vividness of impression that belongs to the inexperienced was delighted at the cheeriness of all around her. As she leaned lightly on Trevelyman's arm, he listened with a forgetful joy to her questions and exclamations at the stir and liveliness of a city, from which was to commence their pilgrimage along the Rhine. And indeed the scene was rife with the spirit of that people at once so active and so patient — so daring on the sea — so cautious on the land. Industry was visible every where; the vessels in the harbour — the crowded

boat, putting off to land — the throng on the quay, all looked bustling and spoke of commerce. The city itself, on which the skies shone fairly through light and fleecy clouds, wore a cheerful aspect. The church of St. Lawrence rising above the clean, neat houses, and on one side, trees thickly grouped, gaily contrasted at once the waters and the city.

"I like this place," said Gertrude's father, quietly; "it has an air of comfort."

"And an absence of Grandeur," said Trevlyan.

"A commercial people are one great middle class in their habits and train of mind," replied Vane; "and grandeur belongs to the extremes, — an impoverished population, and a wealthy despot."

They went to see the statue of Erasmus, and the house in which he was born. Vane had a certain admiration for Erasmus which his companions did not share; he liked the quiet irony of the sage, and his knowledge of the world: and, besides, Vane was of that time of life when philosophers become objects of interest. At first they are teachers, secondly, friends; and it is only a few who arrive at the third stage, and find them deceivers. The Dutch are a singular people; their literature is neglected, but it has some of the German vein in its strata, — the patience, the learning, the homely delineation, and even some traces of the mixture of the humorous and the terrible, which form that genius for the grotesque so especially German, — you find this in their legends, and ghost-stories. But in Holland activity destroys, in Germany indolence nourishes, romance.

They stayed a day or two at Rotterdam, and then proceeded up the Rhine to Gorcum. The banks were flat and tame, and nothing could be less impressive of its native majesty than this part of the course of the Great River.

"I never felt before," whispered Gertrude, tenderly, "how much there was of consolation in your presence; for here I am at last on the Rhine — the blue Rhine, and how disappointed I should be if you were not by my side!"

"But, my Gertrude, you must wait till we have passed Cologne, before *the glories* of the Rhine burst upon you."

"It reverses life, my child," said the moralizing Vane; "and the stream flows through dulness at first, reserving its poetry for our perseverance."

"I will not allow your doctrine," said Trevlyan, as the ambitious ardour of his native disposition stirred within him. "Life has always action; it is our own fault if it ever be dull: youth has its enterprise, manhood its schemes; and even if infirmity creep upon age, the mind, the mind still triumphs over the mortal clay, and in the quiet hermitage, among books, and from thoughts, keeps the great wheel within everlastingly in motion. No, the better class of spirits have always an antidote to the insipidity of a common career, they have ever energy at will —"

"And never happiness!" answered Vane, after a pause, as he gazed on the proud countenance of Trevlyan, with that kind of calm, half-pitying interest which belonged to a character deeply imbued with the philosophy of a sad experience, acting upon an unimpassioned heart. "And in truth, Trevlyan, it would please me if I could but teach you the folly of preferring the exercise of that energy, of which you speak, to the golden luxuries of REST. What ambition can ever bring an adequate reward? Not, surely, the ambition of letters — the desire of intellectual renown!"

"True," said Trevlyan, quietly; "that dream I have long renounced; there is nothing palpable in literary fame — it scarcely perhaps soothes the vain, — it assuredly chafes the proud. In my earlier years I attempted some works, which gained what the world, perhaps rightly, deemed a sufficient meed of reputation; yet it was not sufficient to recompense myself for the fresh hours I had consumed, for the sacrifices of pleasure I had made. The subtle aims that had inspired me were not perceived; the thoughts that had seemed new and beautiful to me, fell flat and lustreless on the soul of others: if I was approved, it was often for what I condemned myself! and I found that the trite commonplace and the false wit charmed, while the truth fatigued, and the enthusiasm revolted. For men of that genius to which I make no pretension, who have dwelt apart in the obscurity of their own thoughts, gazing upon stars that shine not for the dull sleepers of the world, it must be a keen sting to find the product of their labour confounded with a

class, and to be mingled up in men's judgment with the faults or merits of a tribe. Every great genius must deem himself original and alone in his conceptions; it is not enough for him that these conceptions should be approved as good, unless they are admitted as inventive, if they mix him with the herd he has shunned, not separate him in fame as he has been separated in soul. Some Frenchman, the oracle of his circle, said of the poet of the *Phèdre*, 'Racine and the other imitators of Corneille;' and Racine, in his wrath, nearly forswore tragedy for ever. It is in vain to tell the author that the public is the judge of his works. The author believes himself above the public, or he would never have written, and," continued Trevylyan, with enthusiasm, "he *is* above them; their fiat may crush his glory, but never his self-esteem. He stands alone and haughty amidst the wrecks of the temple he imagined he had raised '*TO THE FUTURE*,' and retaliates neglect with scorn. But is this, the life of scorn, a pleasurable state of existence? Is it one to be cherished? Does even the moment of fame counterbalance the years of mortification? And what is there in literary fame itself present and palpable to its heir? His work is a pebble thrown into the deep; the stir lasts for a moment, and the wave closes up, to be susceptible no more to the same impression. The circle may widen to other lands and other ages, but around *him* it is weak and faint. The trifles of the day, the low politics, the base intrigues, occupy the tongue, and fill the thought of his contemporaries; he is less known than a mountebank, or a new dancer; his glory comes not home to him; it brings no present, no perpetual reward, like the applauses that wait the actor, or the actor-like mummer of the senate; and this which vexes, also lowers him; his noble nature begins to nourish the base vices of jealousy, and the unwillingness to admire. Goldsmith is forgotten in the presence of a puppet; he feels it, and is mean; he expresses it, and is ludicrous. It is well to say that great minds will not stoop to jealousy; in the greatest minds it is most frequent.* Few authors are ever so aware of the admiration

* See the long list of names furnished by D'Israeli, in that most exquisite work, *The Literary Character*, vol. ii. p. 75. Plato, Xeno-

they excite, as to afford to be generous; and this melancholy truth revolts us with our own ambition. Shall we be demigods in our closet, at the price of sinking below mortality in the world? No! it was from this deep sentiment of the unrealness of literary fame, of dissatisfaction at the fruits it produced, of fear for the meanness it engendered, that I resigned betimes all love for its career; and if by the restless desire that haunts men who think much, to write ever, I should be urged hereafter to literature, I will sternly teach myself to persevere in the indifference to its fame."

"You say as I would say," answered Vane, with his tranquil smile; "and your experience corroborates my theory. Ambition, then, is not the root of happiness. Why more in action than in letters?"

"Because," said Trevelyman, "in action we commonly gain in our life all the honour we deserve: the public judge of men better and more rapidly than of books. And he who takes to himself in action a high and pure ambition, associates it with so many objects, that, unlike literature, the failure of one is balanced by the success of the other. He, the creator of deeds, not resembling the creator of books, stands not alone; he is eminently social; he has many comrades, and without their aid he could not accomplish his designs. This divides and mitigates the impatient jealousy against others. He works for a cause, and knows early that he cannot monopolize its whole glory; he shares what he is aware it is impossible to engross. Besides, action leaves him no time for brooding over disappointment. The author has consumed his youth in a work, — it fails in glory. Can he write another work? Bid him call back another youth! But in action, the labour of the mind is from day to day. A week replaces what a week has lost, and all the aspirant's fame is of the present. It is lipped by the Babel of the living world; he is ever on the stage, and the spectators are ever ready to applaud. Thus perpetually in the service of others, self ceases to be his world; he has no leisure to brood over

phon, Chaucer, Corneille, Voltaire, Dryden, the Caracci, Domenico Venetiano, murdered by his envious friend, and the gentle Castillo fainting away at the genius of Murillo.

real or imaginary wrongs, the excitement whirls on the machine till it is worn out —”

“And kicked aside,” said Vane, “with the broken lumber of men’s other tools, in the chamber of their sons’ forgetfulness. Your man of action lasts but for an hour; the man of letters lasts for ages.”

“We live not for ages,” answered Trevylyan; “our life is on earth, and not in the grave.”

“But even grant,” continued Vane, “and I for one will concede the point, that posthumous fame is not worth the living agonies that obtain it, how are you better off in your poor and vulgar career of action? Would you serve the rulers? — servility! The people? — folly! If you take the great philosophical view which the worshippers of the past rarely take, but which, unknown to them, is their sole excuse, viz. that the changes which *may* benefit the future unsettle the present; and that it is not the wisdom of practical legislation to risk the peace of our contemporaries in the hope of obtaining happiness for their posterity — to what suspicions, to what charges are you exposed! You are deemed the foe of all liberal opinion, and you read your curses in the eyes of a nation. But take the side of the people. What caprice — what ingratitude! You have professed so much in theory, that you can never accomplish sufficient in practice. Moderation becomes a crime; to be prudent is to be perfidious. New demagogues, without temperance, because without principle, outstrip you in the moment of your greatest services. The public is the grave of a great man’s deeds; it is never sated; its maw is eternally open; it perpetually craves for more. Where, in the history of the world, do you find the gratitude of a people? You find fervour, it is true, but not gratitude; the fervour that exaggerates a benefit at one moment, but not the gratitude that remembers it the next year. Once disappoint them, and all your actions, all your sacrifices, are swept from their remembrance for ever; they break the windows of the very house they have given you, and melt down their medals into bullets. Who serves man, ruler, or peasant, serves the ungrateful; and all the ambitious are but types of a Wolsey or a De Witt.”

"And what," said Trevelyman, "consoles a man in the ills that flesh is heir to, in that state of obscure repose, that serene inactivity to which you would confine him? Is it not his conscience? Is it not his self acquittal, or his self approval?"

"Doubtless," replied Vane.

"Be it so," answered the high-souled Trevelyman; "the same consolation awaits us in action as in repose. We sedulously pursue what we deem to be true glory. We are maligned; but our soul acquits us. Could it do more in the scandal and the prejudice that assail us in private life? You are silent: but note how much deeper should be the comfort, how much loftier the self-esteem; for if calumny attack us in a wilful obscurity, what have we done to refute the calumny? How have we served our species? Have we 'scorned delight and loved laborious days?' Have we made the utmost of the 'talent' confided to our care? Have we done those good deeds to our race upon which we can retire, — an 'Estate of Beneficence,' — from the malice of the world, and feel that our deeds are our defenders? This is the consolation of virtuous actions; is it so of — even a virtuous — indolence?"

"You speak as a preacher," said Vane; "I merely as a calculator. You of virtue in affliction, I of a life in ease."

"Well, then, if the consciousness of perpetual endeavour to advance our race be not alone happier than the life of ease, let us see what this vaunted ease really is. Tell me, is it not another name for *ennui*? This state of quiescence, this objectless, dreamless torpor, this transition *du lit à la table, de la table au lit*; what more dreary and monotonous existence can you devise? Is it pleasure in this inglorious existence to think that you are serving pleasure? Is it freedom to be the slave to self? For I hold," continued Trevelyman, "that this jargon of 'consulting happiness,' this cant of living for ourselves, is but a mean as well as a false philosophy. Why this eternal reference to self? Is self alone to be consulted? Is even our happiness, did it truly consist in repose, really the great end of life? I doubt if we cannot ascend higher. I doubt if we cannot say with a great moralist, 'if virtue be not estimable in itself, we can see nothing estimable in following it for the sake of a bargain.' But, in fact, repose is the poorest

of all delusions; the very act of recurring to self, brings about us all those ills of self from which, in the turmoil of the world, we can escape. We become hypochondriacs. Our very health grows an object of painful possession. We are so desirous to be well (for what is retirement without health?) that we are ever fancying ourselves ill; and, like the man in the 'Spectator,' we weigh ourselves daily, and live but by grains and scruples. Retirement is happy only for the poet, for to him it is *not* retirement. He secedes from one world but to gain another, and he finds not *ennui* in seclusion: why? — not because seclusion hath *repose*, but because it hath *occupation*. In one word, then, I say of action and of indolence, grant the same ills to both, and to action there is the readier escape or the nobler consolation."

Vane shrugged his shoulders. "Ah, my dear friend," said he, tapping his snuff-box with benevolent superiority, "you are much younger than I am!"

But these conversations, which Trevelyman and Vane often held together, dull as I fear this specimen must seem to the reader, had an inexpressible charm for Gertrude. She loved the lofty and generous vein of philosophy which Trevelyman embraced, and which, while it suited his ardent nature, contrasted a demeanour commonly hard and cold to all but herself. And young and tender as she was, his ambition infused its spirit into her fine imagination, and that passion for enterprise which belongs inseparably to romance. She loved to muse over his future lot, and in fancy to share its toils and to exult in its triumphs. And if sometimes she asked herself whether a career of action might not estrange him from her, she had but to turn her gaze upon his watchful eye, — and lo, he was by her side or at her feet!

CHAPTER VI.

Gorcum. — The Tour of the Virtues: A Philosopher's Tale.

IT was a bright and cheery morning as they glided by Gorcum. The boats pulling to the shore full of fishermen and peasants in their national costume; the breeze, freshly rippling the waters; the lightness of the blue sky; the loud and laughing voices from

the boats; — all contributed to raise the spirit, and fill it with that indescribable gladness which is the physical sense of life.

The tower of the church, with its long windows and its round dial, rose against the clear sky; and on a bench under a green bush facing the water sat a jolly Hollander, refreshing the breezes with the fumes of his national weed.

"How little it requires to make a journey pleasant, when the companions are our friends!" said Gertrude as they sailed along. "Nothing can be duller than these banks; nothing more delightful than this voyage."

"Yet what tries the affections of people for each other so severely as a journey together?" said Vane. "That perpetual companionship from which there is no escaping; that confinement, in all our moments of ill-humour and listlessness, with persons who want us to look amused — Ah, it is a severe ordeal for friendship to pass through! A post-chaise must have jolted many an intimacy to death."

"You speak feelingly, dear father," said Gertrude laughing; "and, I suspect, with a slight desire to be sarcastic upon us. Yet, seriously, I should think that travel must be like life, and that good persons must be always agreeable companions to each other."

"Good persons, my Gertrude!" answered Vane with a smile. "Alas! I fear the good weary each other quite as much as the bad. What say you, Trevelyman, — would Virtue be a pleasant companion from Paris to Petersburg? Ah, I see you intend to be on Gertrude's side of the question. Well now if I tell you a story, since stories are so much the fashion with you, in which you shall find that the Virtues themselves actually made the experiment of a tour, will you promise to attend to the moral?"

"Oh, dear father, any thing for a story," cried Gertrude; "especially from you who have not told us one all the way. Come, listen, Albert; nay, listen to your new rival."

And, pleased to see the vivacity of the invalid, Vane began as follows: —

THE TOUR OF THE VIRTUES.

A PHILOSOPHER'S TALE.

Once upon a time, several of the Virtues, weary of living for ever with the Bishop of Norwich, resolved to make a little excursion; accordingly, though they knew every thing on earth was very ill prepared to receive them, they thought they might safely venture on a tour from Westminster Bridge to Richmond: the day was fine, the wind in their favour, and as to entertainment, — why there seemed, according to Gertrude, to be no possibility of any disagreement among the Virtues.

They took a boat at Westminster Stairs, and just as they were about to push off, a poor woman, all in rags with a child in her arms, implored their compassion. Charity put her hand into her reticule, and took out a shilling. Justice, turning round to look after the luggage, saw the folly which Charity was about to commit. "Heavens!" cried Justice, seizing poor Charity by the arm, "what are you doing? Have you never read Political Economy? Don't you know that indiscriminate almsgiving is only the encouragement to Idleness, the mother of Vice? You a Virtue, indeed! — I'm ashamed of you. Get along with you, good woman; — yet stay, there is a ticket for soup at the Mendicity Society: they'll see if you are a proper object of compassion." But Charity is quicker than Justice, and slipping her hand behind her, the poor woman got the shilling and the ticket for soup too. Economy and Generosity saw the double gift. "What waste!" cried Economy, frowning; "what, a ticket and a shilling! *either* would have sufficed."

"*Either!*" said Generosity; "fie! Charity should have given the poor creature half-a-crown, and Justice a dozen tickets!" So the next ten minutes were consumed in a quarrel between the four Virtues, which would have lasted all the way to Richmond, if Courage had not advised them to get on shore and fight it out. Upon this, the Virtues suddenly perceived they had a little forgotten themselves, and Generosity offering the first apology, they made it up, and went on very agreeably for the next mile or two.

The day now grew a little overcast, and a shower seemed at hand. Prudence, who had on a new bonnet, suggested the propriety of putting to shore for half an hour; Courage was for braving the rain: but, as most of the Virtues are ladies, Prudence carried it. Just as they were about to land, another boat cut in before them very uncivilly, and gave theirs such a shake, that Charity was all but overboard. The company on board the uncivil boat, who evidently thought the Virtues extremely low persons, for they had nothing very fashionable about their exterior, burst out laughing at Charity's discomposure, especially as a large basket full of buns, which Charity carried with her for any hungry-looking children she might encounter at Richmond, fell pounce into the water. Courage was all on fire; he twisted his mustache, and would have made an onset on the enemy, if, to his great indignation, Meekness had not forestalled him, by stepping mildly into the hostile boat and offering both cheeks to the foe. This was too much even for the incivility of the boatmen; they made their excuses to the Virtues, and Courage, who is no bully, thought himself bound discontentedly to accept them. But, oh! if you had seen how Courage used Meekness afterwards, you could not have believed it possible that one Virtue could be so enraged with another! This quarrel between the two threw a damp on the party; and they proceeded on their voyage, when the shower was over, with any thing but cordiality. I spare you the little squabbles that took place in the general conversation — how Economy found fault with all the villas by the way; and Temperance expressed becoming indignation at the luxuries of the City barge. They arrived at Richmond, and Temperance was appointed to order the dinner; meanwhile Hospitality, walking in the garden, fell in with a large party of Irishmen, and asked them to join the repast.

Imagine the long faces of Economy and Prudence, when they saw the addition to the company. Hospitality was all spirits, he rubbed his hands and called for champagne with the tone of a younger brother. Temperance soon grew scandalized, and Modesty herself coloured at some of the jokes; but Hospitality, who was now half seas over, called the one a milksop, and swore at the other as a prude. Away went the hours; it was time to return,

and they made down to the water-side thoroughly out of temper with one another, Economy and Generosity quarrelling all the way about the bill and the waiters. To make up the sum of their mortification, they passed a boat where all the company were in the best possible spirits, laughing and whooping like mad; and discovered these jolly companions to be two or three agreeable Vices, who had put themselves under the management of Good Temper. So you see, Gertrude, that even the Virtues may fall at loggerheads with each other, and pass a very sad time of it, if they happen to be of opposite dispositions, and have forgotten to take Good Temper along with them.

"Ah!" said Gertrude, "but you have overloaded your boat; too many Virtues might contradict one another, but not a few."

"*Voilà ce que je veux dire,*" said Vane. "But listen to the sequel of my tale, which now takes a new moral."

At the end of the voyage, and after a long, sulky silence, Prudence said, with a thoughtful air, "My dear friends, I have been thinking that as long as we keep so entirely together, never mixing with the rest of the world, we shall waste our lives in quarrelling amongst ourselves, and run the risk of being still less liked and sought after than we already are. You know that we are none of us popular; every one is quite contented to see us represented in a vaudeville, or described in an essay. Charity, indeed, has her name often taken in vain at a bazar, or a subscription; and the miser as often talks of the duty he owes to *me*, when he sends the stranger from his door, or his grandson to gaol: but still we only resemble so many wild beasts, whom every body likes to see, but nobody cares to possess. Now, I propose, that we should all separate and take up our abode with some mortal or other for a year, with the power of changing at the end of that time should we not feel ourselves comfortable; that is, should we not find that we do all the good we intend: let us try the experiment, and on this day twelvemonths let us all meet, under the largest oak in Windsor Forest, and recount what has befallen us." Prudence ceased, as she always does when she has said enough; and, delighted at the project, the Vitues agreed to adopt it on the spot. They were enchanted at the idea of setting up for themselves, and each not

doubting his or her success: for Economy in her heart thought Generosity no Virtue at all, and Meekness looked on Courage as little better than a heathen.

Generosity, being the most eager and active of all the Virtues, set off first on his journey. Justice followed, and kept up with him, though at a more even pace. Charity never heard a sigh, or saw a squalid face, but she stayed to cheer and console the sufferer; — a kindness which somewhat retarded her progress.

Courage espied a travelling carriage, with a man and his wife in it quarrelling most conjugally, and he civilly begged he might be permitted to occupy the vacant seat opposite the lady. Economy still lingered, inquiring for the cheapest inns. Poor Modesty looked round and sighed, on finding herself so near to London, where she was almost wholly unknown; but resolved to bend her course thither, for two reasons: first, for the novelty of the thing; and, secondly, not liking to expose herself to any risks by a journey on the Continent. Prudence, though the first to project, was the last to execute; and therefore resolved to remain where she was for that night, and take daylight for her travels.

The year rolled on, and the Virtues, punctual to the appointment, met under the oak-tree; they all came nearly at the same time, excepting Economy, who had got into a return post-chaise, the horses to which, having been forty miles in the course of the morning, had foundered by the way, and retarded her journey till night set in. The Virtues looked sad and sorrowful, as people are wont to do after a long and fruitless journey; and, somehow or other, such was the wearing effect of their intercourse with the world, that they appeared wonderfully diminished in size.

“Ah, my dear Generosity,” said Prudence, with a sigh, “as you were the first to set out on your travels, pray let us hear your adventures first.”

“You must know, my dear sisters,” said Generosity, “that I had not gone many miles from you before I came to a small country town, in which a marching regiment was quartered, and at an open window I beheld, leaning over a gentleman’s chair, the most beautiful creature imagination ever pictured; her eyes shone out like two suns of perfect happiness, and she was almost

cheerful enough to have passed for Good Temper herself. The gentleman, over whose chair she leaned, was her husband; they had been married six weeks; he was a lieutenant with a hundred pounds a-year besides his pay. Greatly affected by their poverty, I instantly determined, without a second thought, to ensconce myself in the heart of this charming girl. During the first hour in my new residence I made many wise reflections, such as — that Love never was so perfect as when accompanied by Poverty; what a vulgar error it was to call the unmarried state '*Single Blessedness*;' how wrong it was of us Virtues never to have tried the marriage bond; and what a falsehood it was to say that husbands neglected their wives, for never was there any thing in nature so devoted as the love of a husband — six weeks married!

"The next morning, before breakfast, as the charming Fanny was waiting for her husband, who had not yet finished his toilet, a poor, wretched-looking object appeared at the window, tearing her hair and wringing her hands; her husband had that morning been dragged to prison, and her seven children had fought for the last mouldy crust. Prompted by me, Fanny, without inquiring further into the matter, drew from her silken purse a five-pound note, and gave it to the beggar, who departed more amazed than grateful. Soon after the lieutenant appeared, — 'What the d — I, another bill!' muttered he, as he tore the yellow wafer from a large, square, folded, bluish piece of paper. 'Oh, ah! confound he fellow, *he* must be paid. I must trouble you, Fanny, for fifteen pounds to pay this saddler's bill.'

"'Fifteen pounds, love?' stammered Fanny, blushing.

"'Yes, dearest, the fifteen pounds I gave you yesterday.'

"'I have only ten pounds,' said Fanny, hesitatingly, 'for such a poor, wretched-looking creature was here just now, that I was obliged to give her five pounds.'

"'Five pounds? good God!' exclaimed the astonished husband; 'I shall have no more money these three weeks.' He frowned, he bit his lips, nay he even wrung his hands, and walked up and down the room; worse still, he broke forth with — 'Surely, madam, you did not suppose, when you married a lieutenant in a marching regiment, that he could afford to indulge you in the

whim of giving five pounds to every mendicant who held out her hand to you? You did not, I say, madam, imagine —' but the bridegroom was interrupted by the convulsive sobs of his wife: it was their first quarrel, they were but six weeks married; he looked at her for one moment sternly, the next he was at her feet. 'Forgive me, dearest Fanny, — forgive me, for I cannot forgive myself. I was too great a wretch to say what I did; and do believe, my own Fanny, that while I may be too poor to indulge you in it, I do from my heart admire so noble, so disinterested, a generosity.' Not a little proud did I feel to have been the cause of this exemplary husband's admiration for his amiable wife, and sincerely did I rejoice at having taken up my abode with these *poor* people. But not to tire you, my dear sisters, with the minutiae of detail, I shall briefly say that things did not long remain in this delightful position; for, before many months had elapsed, poor Fanny had to bear with her husband's increased and more frequent storms of passion, unfollowed by any halcyon and honeymoon suings for forgiveness: for at my instigation every shilling went; and when there were no more to go, her trinkets, and even her clothes followed. The lieutenant became a complete brute, and even allowed his unbridled tongue to call me — me, sisters, *me!* — 'heartless Extravagance.' His despicable brother-officers, and their gossiping wives, were no better; for they did nothing but animadvert upon my Fanny's ostentation and absurdity, for by such names had they the impertinence to call *me*. Thus grieved to the soul to find myself the cause of all poor Fanny's misfortunes, I resolved at the end of the year to leave her, being thoroughly convinced that, however amiable and praiseworthy I might be in myself, I was totally unfit to be bosom friend and adviser to the wife of a lieutenant in a marching regiment, with only a hundred pounds a-year besides his pay."

The Virtues groaned their sympathy with the unfortunate Fanny; and Prudence, turning to Justice, said, "I long to hear what you have been doing, for I am certain you cannot have occasioned harm to any one."

Justice shook her head and said, "Alas! I find that there are times and places when even I do better not to appear, as a short

account of my adventures will prove to you. No sooner had I left you than I instantly repaired to India, and took up my abode with a Brahmin. I was much shocked by the dreadful inequalities of condition that reigned in the several castes, and I longed to relieve the poor Pariah from his ignominious destiny, — accordingly I set seriously to work on reform. I insisted upon the iniquity of abandoning men from their birth to an irremediable state of contempt, from which no virtue could exalt them. The Brahmins looked upon *my* Brahmin with ineffable horror. They called *me* the most wicked of vices; they saw no distinction between Justice and Atheism. I uprooted their society — that was sufficient crime. But the worst was, that the Pariahs themselves regarded me with suspicion; they thought it unnatural in a Brahmin to care for a Pariah! And one called me ‘Madness;’ another, ‘Ambition;’ and a third, ‘The Desire to innovate.’ My poor Brahmin led a miserable life of it; when one day, after observing, at my dictation, that he thought a Pariah’s life as much entitled to respect as a cow’s, he was hurried away by the priests, and secretly broiled on the altar, as a fitting reward for his sacrilege. I fled hither in great tribulation, persuaded that in some countries even Justice may do harm.”

“As for me,” said Charity, not waiting to be asked, “I grieve to say that I was silly enough to take up my abode with an old lady in Dublin, who never knew what discretion was, and always acted from impulse; my instigation was irresistible, and the money she gave in her drives through the suburbs of Dublin was so lavishly spent, that it kept all the rascals of the city in idleness and whisky. I found, to my great horror, that I was a main cause of a terrible epidemic, and that to give alms without discretion was to spread poverty without help. I left the city when my year was out, and, as ill-luck would have it, just at the time when I was most wanted.”

“And oh,” cried Hospitality, “I went to Ireland also. I fixed my abode with a squireen; I ruined him in a year, and only left him because he had no longer a hovel to keep me in.”

“As for myself,” said Temperance, “I entered the breast of an English legislator, and he brought in a bill against alehouses; he consequence was, that the labourers took to gin, and I have

been forced to confess, that Temperance may be too zealous when she dictates too vehemently to others."

"Well," said Courage, keeping more in the background than he had ever done before, and looking rather ashamed of himself, "that travelling carriage I got into belonged to a German general and his wife, who were returning to their own country. Growing very cold as we proceeded, she wrapped me up in a *polonaise*; but the cold increasing, I inadvertently crept into her bosom; once there I could not get out, and from thenceforward the poor general had considerably the worst of it. She became so provoking, that I wondered how he could refrain from an explosion. To do him justice, he did at last threaten to get out of the carriage; upon which, roused by me, she collared him — and conquered. When he got to his own district things grew worse, for if any aid-de-camp offended her she insisted that he might be publicly reprimanded; and should the poor general refuse, she would with her own hands confer a caning upon the delinquent. The additional force she had gained in me was too much odds against the poor general, and he died of a broken heart, six months after my *liaison* with his wife. She after this became so dreaded and detested, that a conspiracy was formed to poison her; *this* daunted even me, so I left her without delay, — *et me voici!*"

"Humph!" said Meekness, with an air of triumph; "I, at least, have been more successful than you. On seeing much in the papers of the cruelties practised by the Turks on the Greeks, I thought my presence would enable the poor sufferers to bear their misfortunes calmly. I went to Greece, then, at a moment when a well-planned and practicable scheme of emancipating themselves from the Turkish yoke was arousing their youth. Without confining myself to one individual, I flitted from breast to breast; I meekened the whole nation; my remonstrances against the insurrection succeeded, and I had the satisfaction of leaving a whole people ready to be killed, or strangled, with the most Christian resignation in the world."

The Virtues, who had been a little cheered by the opening self-complacency of Meekness, would not, to her great astonishment,

allow that she had succeeded a whit more happily than her sisters, and called next upon Modesty for her confession.

"You know," said that amiable young lady, "that I went to London in search of a situation. I spent three months of the twelve in going from house to house, but I could not get a single person to receive me. The ladies declared they never saw so old-fashioned a gawkey, and civilly recommended me to their abigails; the abigails turned me round with a stare, and then pushed me down to the kitchen and the fat scullion-maids; who assured me, that 'in the respectable families they had had the honour to live in, they had never even heard of my name.' One young housemaid, just from the country, did indeed receive me with some sort of civility; but she very soon lost me in the servants' hall. I now took refuge with the other sex, as the least uncourteous. I was fortunate enough to find a young gentleman of remarkable talents, who welcomed me with open arms. He was full of learning, gentleness, and honesty. I had only one rival — Ambition. We both contended for an absolute empire over him. Whatever Ambition suggested, I damped. Did Ambition urge him to begin a book, I persuaded him it was not worth publication. Did he get up, full of knowledge, and instigated by my rival to make a speech (for he was in parliament), I shocked him with the sense of his assurance — I made his voice droop and his accents falter. At last, with an indignant sigh, my rival left him; he retired into the country, took orders, and renounced a career he had fondly hoped would be serviceable to others; but finding I did not suffice for his happiness, and piqued at his melancholy, I left him before the end of the year, and he has since taken to drinking!"

The eyes of the Virtues were all turned to Prudence. She was their last hope — "I am just where I set out," said that discreet Virtue; "I have done neither good nor harm. To avoid temptation, I went and lived with a hermit, to whom I soon found that I could be of no use beyond warning him not to overboil his peas and lentils, not to leave his door open when a storm threatened, and not to fill his pitcher too full at the neighbouring spring. I am thus the only one of you that never did harm; but only because I am the only one of you that never had an opportunity of doing it!"

In a word," continued Prudence, thoughtfully, — "in a word, my friends, circumstances are necessary to the Virtues themselves. Had, for instance, Economy changed with Generosity, and gone to the poor lieutenant's wife, and had I lodged with the Irish squireen instead of Hospitality, what misfortunes would have been saved to both! Alas! I perceive we lose all our efficacy when we are misplaced; and *then*, though in reality Virtues, we operate as Vices. Circumstances must be favourable to our exertions, and harmonious with our nature; and we lose our very divinity unless Wisdom direct our footsteps to the home we should inhabit, and the dispositions we should govern."

The story was ended, and the travellers began to dispute about its moral. Here let us leave them.

CHAPTER VII.

Cologne, — The Traces of the Roman Yoke. — The Church of St. Maria. — Trevlyan's Reflections on the Monastic life. — The Tomb of the Three Kings. — An Evening Excursion on the Rhine.

ROME — magnificent Rome! wherever the pilgrim wends, the traces of thy dominion greet his eyes. Still, in the heart of the bold German race, is graven the print of the eagle's claws; and amidst the haunted regions of the Rhine we pause to wonder at the great monuments of the Italian yoke.

At Cologne our travellers rested for some days. They were in the city to which the camp of Marcus Agrippa had given birth: that spot had resounded with the armed tread of the legions of Trajan. In that city, Vitellius, Sylvanus, were proclaimed emperors. By that church, did the latter receive his death.

As they passed round the door, they saw some peasants loitering on the sacred ground; and when they noted the delicate cheek of Gertrude, they uttered their salutations with more than common respect. Where they then were, the building swept round in a circular form; and at its base it is supposed, by tradition, to retain something of the ancient Roman masonry. Just before them rose the spire of a plain and unadorned church — singularly con-

trasting the pomp of the old, with the simplicity of the innovating, creed.

The Church of St. Maria occupies the site of the Roman Capitol; and the place retains the Roman name; and still something in the aspect of the people betrays the hereditary blood.

Gertrude, whose nature was strongly impressed with *the venerating character*, was fond of visiting the old Gothic churches, which, with so eloquent a moral, unite the living with the dead.

"Pause for a moment," said Trevelyman, before they entered the church of St. Mary. "What recollections crowd upon us! On the site of the Roman Capitol, a Christian church and a convent are erected! By whom? The mother of Charles Martel — the Conqueror of the Saracen — the arch-hero of Christendom itself! And to these scenes and calm retreats, to the cloisters of the convent once belonging to this church, fled the bruised spirit of a royal sufferer — the victim of Richelieu — the unfortunate and ambitious Mary de Medicis. Alas! the cell and the convent are but a vain emblem of that desire to fly to God which belongs to Distress; the solitude soothes, but the monotony recalls, regret. And for my own part, in my frequent tours through Catholic countries, I never saw the still walls in which monastic vanity hoped to shut out the world, but a melancholy came over me! What hearts at war with themselves! — what unceasing regrets! — what pining after the past! — what long and beautiful years devoted to a moral grave, by a momentary rashness — an impulse — a disappointment! But in these churches the lesson is more impressive and less sad. The weary heart has ceased to ache — the burning pulses are still — the troubled spirit has flown to the only rest which is not a deceit. Power and love — hope and fear — avarice — ambition, they are quenched at last! Death is the only monastery — the tomb is the only cell."

"Your passion is ever for active life," said Gertrude. "You allow no charm to solitude, and contemplation to you seems torture. If any great sorrow ever come upon you, you will never retire to seclusion as its balm. You will plunge into the world, and lose your individual existence in the universal rush of life."

"Ah, talk not of sorrow!" said Trevelyen, wildly, — "let us enter the church."

They went afterwards to the celebrated cathedral, which is considered one of the noblest of the architectural triumphs of Germany; but it is yet more worthy of notice from the Pilgrim of Romance than the searcher after antiquity, for here, behind the grand altar, is the Tomb of the Three Kings of Cologne — the three worshippers, whom tradition humbled to our Saviour. Legend is rife with a thousand tales of the relics of this tomb. The three Kings of Cologne are the tutelary names of that golden superstition, which has often more votaries than the religion itself from which it springs: and to Gertrude the simple story of Lucille sufficed to make her for the moment credulous of the sanctity of the spot. Behind the tomb three Gothic windows cast their "dim, religious light" over the tessellated pavement and along the Ionic pillars. They found some of the more credulous believers in the authenticity of the relics kneeling before the tomb, and they arrested their steps, fearful to disturb the superstition which is never without something of sanctity when contented with prayer, and forgetful of persecution. The bones of the Magi are still supposed to consecrate the tomb, and on the higher part of the monument the artist has delineated their adoration to the infant Saviour.

That evening came on with a still and tranquil beauty, and as the sun hastened to its close they launched their boat for an hour or two's excursion upon the Rhine. Gertrude was in that happy mood when the quiet of nature is enjoyed like a bath for the soul, and the presence of him she so idolized deepened that stillness into a more delicious and subduing calm. Little did she dream as the boat glided over the water, and the towers of Cologne rose in the blue air of evening, how few were those hours that divided her from the tomb! But, in looking back to the life of one we have loved, how dear is the thought that the latter days were the days of light, that the cloud never chilled the beauty of the setting sun, and that if the years of existence were brief, all that existence has most tender, most sacred, was crowded into that space! Nothing dark, then, or bitter, rests with our remembrance of the lost; *we* are the mourners, but pity is not for the mourned — our grief

is purely selfish; when we turn to its object, the hues of happiness are round it, and that very love which is the parent of our woe was the consolation — the triumph — of the departed!

The majestic Rhine was calm as a lake; the splashing of the oar only broke the stillness, and, after a long pause in their conversation, Gertrude, putting her hand on Trevelyman's arm, reminded him of a promised story: for he too had moods of abstraction, from which, in her turn, she loved to lure him; and his voice to her had become a sort of want.

"Let it be," said she, "a tale suited to the hour; no fierce tradition — nay, no grotesque fable, but of the tenderer dye of superstition. Let it be of love, of woman's love — of the love that defies the grave: for surely even after death it lives; and heaven would scarcely be heaven if memory were banished from its blessings."

"I recollect," said Trevelyman, after a slight pause, "a short German legend, the simplicity of which touched me much when I heard it; but," added he with a slight smile, "so much more faithful appears in the legend the love of the woman than that of the man, that I at least ought scarcely to recite it."

"Nay," said Gertrude tenderly, "the fault of the inconstant only heightens our gratitude to the faithful."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Soul in Purgatory; or, Love stronger than Death.

THE angels strung their harps in Heaven, and their music went up like a stream of odours to the pavilions of the Most High. But the harp of Seralim was sweeter than that of his fellows, and the Voice of the Invisible One (for the angels themselves know not the glories of Jehova — only far in the depths of Heaven they see one Unsleeping Eye watching for ever over Creation) was heard saying —

"Ask a gift for the love that burns in thy song, and it shall be given thee."

And Seralim answered —

"There are in that place which men call Purgatory, and which is the escape from Hell, but the painful porch of Heaven, many souls that adore Thee, and yet are punished justly for their sins; grant me the boon to visit them at times, and solace their suffering by the hymns of the harp that is consecrated to Thee!"

And the Voice answered —

"Thy prayer is heard, O gentlest of the angels! and it seems good to Him who chastizes but from love. Go! Thou hast thy will."

Then the angel sang the praises of God; and when the song was done he rose from his azure throne at the right hand of Gabriel, and, spreading his rainbow wings, he flew to that melancholy orb which, nearest to earth, echoes with the shrieks of souls that by torture become pure. There the unhappy ones see from afar the bright courts they are hereafter to obtain, and the shapes of glorious beings, who, fresh from the Fountains of Immortality, walk amidst the gardens of Paradise, and feel that their happiness hath no morrow; — and this thought consoles amidst their torments, and makes the true difference between Purgatory and Hell.

Then the angel folded his wings, and, entering the crystal gates, sat down upon a blasted rock and struck his divine lyre, and a peace fell over the wretched; the demon ceased to torture, and the victim to wail. As sleep to the mourners of earth was the song of the angel to the souls of the purifying star: one only voice amidst the general stillness seemed not lulled by the angel; it was the voice of a woman, and it continued to cry out with a sharp cry —

"Oh, Adenheim, Adenheim! mourn not for the lost!"

The angel struck chord after chord, till his most skilful melodies were exhausted; but still the solitary voice, unheeding — unconscious of — the sweetest harp of the angel choir, cried out —

"Oh, Adenheim, Adenheim! mourn not for the lost!"

Then Seralim's interest was aroused, and approaching the spot whence the voice came, he saw the spirit of a young and beautiful girl chained to a rock, and the demons lying idly by.

And Seralim said to the demons, "Doth the song lull ye thus to rest?"

And they answered, "Her care for another is bitterer than all our torments; therefore are we idle."

Then the angel approached the spirit, and said in a voice which stilled her cry — for in what state do we outlive sympathy? "Wherefore, O daughter of earth! wherefore wailest thou with the same plaintive wail? and why doth the harp that soothes the most guilty of thy companions, fail in its melody with thee?"

"Oh, radiant stranger," answered the poor spirit, "thou speakest to one who on earth loved God's creature more than God; therefore is she thus justly sentenced. But I know that my poor Adenheim mourns ceaselessly for me, and the thought of his sorrow is more intolerable to me than all that the demons can inflict."

"And how knowest thou that he laments thee?" asked the angel.

"Because I know with what agony I should have mourned for *him*," replied the spirit, simply.

The divine nature of the angel was touched; for love is the nature of the sons of heaven. "And how," said he, "can I minister to thy sorrow?"

A transport seemed to agitate the spirit, and she lifted up her mistlike and impalpable arms, and cried —

"Give me — oh, give me to return to earth, but for one little hour, that I may visit my Adenheim; and that, concealing from him my present sufferings, I may comfort him in his own."

"Alas!" said the angel, turning away his eyes — for angels may not weep in the sight of others — "I could, indeed, grant thee this boon, but thou knowest not the penalty. For the souls in Purgatory may return to Earth, but heavy is the sentence that awaits their return. In a word, for one hour on earth thou must add a thousand years to the tortures of thy confinement here!"

"Is that all?" cried the spirit; "willingly, then, will I brave the doom. Ah, surely they love not in heaven, or thou wouldest know, O Celestial Visitant, that one hour of consolation to the one we love is worth a thousand ages of torture to ourselves! Let

me comfort and convince my Adenheim; no matter what becomes of me."

Then the angel looked on high, and he saw in far-distant regions, which in that orb none else could discern, the rays that parted from the all-guarding Eye; and heard the Voice of the Eternal One bidding him act as his pity whispered. He looked on the spirit, and her shadowy arms stretched pleadingly towards him; he uttered the word that loosens the bars of the gate of Purgatory; and lo, the spirit had re-entered the human world.

It was night in the halls of the Lord of Adenheim, and he sat at the head of his glittering board; loud and long was the laugh, and merry the jest that echoed round; and the laugh and the jest of the Lord of Adenheim were louder and merrier than all.

And by his right side sat a beautiful lady; and ever and anon he turned from others to whisper soft vows in her ear.

"And oh," said the bright dame of Falkenberg, "thy words what ladye can believe? — Didst thou not utter the same oaths, and promise the same love, to Ida, the fair daughter of Loden; and now but three little months have closed upon her grave?"

"By my halidom," quoth the young Lord of Adenheim, "thou dost thy beauty marvellous injustice. Ida! Nay, thou mockest me; I love the daughter of Loden! why, how then should I be worthy thee? A few gay words, a few passing smiles — behold all the love Adenheim ever bore to Ida. Was it my fault if the poor fool misconstrued such common courtesy? Nay, dearest lady, this heart is virgin to thee."

"And what!" said the lady of Falkenberg, as she suffered the arm of Adenheim to encircle her slender waist, "didst thou not grieve for her loss?"

"Why, verily, yes, for the first week; but in thy bright eyes I found ready consolation."

At this moment, the Lord of Adenheim thought he heard a deep sigh behind him; he turned, but saw nothing, save a slight mist that gradually faded away, and vanished in the distance. Where was the necessity for Ida to reveal herself?

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"And thou didst not, then, do thine errand to thy lover?" said Seralim, as the spirit of the wronged Ida returned to Purgatory.

"Bid the demons recommence their torture," was poor Ida's answer.

"And was it for this that thou hast added a thousand years to thy doom?"

"Alas!" answered Ida, "after the single hour I have endured on Earth, there seems to be but little terrible in a thousand fresh years of Purgatory!" *

"What! is the story ended?" asked Gertrude.

"Yes."

"Nay, surely the thousand years were not added to poor Ida's doom; and Seralim bore her back with him to heaven?"

"The legend saith no more. The writer was contented to show us the perpetuity of woman's love; —"

"And its reward," added Vane.

"It was not I who drew that last conclusion, Albert," whispered Gertrude.

CHAPTER IX.

The Scenery of the Rhine analogous to the German literary Genius. —
The Drachenfels.

ON leaving Cologne, the stream winds round among banks that do not yet fulfil the promise of the Rhine; but they increase in interest as you leave Surdt and Godorf. The peculiar character of the river does not, however, really appear, until by degrees the Seven Mountains, and "THE CASTLED CRAG OF DRACHENFELS" above them all, break upon the eye. Around Nieder Cassel and Rheidt, the vines lie thick and clustering; and, by the shore, you see from place to place the islands stretching their green length along, and breaking the exulting tide. Village rises

* This story is principally borrowed from a foreign soil. It seemed to the author worthy of being transferred to an English one, although he fears that much of its singular beauty in the original has been lost by the way.

upon village, and viewed from the distance as you sail, the pastoral errors that enamoured us of the village life, crowd thick and fast upon us. So still do these hamlets seem, so sheltered from the passions of the world; as if the passions were not like winds — only felt where they breathe, and invisible save by their effects! Leaping into the broad bosom of the Rhine come many a stream and rivulet upon either side. Spire upon spire rises and sinks as you sail on. Mountain and city — the solitary island — the castled steep — like the dreams of ambition, suddenly appear, proudly swell, and dimly fade away.

“You begin now,” said Trevylyan, “to understand the character of the German literature. The Rhine is an emblem of its luxuriance, its fertility, its romance. The best commentary to the German genius is a visit to the German scenery. The mighty gloom of the Hartz, the feudal towers that look over vines and deep valleys on the legendary Rhine; the gigantic remains of antique power, profusely scattered over plain, mount, and forest; the thousand mixed recollections that hallow the ground; the stately Roman, the stalwart Goth, the chivalry of the feudal age, and the dim brotherhood of the ideal world, have here alike their record and their remembrance. And over such scenes wanders the young German student. Instead of the pomp and luxury of the English traveller, the thousand devices to cheat the way, he has but his volume in his hand, his knapsack at his back. From such scenes he draws and hives all that various store which after-years ripen to invention. Hence the florid mixture of the German muse — the classic, the romantic, the contemplative, the philosophic, and the superstitious. Each the result of actual meditation over different scenes. Each the produce of separate but confused recollections. As the Rhine flows, so flows the national genius, by mountain and valley — the wildest solitude — the sudden spires of ancient cities — the mouldered castle — the stately monastery — the humble cot. Grandeur and homeliness, history and superstition, truth and fable, succeeding one another so as to blend into a whole.

“But,” added Trevylyan a moment afterwards, “the Ideal is passing slowly away from the German mind, a spirit for the more active and the more material literature is springing up amongst

them. The revolution of mind gathers on, preceding stormy events; and the memories that led their grandsires to contemplate, will urge the youth of the next generation to dare and to act."

Thus conversing, they continued their voyage, with a fair wave and beneath a lucid sky.

The vessel now glided beside the Seven Mountains and the Drachenfels.

The sun slowly setting cast his yellow beams over the smooth waters. At the foot of the mountains lay a village deeply sequestered in shade; and above, the Ruin of the Drachenfels caught the richest beams of the sun. Yet thus alone, though lofty, the ray cheered not the gloom that hung over the giant rock: it stood on high, like some great name on which the light of glory may shine, but which is associated with a certain melancholy, from the solitude to which its very height above the level of the herd condemned its owner!

CHAPTER X.

The Legend of Roland. — The Adventures of Nymphalin on the Island of Nonnenwerth. — Her Song. — The Decay of the Fairy-faith in England.

On the shore opposite the Drachenfels stand the Ruins of Rolandseck, — they are the shattered crown of a lofty and perpendicular mountain, consecrated to the memory of the brave Roland; below, the trees of an island to which the lady of Roland retired, rise thick and verdant from the smooth tide.

Nothing can exceed the eloquent and wild grandeur of the whole scene. That spot is the pride and beauty of the Rhine.

The legend that consecrates the tower and the island is briefly told; it belongs to a class so common to the Romaunts of Germany. Roland goes to the wars. A false report of his death reaches his betrothed. She retires to the convent in the isle of Nonnenwerth, and takes the irrevocable veil. Roland returns home, flushed with glory and hope, to find that the very fidelity of his affianced had placed an eternal barrier between them. He built the castle that bears his name, and which overlooks the monastery, and dwelt there till his death; happy in the power at least to gaze,

even to the last, upon those walls which held the treasure he had lost.

The willows droop in mournful luxuriance along the island, and harmonize with the memory that, through the desert of a thousand years, love still keeps green and fresh. Nor hath it permitted even those additions of fiction which, like mosses, gather by time over the truth that they adorn, yet adorning conceal, to mar the simple tenderness of the legend.

All was still in the island of Nonnenwerth; the lights shone through the trees from the house that contained our travellers. On one smooth spot, where the islet shelves into the Rhine, met the wandering fairies.

"Oh, Pipalee! how beautiful!" cried Nymphalin, as she stood enraptured by the wave; a star-beam shining on her, with her yellow hair "dancing its ringlets in the whistling wind." "For the first time since our departure I do not miss the green fields of England."

"Hist!" said Pipalee under her breath; "I hear fairy steps — they must be the steps of strangers."

"Let us retreat into this thicket of weeds," said Nymphalin, somewhat alarmed; "the good lord-treasurer is already asleep there." They whisked into what to them was a forest, for the reeds were two feet high, and there, sure enough, they found the lord-treasurer stretched beneath a bulrush, with his pipe beside him; for since he had been in Germany he had taken to smoking: and indeed wild thyme, properly dried, makes very good tobacco for a fairy. They also found Nip and Trip sitting very close together. Nip playing with her hair, which was exceedingly beautiful.

"What do you do here?" said Pipalee, shortly; for she was rather an old maid, and did not like fairies to be too close to each other.

"Watching my lord's slumber," said Nip.

"Pshaw!" said Pipalee.

"Nay," quoth Trip, blushing like a sea-shell; "there is no harm in *that*, I'm sure."

"Hush!" said the queen, peeping through the reeds.

And now forth from the green bosom of the earth came a tiny

train; slowly, two by two, hand in hand, they swept from a small aperture, shadowed with fragrant herbs, and formed themselves into a ring: then came other fairies, laden with dainties, and presently two beautiful white mushrooms sprang up, on which their viands were placed, and lo, there was a banquet! Oh, how merry they were! what gentle peals of laughter, loud as a virgin's sigh! what jests! what songs! Happy race! if mortals could see you as often as I do, in the soft nights of summer, they would never be at a loss for entertainment. But as our English fairies looked on, they saw that these foreign elves were of a different race from themselves; they were taller and less handsome, their hair was darker, they wore mustaches, and had something of a fiercer air. Poor Nymphalin was a little frightened; but presently soft music was heard floating along, something like the sound we suddenly hear of a still night when a light breeze steals through rushes, or wakes a ripple in some shallow brook dancing over pebbles. And lo, from the aperture of the earth came forth a fay, superbly dressed, and of a noble presence. The queen started back, Pipalee rubbed her eyes, Trip looked over Pipalee's shoulder, and Nip, pinching her arm, cried out amazed, "By the last new star, that is Prince von Fayzenheim!"

Poor Nymphalin gazed again, and her little heart beat under her bee's-wing boddice as if it would break. The prince had a melancholy air, and he sat apart from the banquet, gazing abstractedly on the Rhine.

"Ah!" whispered Nymphalin to herself, "does he think of me?"

Presently the prince drew forth a little flute, hollowed from a small reed, and began to play a mournful air. Nymphalin listened with delight; it was one he had learned in her dominions.

When the air was over, the prince rose, and, approaching the banqueters, despatched them on different errands; one to visit the dwarf of the Drachenfels, another to look after the grave of Musæus, and a whole detachment to puzzle the students of Heidelberg. A few launched themselves upon willow leaves on the Rhine, to cruise about in the starlight, and another band set out a hunting after the grey-legged moth. The prince was left alone; and

now Nymphalin, seeing the coast clear, wrapped herself up in a cloak made out of a withered leaf; — and only letting her eyes glow out from the hood, she glided from the reeds, and the prince turning round, saw a dark fairy figure by his side. He drew back, a little startled, and placed his hand on his sword, when Nymphalin circling round him, sang the following words: —

THE FAIRY'S REPROACH.

1.

By the glow-worm's lamp in the dewy brake;
By the gossamer's airy net;
By the shifting skin of the faithless snake;
Oh, teach me to forget:
For none, ah none,
Can teach so well that human spell
As Thou, false one!

2.

By the fairy dance on the greensward smooth:
By the winds of the gentle west;
By the loving stars, when their soft looks soothe
The waves on their mother's breast;
Teach me thy lore!
By which, like withered flowers,
The leaves of buried Hours
Blossom no more!

3.

By the tent in the violet's bell;
By the may on the scented bough;
By the lone green isle where my sisters dwell;
And thine own forgotten now;
Teach me to live,
Nor feed on thoughts that pine
For love so false as thine!
— Teach me thy lore,
And one thou lov'st no more
Will bless thee and forgive!

“Surely,” said Fayzenheim, faltering, “surely I know that voice!”

And Nymphalin's cloak dropped off her shoulder. “My English fairy!” and Fayzenheim knelt beside her.

I wish you had seen the fay kneel, for you would have sworn it was so like a human lover, that you would never have sneered at

love afterwards. Love is so fairy-like a part of us, that even a fairy cannot make it differently from us, — that is to say, when we love truly.

There was great joy in the island that night among the elves. They conducted Nymphalin to their palace within the earth, and feasted her sumptuously; and Nip told their adventures with so much spirit, that he enchanted the merry foreigners. But Fayzenheim talked apart to Nymphalin, and told her how he was lord of that island, and how he had been obliged to return to his dominions by the law of his tribe, which allowed him to be absent only a certain time in every year; "But, my queen, I always intended to revisit thee next spring."

"Thou need'st not have left us so abruptly," said Nymphalin, blushing.

"But do *thou* never leave me!" said the ardent fairy; "be mine, and let our nuptials be celebrated on these shores. Wouldst thou sigh for thy green island? No! for *there* the fairy altars are deserted, the faith is gone from the land; thou art among the last of an unhonoured and expiring race. Thy mortal poets are dumb, and Fancy, which was thy priestess, sleeps hushed in her last repose. New and hard creeds have succeeded to the fairy lore. Who steals through the starlit boughs on the nights of June to watch the roundels of thy tribe? The wheels of commerce, the din of trade, have silenced to mortal ear the music of thy subjects' harps! And the noisy habitations of men, harsher than their dreaming sires, are gathering round the dell and vale where thy co-mates linger: — a few years, and where will be the green solitudes of England?"

The queen sighed, and the prince, perceiving that he was listened to, continued —

"Who, in thy native shores, among the children of men, now claims the fairy's care? What cradle wouldst thou tend? On what maid wouldst thou shower thy rosy gifts? What bard wouldst thou haunt in his dreams? Poesy is fled the island, why shouldst thou linger behind? Time hath brought dull customs, that laugh at thy gentle being. Puck is buried in the harebell, he has left no offspring, and none mourn for his loss; for night,

which is the fairy season, is busy and garish as the day. What hearth is desolate after the curfew? What house bathed in stillness at the hour in which thy revels commence? Thine empire among men has passed from thee, and thy race are vanishing from the crowded soil. For, despite our diviner nature, our existence is linked with man's. Their neglect is our disease, their forgetfulness our death. Leave then those dull, yet troubled scenes, that are closing round the fairy rings of thy native isle. These mountains, this herbage, these gliding waves, these mouldering ruins, these starred rivulets, be they, O beautiful fairy! thy new domain. Yet in these lands our worship lingers; still can we fill the thought of the young bard, and mingle with his yearnings after the Beautiful, the Unseen. Hither come the pilgrims of the world, anxious only to gather from these scenes the legends of Us; ages will pass away ere the Rhine shall be desecrated of our haunting presence. Come then, my queen, let this palace be thine own, and the moon that glances over the shattered towers of the Dragon Rock witness our nuptials and our vows!"

In such words the fairy prince courted the young queen, and while she sighed at their truth she yielded to their charm. Oh! still may there be one spot on the earth where the fairy feet may press the legendary soil — still be there one land where the faith of The Bright Invisible hallows and inspires! Still glide thou, O majestic and solemn Rhine, among shades and valleys, from which the wisdom of belief can call the creations of the younger world!

CHAPTER XI.

Wherein the Reader is made Spectator with the English Fairies of the Scenes and Beings that are beneath the Earth.

DURING the heat of next day's noon, Fayzenheim took the English visitors through the cool caverns that wind amidst the mountains of the Rhine. There, a thousand wonders awaited the eyes of the fairy queen. I speak not of the gothic arch and aisle into which the hollow earth forms itself, or the stream that

rushes with a mighty voice through the dark chasm, or the silver columns that shoot aloft, worked by the gnomes from the mines of the mountains of Taunus; but of the strange inhabitants that from time to time they came upon. They found in one solitary cell, lined with dried moss, two misshapen elves, of a larger size than common, with a plebeian working-day aspect, who were chatting noisily together, and making a pair of boots: these were the Haus-mannen or domestic elves, that dance into tradesmen's houses of a night, and play all sorts of undignified tricks. They were very civil to the queen, for they are good-natured creatures on the whole, and once had many relations in Scotland. They then, following the course of a noisy rivulet, came to a hole, from which the sharp head of a fox peeped out. The queen was frightened. "Oh, come on," said the fox, encouragingly, "I am one of the fairy race, and many are the gambols we of the brute-elves play in the German world of romance." "Indeed, Mr. Fox," said the prince, "you only speak the truth; and how is Mr. Bruin?" "Quite well, my prince; but tired of his seclusion, for indeed our race can do little or nothing now in the world, and lie here in our old age, telling stories of the past, and recalling the exploits we did in our youth; which, madam, you may see in all the fairy histories in the prince's library."

"Your own love-adventures, for instance, Master Fox," said the prince.

The fox snarled angrily, and drew in his head.

"You have displeased your friend," said Nymphalin.

"Yes — he likes no allusions to the amorous follies of his youth. Did you ever hear of his rivalry with the dog for the cat's good graces?"

"No — that must be very amusing."

"Well, my queen, when we rest by and by, I will relate to you the history of the fox's wooing."

The next place they came to was a vast Runic cavern, covered with dark inscriptions of a forgotten tongue; and sitting on a huge stone they found a dwarf with long yellow hair, his head leaning on his breast, and absorbed in meditation.

"This is a spirit of a wise and powerful race," whispered

Fayzenheim, "that has often battled with the fairies; but he is of the kindly tribe."

Then the dwarf lifted his head with a mournful air; and gazed upon the bright shapes before him, lighted by the pine-torches that the prince's attendants carried.

"And what dost thou muse upon? O descendant of the race of Laurin!" said the prince.

"Upon TIME!" answered the dwarf gloomily. "I see a River, and its waves are black, flowing from the clouds, and none knoweth its source. It rolls deeply on, aye and evermore, through a green valley, which it slowly swallows up, washing away tower and town, and vanquishing all things; and the name of the River is TIME."

Then the dwarf's head sunk on his bosom, and he spoke no more.

The fairies proceeded: — "Above us," said the prince, "rises one of the loftiest mountains of the Rhine; for mountains are the Dwarf's home. When the Great Spirit of all made earth, he saw that the interior of the rocks and hills were tenantless; and yet, that a mighty kingdom and great palaces were hid within them; a dread and dark solitude: but lighted at times from the starry eyes of many jewels; and there, was the treasure of the human world — gold and silver — and great heaps of gems, and a soil of metals. So God made a race for this vast empire, and gifted them with the power of thought, and the soul of exceeding wisdom; so that they want not the merriment and enterprise of the outer world: but musing in these dark caves is their delight. Their existence rolls away in the luxury of thought; only from time to time they appear in the world, and betoken woe or weal to men; according to their nature — for they are divided into two tribes, the benevolent and the wrathful." While the prince spoke, they saw glaring upon them from a ledge in the upper rock a grisly face with a long matted beard. The prince gathered himself up, and frowned at the evil dwarf, for such it was; but with a wild laugh the face abruptly disappeared, and the echo of the laugh rang with a ghastly sound through the long hollows of the earth.

The queen clung to Fayzenheim's arm. "Fear not, my queen," said he; "the evil race hath no power over our light and ærial nature: with men only they war; and he whom we have seen was, in the old ages of the world, one of the deadliest visitors to mankind."

But now they came winding by a passage to a beautiful recess in the mountain empire; it was of a circular shape of amazing height, in the midst of it played a natural fountain of sparkling waters, and around it were columns of massive granite, rising in countless vistas, till lost in the distant shade. Jewels were scattered round, and brightly played the fairy torches on the gem, the fountain, and the pale silver, that gleamed at frequent intervals from the rocks. "Here let us rest," said the gallant fairy, clapping his hands — "what, ho! music and the feast."

So the feast was spread by the fountain's side; and the courtiers scattered rose-leaves, which they had brought with them, for the prince and his visitor; and amidst the dark kingdom of the dwarfs broke the delicate sound of fairy lutes. "We have not these evil beings in England," said the queen, as low as she could speak; "they rouse my fear, but my interest also. Tell me, dear prince, of what nature was the intercourse of the evil dwarf with man?"

"You know," answered the prince, "that to every species of living thing there is something in common; the vast chain of sympathy runs through all creation. By that which they have in common with the beast of the field or the bird of the air, men govern the inferior tribes; they appeal to the common passions of fear and emulation when they tame the wild steed; to the common desire of greed and gain when they snare the fishes of the stream, or allure the wolves to the pitfall by the bleating of the lamb. In their turn, in the older ages of the world, it was by the passions which men had in common with the demon race that the fiends commanded or allured them. The dwarf whom you saw, being of that race which is characterized by the ambition of power and the desire of hoarding, appealed then in his intercourse with men to the same characteristics in their own bosoms; to ambition or to avarice. And thus were his victims made! But, not now, deares. Nymphalin," continued the prince, with a more lively air —

“not now will we speak of those gloomy beings. Ho, there! cease the music, and come hither all of ye — to listen to a faithful and homely history of the Dog, the Cat, the Griffin, and the Fox.”

CHAPTER XII.

The Wooing of Master Fox.*

YOU are aware, my dear Nymphalin, that in the time of which I am about to speak there was no particular enmity between the various species of brutes; the dog and the hare chatted very agreeably together, and all the world knows that the wolf, unacquainted with mutton, had a particular affection for the lamb. In these happy days, two most respectable cats, of very old family, had an only daughter: never was kitten more amiable or more seducing; as she grew up she manifested so many charms, that in a little while she became noted as the greatest beauty in the neighbourhood: need I to you, dearest Nymphalin, describe her perfections? Suffice it to say that her skin was of the most delicate tortoise shell, that her paws were smoother than velvet, that her whiskers were twelve inches long at the least, and that her eyes had a gentleness altogether astonishing in a cat. But if the young beauty had suitors in plenty during the lives of monsieur and madame, you may suppose the number was not diminished when, at the age of two years and a half, she was left an orphan, and sole heiress to all the hereditary property. In fine, she was the richest marriage in the whole country. Without troubling you, dearest queen, with the adventures of the rest of her lovers, with their suit, and their rejection, I come at once to the two rivals most sanguine of success — the dog and the fox.

* In the excursions of the fairies, it is the object of the author to bring before the reader a rapid phantasmagoria of the various beings that belong to the German superstitions, so that the work may thus describe the outer and the inner world of the land of the Rhine. The tale of the Fox's Wooing has been composed to give the English reader an idea of a species of novel not naturalized amongst us, though frequent among the legends of our Irish neighbours; in which the brutes are the only characters drawn — drawn too, with shades of distinction as nice and subtle as if they were the creatures of the civilized world.

Now the dog was a handsome, honest, straightforward, affectionate fellow. "For my part," said he, "I don't wonder at my cousin's refusing Bruin the bear, and Gauntgrim the wolf: to be sure they give themselves great airs, and call themselves '*noble*,' but what then? Bruin is always in the sulks, and Gauntgrim always in a passion; a cat of any sensibility would lead a miserable life with them: as for me, I am very good-tempered when I'm not put out; and I have no fault except that of being angry if disturbed at my meals. I am young and good-looking, fond of play and amusement, and altogether as agreeable a husband as a cat could find in a summer's day. If she marries me, well and good; she may have her property settled on herself: — if not, I shall bear her no malice; and I hope I sha'n't be too much in love to forget that there are other cats in the world."

With that the dog threw his tail over his back, and set off to his mistress with a gay face on the matter.

Now the fox heard the dog talking thus to himself — for the fox was always peeping about, in holes and corners, and he burst out a-laughing when the dog was out of sight.

"Ho, ho, my fine fellow!" said he; "not so fast, if you please: you've got the fox for a rival, let me tell you."

The fox, as you very well know, is a beast that can never do any thing without a manœuvre; and as, from his cunning, he was generally very lucky in any thing he undertook, he did not doubt for a moment that he should put the dog's nose out of joint. Reynard was aware that in love one should always, if possible, be the first in the field, and he therefore resolved to get the start of the dog and arrive before him at the cat's residence. But this was no easy matter; for though Reynard could run faster than the dog for a little way, he was no match for him in a journey of some distance. "However," said Reynard, "those good-natured creatures are never very wise; and I think I know already what will make him bait on his way."

With that, the fox trotted pretty fast by a short cut in the woods, and getting before the dog, laid himself down by a hole in the earth, and began to howl most piteously.

The dog, hearing the noise, was very much alarmed; "See now," said he, "if the poor fox has not got himself into some scrape! Those cunning creatures are always in mischief; thank Heaven, it never comes into my head to be cunning!" And the good-natured animal ran off as hard as he could to see what was the matter with the fox.

"Oh dear!" cried Reynard; "what shall I do, what shall I do! my poor little sister has fallen into this hole, and I can't get her out — she'll certainly be smothered." And the fox burst out a-howling more piteously than before.

"But, my dear Reynard," quoth the dog very simply, "why don't you go in after your sister?"

"Ah, you may well ask that," said the fox; "but, in trying to get in, don't you perceive that I have sprained my back, and can't stir? Oh dear! what shall I do if my poor little sister is smothered!"

"Pray don't vex yourself," said the dog; "I'll get her out in an instant:" and with that he forced himself with great difficulty into the hole.

Now, no sooner did the fox see that the dog was fairly in, than he rolled a great stone to the mouth of the hole, and fitted it so tight, that the dog, not being able to turn round and scratch against it with his fore-paws, was made a close prisoner.

"Ha, ha!" cried Reynard laughing outside; "amuse yourself with my poor little sister, while I go and make your compliments to Mademoiselle the Cat."

With that Reynard set off at an easy pace, never troubling his head what became of the poor dog. When he arrived in the neighbourhood of the beautiful cat's mansion, he resolved to pay a visit to a friend of his, an old magpie that lived in a tree, and was well acquainted with all the news of the place. "For," thought Reynard, "I may as well know the blind side of my mistress that is to be, and get round it at once."

The magpie received the fox with great cordiality, and inquired what brought him so great a distance from home.

"Upon my word," said the fox, "nothing so much as the

pleasure of seeing your ladyship, and hearing those agreeable anecdotes you tell with so charming a grace: but, to let you into a secret — be sure it don't go farther —”

“On the word of a magpie,” interrupted the bird.

“Pardon me for doubting you,” continued the fox; “I should have recollected that a pie was a proverb for discretion. But, as I was saying, you know her majesty the lioness?”

“Surely,” said the magpie, bridling.

“Well; she was pleased to fall in — that is to say — to — to — take a caprice to your humble servant, and the lion grew so jealous that I thought it prudent to decamp. A jealous lion is no joke, let me assure your ladyship. But mum's the word.”

So great a piece of news delighted the magpie. She could not but repay it in kind, by all the news in her budget. She told the fox all the scandal about Bruin and Gauntgrim, and she then fell to work on the poor young cat. She did not spare her foibles, you may be quite sure. The fox listened with great attention, and he learned enough to convince him, that however much the magpie might exaggerate, the cat was very susceptible to flattery, and had a great deal of imagination.

When the magpie had finished, she said, “But it must be very unfortnnate for you to be banished from so magnificent a court as that of the lion?”

“As to that,” answered the fox, “I consoled myself for my exile with a present his majesty made me on parting, as a reward for my anxiety for his honour and domestic tranquillity; namely, three hairs from the fifth leg of the amoronthologosphorus. Only think of that, ma'am!”

“The what?” cried the pie, cocking down her left ear.

“The amoronthologosphorns.”

“La!” said the magpie; “and what is that very long word, my dear Reynard?”

“The amoronthologosphorus is a beast that lives on the other side of the river Cylinx; it has five legs, and on the fifth leg there are three hairs, and whoever has those three hairs can be young and beautiful for ever.”

"Bless me! I wish you would let me see them," said the pie, holding out her claw.

"Would that I could oblige you, ma'am; but it's as much as my life's worth to show them to any but the lady I marry. In fact, they only have an effect on the fair sex, as you may see by myself, whose poor person they utterly fail to improve: they are, therefore, intended for a marriage present, and his majesty the lion thus generously atoned to me for relinquishing the tenderness of his queen. One must confess that there was a great deal of delicacy in the gift. But you'll be sure not to mention it."

"A magpie gossip, indeed!" quoth the old blab.

The fox then wished the magpie good night, and retired to a hole to sleep off the fatigues of the day, before he presented himself to the beautiful young cat.

The next morning, Heaven knows how! it was all over the place that Reynard the fox had been banished from court for the favour shown him by her majesty, and that the lion had bribed his departure with three hairs that would make any lady whom the fox married young and beautiful for ever.

The cat was the first to learn the news, and she became all curiosity to see so interesting a stranger, possessed of "qualifications" which, in the language of the day, "would render any animal happy!" She was not long without obtaining her wish. As she was taking a walk in the wood the fox contrived to encounter her. You may be sure that he made her his best bow; and he flattered the poor cat with so courtly an air that she saw nothing surprising in the love of the lioness.

Meanwhile let us see what became of his rival, the dog.

"Ah, the poor creature!" said Nymphalin; "it is easy to guess that he need not be buried alive to lose all chance of marrying the heiress."

"Wait till the end," answered Fayzenheim. "When the dog found that he was thus entrapped, he gave himself up for lost. In vain he kicked with his hind-legs against the stone — he only succeeded in bruising his paws; and at length he was forced to lie down, with his tongue out of his mouth, and quite exhausted. "However," said he, after he had taken breath, "it won't do to

be starved here, without doing my best to escape; and if I can't get out one way, let me see if there is not a hole at the other end." Thus saying, his courage, which stood him in lieu of cunning, returned, and he proceeded on in the same straightforward way in which he always conducted himself. At first the path was exceedingly narrow, and he hurt his sides very much against the rough stones that projected from the earth. But by degrees the way became broader, and he now went on with considerable ease to himself, till he arrived in a large cavern, where he saw an immense griffin sitting on his tail, and smoking a huge pipe.

The dog was by no means pleased at meeting so suddenly a creature that had only to open his mouth to swallow him up at a morsel; however he put a bold face on the danger, and walking respectfully up to the griffin, said, "Sir, I should be very much obliged to you if you would inform me the way out of these holes into the upper world."

The griffin took the pipe out of his mouth, and looked at the dog very sternly.

"Ho, wretch!" said he, "how comest thou hither? I suppose thou wantest to steal my treasure: but I know how to treat such vagabonds as you, and I shall certainly eat you up."

"You can do that if you choose," said the dog; "but it would be very unhandsome conduct in an animal so much bigger than myself. For my own part, I never attack any dog that is not of equal size: I should be ashamed of myself if I did. And as to your treasure, the character I bear for honesty is too well known to merit such a suspicion."

"Upon my word," said the griffin, who could not help smiling for the life of him, "you have a singularly free mode of expressing yourself; — and how, I say, came you hither?"

Then the dog, who did not know what a lie was, told the griffin his whole history, — how he had set off to pay his court to the cat, and how Reynard the fox had entrapped him into the hole.

When he had finished, the griffin said to him, "I see, my friend, that you know how to speak the truth; I am in want of just such a servant as you will make me, therefore stay with me and keep watch over my treasure when I sleep."

"Two words to that," said the dog. "You have hurt my feelings very much by suspecting my honesty, and I would much sooner go back into the wood and be avenged on that scoundrel the fox, than serve a master who has so ill an opinion of me. I pray you, therefore, to dismiss me, and to put me in the right way to my cousin the cat."

"I am not a griffin of many words," answered the master of the cavern, "and I give you your choice — be my servant, or be my breakfast; it is just the same to me. I give you time to decide till I have smoked out my pipe."

The poor dog did not take so long to consider. "It is true," thought he, "that it is a great misfortune to live in a cave with a griffin of so unpleasant a countenance: but, probably, if I serve him well and faithfully, he'll take pity on me some day, and let me go back to earth, and prove to my cousin what a rogue the fox is; and as to the rest, though I would sell my life as dear as I could, it is impossible to fight a griffin with a mouth of so monstrous a size." — In short, he decided to stay with the griffin.

"Shake a paw on it," quoth the grim smoker; and the dog shook paws.

"And now," said the griffin, "I will tell you what you are to do — look here;" and, moving his tail, he showed the dog a great heap of gold and silver, in a hole in the ground, that he had covered with the folds of his tail; and also, what the dog thought more valuable, a great heap of bones of very tempting appearance.

"Now," said the griffin, "during the day, I can take very good care of these myself; but at night it is very necessary that I should go to sleep: so when I sleep, you must watch over them instead of me."

"Very well," said the dog. "As to the gold and silver, I have no objection; but I would much rather you would lock up the bones, for I'm often hungry of a night, and —"

"Hold your tongue," said the griffin.

"But, Sir," said the dog, after a short silence, "surely nobody ever comes into so retired a situation! Who are the thieves, if I may make bold to ask?"

"Know," answered the griffin, "that there are a great many
Eva & the Pilgrims.

serpents in this neighbourhood, they are always trying to steal my treasure; and if they catch me napping, they, not contented with theft, would do their best to sting me to death. So that I am almost worn out for want of sleep."

"Ah!" quoth the dog, who was fond of a good night's rest, "I don't envy you your treasure, Sir."

At night, the griffin, who had a great deal of penetration, and saw that he might depend on the dog, laid down to sleep in another corner of the cave; and the dog, shaking himself well, so as to be quite awake, took watch over the treasure. His mouth watered exceedingly at the bones, and he could not help smelling them now and then; but he said to himself, — "A bargain 's a bargain, and since I have promised to serve the griffin, I must serve him as an honest dog ought to serve."

In the middle of the night he saw a great snake creeping in by the side of the cave, but the dog set up so loud a bark that the griffin awoke, and the snake crept away as fast as he could. Then the griffin was very much pleased, and he gave the dog one of the bones to amuse himself with; and every night the dog watched the treasure, and acquitted himself so well, that not a snake, at last, dared to make its appearance; — so the griffin enjoyed an excellent night's rest.

The dog now found himself much more comfortable than he expected. The griffin regularly gave him one of the bones for supper; and, pleased with his fidelity, made himself as agreeable a master as a griffin could do. Still, however, the dog was secretly very anxious to return to earth; for having nothing to do during the day but to doze on the ground, he dreamed perpetually of his cousin the cat's charms; and, in fancy, he gave the rascal Reynard as hearty a worry as a fox may well have the honour of receiving from a dog's paws. He awoke panting — alas! he could not realize his dreams.

One night, as he was watching as usual over the treasure, he was greatly surprised to see a beautiful little black and white dog enter the cave; and it came fawning to our honest friend, wagging its tail with pleasure.

"Ah! little one," said our dog, whom, to distinguish, I will

call the watch-dog, "you had better make the best of your way back again. See, there is a great griffin asleep in the other corner of the cave, and if he wakes, he will either eat you up or make you his servant, as he has made me."

"I know what you would tell me," says the little dog; "and I have come down here to deliver you. The stone is now gone from the mouth of the cave, and you have nothing to do but to go back with me. Come, brother, come."

The dog was very much excited by this address. "Don't ask me, my dear little friend," said he; "you must be aware that I should be too happy to escape out of this cold cave, and roll on the soft turf once more: but if I leave my master, the griffin, those cursed serpents, who are always on the watch, will come in and steal his treasure — nay, perhaps, sting him to death." Then the little dog came up to the watch-dog, and remonstrated with him greatly, and licked him caressingly on both sides of his face; and, taking him by the ear, endeavoured to draw him from the treasure: but the dog would not stir a step, though his heart sorely pressed him. At length the little dog, finding it all in vain, said, "Well then, if I must leave, good by; but I have become so hungry in coming down all this way after you, that I wish you would give me one of those bones; they smell very pleasantly, and one out of so many could never be missed."

"Alas!" said the watch-dog, with tears in his eyes, "how unlucky I am to have eat up the bone my master gave me, otherwise you should have had it and welcome. But I can't give you one of these, because my master has made me promise to watch over them all, and I have given him my paw on it. I am sure a dog of your respectable appearance will say nothing farther on the subject."

Then the little dog answered pettishly, "Pooh, what nonsense you talk! surely a great griffin can't miss a little bone, fit for me;" and nestling his nose under the watch-dog, he tried forthwith to bring up one of the bones.

On this the watch-dog grew angry, and, though with much reluctance, he seized the little dog by the nape of the neck and threw him off, but without hurting him. Suddenly the little dog

changed into a monstrous serpent, bigger even than the griffin himself, and the watch-dog barked with all his might. The griffin rose in a great hurry, and the serpent sprang upon him ere he was well awake. I wish, dearest Nymphalin, you could have seen the battle between the griffin and the serpent, how they coiled and twisted, and bit and darted their fiery tongues at each other. At length, the serpent got uppermost, and was about to plunge his tongue into that part of the griffin which is unprotected by his scales, when the dog, seizing him by the tail, bit him so sharply, that he could not help turning round to kill his new assailant, and the griffin, taking advantage of the opportunity, caught the serpent by the throat with both claws, and fairly strangled him. As soon as the griffin had removed from the nervousness of the conflict, he heaped all manner of caresses on the dog for saving his life. The dog told him the whole story, and the griffin then explained, that the dead snake was the king of the serpents, who had the power to change himself into any shape he pleased. "If he had tempted you," said he, "to leave the treasure but for one moment, or to have given him any part of it, ay, but a single bone, he would have crushed you in an instant, and stung me to death ere I could have waked; but none, no not the most venomous thing in creation, has power to hurt the honest!"

"That has always been my belief," answered the dog; "and now, Sir, you had better go to sleep again, and leave the rest to me."

"Nay," answered the griffin, "I have no longer need of a servant; for now that the king of the serpents is dead, the rest will never molest me. It was only to satisfy his avarice that his subjects dared to brave the den of the griffin."

Upon hearing this the dog was exceedingly delighted; and raising himself on his hind-paws, he begged the griffin most movingly to let him return to earth, to visit his mistress the cat, and worry his rival the fox.

"You do not serve an ungrateful master," answered the griffin. "You shall return, and I will teach you all the craft of our race, which is much craftier than the race of that pettifogger the fox, so that you may be able to cope with your rival."

"Ah, excuse me," said the dog, hastily, "I am equally obliged to you: but I fancy honesty is a match for cunning any day; and I think myself a great deal safer in being a dog of honour than if I knew all the tricks in the world."

"Well," said the griffin, a little piqued at the dog's bluntness, "do as you please; I wish you all possible success."

Then the griffin opened a secret door in the side of the cavern, and the dog saw a broad path that led at once into the wood. He thanked the griffin with all his heart, and ran wagging his tail into the open moonlight. "Ah, ah! master fox," said he, "there's no trap for an honest dog that has not two doors to it, cunning as you think yourself."

With that he curled his tail gallantly over his left leg, and set off on a long trot to the cat's house. When he was within sight of it, he stopped to refresh himself by a pool of water, and who should be there but our friend the magpie.

"And what do *you* want, friend?" said she, rather disdainfully, for the dog looked somewhat out of case after his journey.

"I am going to see my cousin the cat," answered he.

"*Your* cousin! marry come up," said the magpie; "don't you know she is going to be married to Reynard the fox? This is not a time for her to receive the visits of a brute like you."

These words put the dog in such a passion, that he very nearly bit the magpie for her uncivil mode of communicating such bad news. However he curbed his temper, and, without answering her, went at once to the cat's residence.

The cat was sitting at the window, and no sooner did the dog see her than he fairly lost his heart; never had he seen so charming a cat before: he advanced, wagging his tail, and with his most insinuating air; when the cat, getting up, clapped the window in his face — and lo! Reynard the fox appeared in her stead.

"Come out, thou rascal!" said the dog, showing his teeth: "come out, I challenge thee to single combat; I have not forgiven thy malice, and thou seest that I am no longer shut up in the cave, and unable to punish thee for thy wickedness."

"Go home, silly one!" answered the fox, sneering; "thou hast no business here, and as for fighting thee — bah!" Then the

fox left the window and disappeared. But the dog, thoroughly enraged, scratched lustily at the door, and made such a noise, that presently the cat herself came to the window.

"How now!" said she, angrily; "what means all this rudeness? Who are you, and what do you want at my house?"

"O, my dear cousin," said the dog, "do not speak so severely. Know that I have come here on purpose to pay you a visit; and, whatever you do, let me beseech you not to listen to that villain Reynard — you have no conception what a rogue he is!"

"What!" said the cat, blushing; "do you dare to abuse your betters in this fashion? I see you have a design on me. Go, this instant, or—"

"Enough, madam," said the dog, proudly; "you need not speak twice to me — farewell."

And he turned away very slowly, and went under a tree, where he took up his lodgings for the night. But the next morning there was an amazing commotion in the neighbourhood; a stranger, of a very different style of travelling from that of the dog, had arrived at the dead of the night, and fixed his abode in a large cavern, hollowed out of a steep rock. The noise he had made in flying through the air was so great, that it had awakened every bird and beast in the parish; and Reynard, whose bad conscience never suffered him to sleep very soundly, putting his head out of the window, perceived, to his great alarm, that the stranger was nothing less than a monstrous griffin.

Now the griffins are the richest beasts in the world; and that's the reason they keep so close under ground. Whenever it does happen that they pay a visit above, it is not a thing to be easily forgotten.

The magpie was all agitation, — what could the griffin possibly want there? She resolved to take a peep at the cavern, and accordingly she hopped timorously up the rock, and pretended to be picking up sticks for her nest.

"Holla, ma'am!" cried a very rough voice, and she saw the griffin putting his head out of the cavern. "Holla! you are the very lady I want to see; you know all the people about here — eh?"

"All the best company, your lordship, I certainly do," answered the magpie, dropping a courtesy.

Upon this the griffin walked out; and smoking his pipe leisurely in the open air, in order to set the pie at her ease, continued —

"Are there any respectable beasts of good families settled in this neighbourhood?"

"O most elegant society, I assure your lordship," cried the pie. "I have lived here myself these ten years, and the great heiress, the cat yonder, attracts a vast number of strangers."

"Humph — heiress, indeed! much *you* know about heiresses!" said the griffin. "There is only one heiress in the world, and that's my daughter."

"Bless me! has your lordship a family? I beg you a thousand pardons. But I only saw your lordship's own equipage last night, and did not know you brought any one with you."

"My daughter went first, and was safely lodged before I arrived. She did not disturb you, I dare say, as I did; for she sails along like a swan: but I have the gout in my left claw, and that 's the reason I puff and groan so in taking a journey."

"Shall I drop in upon Miss Griffin, and see how she is after her journey?" said the pie, advancing.

"I thank you, no. I don't intend her to be seen while I stay here — it unsettles her; and I'm afraid of the young beasts running away with her if they once heard how handsome she was: she's the living picture of me, but she 's monstrous giddy! Not that I should care much if she did go off with a beast of degree, were I not obliged to pay her portion, which is prodigious; and I don't like parting with money, ma'am, when I've once got it. Ho, ho, ho!"

"You are too witty, my lord. But if you refused your consent?" said the pie, anxious to know the whole family history of so grand a seigneur.

"I should have to pay the dowry all the same. It was left her by her uncle the dragon. But don't let this go any farther."

"Your lordship may depend on my secrecy. I wish your lordship a very good morning."

Away flew the pie, and she did not stop till she got to the cat's

house. The cat and the fox were at breakfast, and the fox had his paw on his heart. "Beautiful scene!" cried the pie; the cat coloured, and bade the pie take a seat.

Then off went the pie's tongue, glib, glib, glib, chatter, chatter, chatter. She related to them the whole story of the griffin and his daughter, and a great deal more besides, that the griffin had never told her.

The cat listened attentively. Another young heiress in the neighbourhood might be a formidable rival. "But is the griffiness handsome?" said she.

"Handsome!" cried the pie; "oh! if you could have seen the father! — such a mouth, such eyes, such a complexion; and he declares she's the living picture of himself! But what do you say, Mr. Reynard? you, who have been so much in the world, have, perhaps, seen the young lady!"

"Why, I can't say I have," answered the fox, waking from a reverie; "but she must be wonderfully rich. I dare say that fool, the dog, will be making up to her."

"Ah! by the way," said the pie, "what a fuss he made at your door yesterday; why would you not admit him, my dear?"

"Oh!" said the cat, demurely, "Mr. Reynard says that he is a dog of very bad character, quite a fortune-hunter; and hiding the most dangerous disposition to bite under an appearance of good nature. I hope he won't be quarrelsome with you, dear Reynard!"

"With me? O the poor wretch, no! — he might bluster a little; but he knows that if I'm once angry I'm a devil at biting; — but one should not boast of one's self."

In the evening Reynard felt a strange desire to go and see the griffin smoking his pipe; but what could he do? There was the dog under the opposite tree evidently watching for him, and Reynard had no wish to prove himself that devil at biting which he declared he was. At last he resolved to have recourse to stratagem to get rid of the dog.

A young buck of a rabbit, a sort of provincial fop, had looked in upon his cousin the cat, to pay her his respects, and Reynard,

taking him aside, said, "You see that shabby-looking dog under the tree? He has behaved very ill to your cousin the cat, and you certainly ought to challenge him — forgive my boldness — nothing but respect for your character induces me to take so great a liberty; you know I would chastize the rascal myself, but what a scandal it would make! If I were already married to your cousin, it would be a different thing. But you know what a story that cursed magpie would hatch out of it!"

The rabbit looked very foolish: he assured the fox that he was no match for the dog; that he was very fond of his cousin, to be sure; but he saw no necessity to interfere with her domestic affairs; — and, in short, he tried all he possibly could to get out of the scrape: but the fox so artfully played on his vanity — so earnestly assured him that the dog was the biggest coward in the world, and would make a humble apology, and so eloquently represented to him the glory he would obtain for manifesting so much spirit, that at length the rabbit was persuaded to go out and deliver the challenge.

"I'll be your second," said the fox; "and the great field on the other side the wood, two miles hence, shall be the place of battle: there we shall be out of observation. You go first, I'll follow in half an hour — and I say — hark! — in case he does accept the challenge, and you feel the least afraid, I'll be in the field, and take it off your paws with the utmost pleasure; rely on *me*, my dear Sir!"

Away went the rabbit. The dog was a little astonished at the temerity of the poor creature; but on hearing that the fox was to be present, willingly consented to repair to the place of conflict. This readiness the rabbit did not at all relish; he went very slowly to the field, and seeing no fox there, his heart misgave him, and while the dog was putting his nose to the ground to try if he could track the coming of the fox, the rabbit slipped into a burrow, and left the dog to walk back again.

Meanwhile the fox was already at the rock; he walked very soft-footedly, and looked about with extreme caution, for he had a vague notion that a griffin-papa would not be very civil to foxes.

Now there were two holes in the rock — one below, one above, an upper story and an under; and while the fox was peering about, he saw a great claw from the upper rock beckoning to him.

"Ah, ah!" said the fox, "that's the wanton young griffiness, I'll swear."

He approached, and a voice said —

"Charming Mr. Reynard! Do you not think you could deliver an unfortunate griffiness from a barbarous confinement in this rock?"

"Oh heavens!" cried the fox, tenderly, "what a beautiful voice! and, ah, my poor heart, what a lovely claw! Is it possible that I hear the daughter of my lord, the great griffin?"

"Hush, flatterer! not so loud, if you please. My father is taking an evening stroll, and is very quick of hearing. He has tied me up by my poor wings in the cavern, for he is mightily afraid of some beast running away with me. You know I have all my fortune settled on myself."

"Talk not of fortune," said the fox; "but how can I deliver you? Shall I enter and gnaw the cord?"

"Alas!" answered the griffiness, "it is an immense chain I am bound with. However, you may come in and talk more at your ease."

The fox peeped cautiously all round, and seeing no sign of the griffin, he entered the lower cave and stole up stairs to the upper story; but as he went on, he saw immense piles of jewels and gold, and all sorts of treasure, so that the old griffin might well have laughed at the poor cat being called an heiress. The fox was greatly pleased at such indisputable signs of wealth, and he entered the upper cave, resolved to be transported with the charms of the griffiness.

There was, however, a great chasm between the landing-place and the spot where the young lady was chained, and he found it impossible to pass; the cavern was very dark, but he saw enough of the figure of the griffiness to perceive, in spite of her petticoat, that she was the image of her father, and the most hideous heiress that the earth ever saw!

However, he swallowed his disgust, and poured forth such a

heap of compliments that the griffiness appeared entirely won. He implored her to fly with him the first moment she was unchained.

"That is impossible," said she; "for my father never unchains me except in his presence, and then I cannot stir out of his sight."

"The wretch!" cried Reynard, "what is to be done?"

"Why, there is only one thing I know of," answered the griffiness, "which is this — I always make his soup for him, and if I could mix something in it that would put him fast to sleep before he had time to chain me up again, I might slip down and carry off all the treasure below on my back."

"Charming!" exclaimed Reynard; "what invention! what wit! I will go and get some poppies directly."

"Alas!" said the griffiness, "poppies have no effect upon griffins. The only thing that can ever put my father fast to sleep is a nice young cat boiled up in his soup; it is astonishing what a charm that has upon him! But where to get a cat? — it must be a maiden cat too!"

Reynard was a little startled at so singular an opiate. "But," thought he, "griffins are not like the rest of the world, and so rich an heiress is not to be won by ordinary means."

"I do know a cat — a maiden cat," said he, after a short pause; "but I feel a little repugnance at the thought of having her boiled in the griffin's soup. Would not a dog do as well?"

"Ah, base thing!" said the griffiness, appearing to weep, "you are in love with the cat, I see it; go and marry her, poor dwarf that she is, and leave me to die of grief."

In vain the fox protested that he did not care a straw for the cat; nothing could now appease the griffiness, but his positive assurance that, come what would, poor puss should be brought to the cave, and boiled for the griffin's soup.

"But how will you get her here?" said the griffiness.

"Ah, leave that to me," said Reynard. "Only put a basket out of the window, and draw it up by a cord; the moment it arrives at the window, be sure to clap your claw on the cat at once, for she is terribly active."

"Tush!" answered the heiress; "a pretty griffiness I should be if I did not know how to catch a cat!"

"But this must be when your father is out?" said Reynard.

"Certainly: he takes a stroll every evening at sunset."

"Let it be to-morrow, then," said Reynard, impatient for the treasure.

This being arranged, Reynard thought it time to decamp. He stole down the stairs again, and tried to filch some of the treasure by the way: but it was too heavy for him to carry, and he was forced to acknowledge to himself that it was impossible to get the treasure without taking the griffiness (whose back seemed prodigiously strong) into the bargain.

He returned home to the cat, and when he entered her house, and saw how ordinary every thing looked after the jewels in the griffin's cave, he quite wondered how he had ever thought the cat had the least pretensions to good looks.

However, he concealed his wicked design, and his mistress thought he had never appeared so amiable.

"Only guess," said he, "where I have been? — to our new neighbour the griffin; a most charming person, thoroughly affable, and quite the air of the court. As for that silly magpie, the griffin saw her character at once; and it was all a hoax about his daughter: he has no daughter at all. You know, my dear, hoaxing is a fashionable amusement among the great. He says he has heard of nothing but your beauty, and on my telling him we were going to be married, he has insisted upon giving a great ball and supper in honour of the event. In fact, he is a gallant old fellow and dying to see you. Of course I was obliged to accept the invitation."

"You could not do otherwise," said the unsuspecting young creature, who, as I before said, was very susceptible to flattery.

"And only think how delicate his attentions are," said the fox. "As he is very badly lodged for a beast of his rank, and his treasure takes up the whole of the ground floor, he is forced to give the fête in the upper story, so he hangs out a basket for his guests, and draws them up with his own claw. How condescending! But the great *are* so amiable!"

The cat, brought up in seclusion, was all delight at the idea of seeing such high life, and the lovers talked of nothing else all the next day; — when Reynard, towards evening, putting his head out of the window, saw his old friend the dog lying as usual and watching him very grimly. “Ah, that cursed creature! I had quite forgotten him; what is to be done now? he would make no bones of me if he once saw me set foot out of doors.”

With that, the fox began to cast in his head how he should get rid of his rival, and at length he resolved on a very notable project: he desired the cat to set out first, and wait for him at a turn in the road a little way off. “For,” said he, “if we go together we shall certainly be insulted by the dog; and he will know that, in the presence of a lady, the custom of a beast of my fashion will not suffer me to avenge the affront. But when I am alone, the creature is such a coward that he would not dare say his soul’s his own: leave the door open and I’ll follow immediately.”

The cat’s mind was so completely poisoned against her cousin that she implicitly believed this account of his character, and accordingly, with many recommendations to her lover not to sully his dignity by getting into any sort of quarrel with the dog, she set off first.

The dog went up to her very humbly, and begged her to allow him to say a few words to her; but she received him so haughtily, that his spirit was up; and he walked back to the tree more than ever enraged against his rival. But what was his joy when he saw that the cat had left the door open! “Now wretch,” thought he, “you cannot escape me!” So he walked briskly in at the back door. He was greatly surprised to find Reynard lying down in the straw, panting as if his heart would break, and rolling his eyes in the pangs of death.

“Ah, friend,” said the fox, with a faltering voice, “you are avenged, my hour is come; I am just going to give up the ghost: put your paw upon mine, and say you forgive me.”

Despite his anger, the generous dog could not set tooth on a dying foe.

“You have served me a shabby trick,” said he: “you have left me to starve in a hole, and you have evidently maligned me with

my cousin: certainly I meant to be avenged on you; but if you are really dying, that alters the affair."

"Oh, oh!" groaned the fox very bitterly; "I am past help; the poor cat is gone for Doctor Ape, but he'll never come in time. What a thing it is to have a bad conscience on one's death-bed! But, wait till the cat returns, and I'll do you full justice with her before I die."

The good-natured dog was much moved at seeing his mortal enemy in such a state, and endeavoured as well as he could to console him.

"Oh, oh!" said the fox; "I am so parched in the throat — I am burning;" and he hung his tongue out of his mouth, and rolled his eyes more fearfully than ever.

"Is there no water here?" said the dog, looking round.

"Alas, no! — yet stay — yes, now I think of it, there is some in that little hole in the wall; but how to get at it! — it is so high that I can't, in my poor weak state, climb up to it; and I dare not ask such a favour of one I have injured so much."

"Don't talk of it," said the dog: "but the hole's very small, I could not put my nose through it."

"No; but if you just climb up on that stone, and thrust your paw into the hole, you can dip it into the water, and so cool my poor parched mouth. Oh, what a thing it is to have a bad conscience!"

The dog sprang upon the stone, and, getting on his hind-legs, thrust his front paw into the hole; when suddenly Reynard pulled a string that he had concealed under the straw, and the dog found his paw caught tight to the wall in a running noose.

"Ah, rascal!" said he turning round; but the fox leaped up gaily from the straw, and fastening the string with his teeth to a nail in the other end of the wall, walked out, crying, "Good-by, my dear friend; have a care how you believe hereafter in sudden conversions!" — So he left the dog on his hind-legs to take care of the house.

Reynard found the cat waiting for him where he had appointed, and they walked lovingly together till they came to the cave. It was now dark, and they saw the basket waiting below; the fox assisted

the poor cat into it. "There is only room for one," said he, "you must go first!" up rose the basket; the fox heard a piteous mew, and no more.

"So much for the griffin's soup!" thought he.

He waited patiently for some time, when the griffiness, waving her claw from the window, said cheerfully, "All 's right, my dear Reynard; my papa has finished his soup, and sleeps as sound as a rock! All the noise in the world would not wake him now, till he has slept off the boiled cat — which won't be these twelve hours. Come and assist me in packing up the treasure; I should be sorry to leave a single diamond behind."

"So should I," quoth the fox. "Stay, I 'll come round by the lower hole: why, the door 's shut! pray, beautiful griffiness, open it to thy impatient adorer."

"Alas, my father has hid the key! I never know where he places it: you must come up by the basket; see, I will lower it for you."

The fox was a little loath to trust himself in the same conveyance that had taken his mistress to be boiled; but the most cautious grow rash when money 's to be gained, and avarice can trap even a fox. So he put himself as comfortably as he could into the basket, and up he went in an instant. It rested, however, just before it reached the window, and the fox felt, with a slight shudder, the claw of the griffiness stroking his back.

"Oh, what a beautiful coat!" quoth she, caressingly.

"You are too kind," said the fox; "but you can feel it more at your leisure when I am once up. Make haste, I beseech you."

"Oh, what a beautiful bushy tail! Never did I feel such a tail!"

"It is entirely at your service, sweet griffiness," said the fox; "but pray let me in. Why lose an instant?"

"No, never did I feel such a tail! No wonder you are so successful with the ladies."

"Ah, beloved griffiness, my tail is yours to eternity, but you pinch it a little too hard."

Scarcely had he said this, when down dropped the basket, but not with the fox in it; he found himself caught by the tail, and

dangling half way down the rock, by the help of the very same sort of pulley wherewith he had snared the dog. I leave you to guess his consternation; he yelped out as loud as he could, — for it hurts a fox exceedingly to be hanged by his tail with his head downwards, — when the door of the rock opened, and out stalked the griffin himself, smoking his pipe, with a vast crowd of all the fashionable beasts in the neighbourhood.

“Oho, brother,” said the bear, laughing fit to kill himself; “who ever saw a fox hanged by the tail before?”

“You ’ll have need of a physician,” quoth Doctor Ape.

“A pretty match, indeed; a griffiness for such a creature as you!” said the goat, strutting by him.

The fox grinned with pain, and said nothing. But that which hurt him most was the compassion of a dull fool of a donkey, who assured him with great gravity that he saw nothing at all to laugh at in his situation!

“At all events,” said the fox at last, “cheated, gulled, betrayed as I am, I have played the same trick to the dog. Go and laugh at him, gentlemen; he deserves it as much as I can, I assure you.”

“Pardon me,” said the griffin, taking the pipe out of his mouth; “one never laughs at the honest.”

“And see,” said the bear, “here he is.”

And indeed the dog had, after much effort, gnawed the string in two, and extricated his paw: the scent of the fox had enabled him to track his footsteps, and here he arrived, burning for vengeance and finding himself already avenged.

But his first thought was for his dear cousin. “Ah, where is she?” he cried movingly; “without doubt that villain Reynard has served her some scurvy trick.”

“I fear so indeed, my old friend,” answered the griffin, “but don’t grieve: after all, she was nothing particular. You shall marry my daughter the griffiness, and succeed to all the treasure; ay, and all the bones that you once guarded so faithfully.”

“Talk not to me,” said the faithful dog. “I want none of your treasure; and, though I don’t mean to be rude, your griffiness

may go to the devil. I will run over the world but I will find my dear cousin."

"See her then," said the griffin; and the beautiful cat, more beautiful than ever, rushed out of the cavern and threw herself into the dog's paws.

A pleasant scene this for the fox! — he had skill enough in the female heart to know that it may excuse many little infidelities, — but to be boiled alive for a griffin's soup! — no, the offence was inexpiable!

"You understand me, Mr. Reynard," said the griffin, "I have no daughter, and it was me you made love to. Knowing what sort of a creature a magpie is, I amused myself with hoaxing her, — the fashionable amusement at court, you know."

The fox made a mighty struggle, and leaped on the ground, leaving his tail behind him. It did not grow again in a hurry.

"See," said the griffin, as the beasts all laughed at the figure Reynard made running into the wood, "the dog beats the fox, with the ladies, after all; and cunning as he is in every thing else, the fox is the last creature that should ever think of making love!"

"Charming!" cried Nymphalin, clasping her hands; "it is just the sort of story I like."

"And I suppose, Sir," said Nip, pertly, "that the dog and the cat lived very happily ever afterwards? Indeed the nuptial felicity of a dog and cat is proverbial!"

"I dare say they lived much the same as any other married couple," answered the prince.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Tomb of a Father of many Children.

THE feast being now ended, as well as the story, the fairies wound their way homeward by a different path, till at length a red steady light glowed through the long basaltic arches upon them, like the Demon Hunters' fires in the Forest of Pines.

The prince sobered in his pace. "You approach," said he, in a grave tone, "the greatest of our temples; you will witness the

tomb of a mighty founder of our race!" An awe crept over the queen, in despite of herself. Tracking the fires in silence, they came to a vast space, in the midst of which was a lone grey block of stone, such as the traveller finds amidst the dread silence of Egyptian Thebes.

And on this stone lay the gigantic figure of a man — dead, but not deathlike, for invisible spells had preserved the flesh and the long hair for untold ages; and beside him lay a rude instrument of music, and at his feet was a sword and a hunter's spear; and above, the rock wound, hollowed and roofless, to the upper air, and daylight came through, sickened and pale, beneath red fires that burnt everlastingly around him, on such simple altars as belong to a savage race. But the place was not solitary, for many motionless, but not lifeless, shapes sat on large blocks of stone beside the tomb. There was the wizard, wrapt in his long black mantle, and his face covered with his hands — there was the uncouth and deformed dwarf, gibbering to himself — there sat the household elf — there glowered from a gloomy rent in the wall, with glittering eyes and shining scale, the enormous dragon of the North. An aged crone in rags, leaning on a staff, and gazing malignantly on the visitors, with bleared but fiery eyes, stood opposite the tomb of the gigantic dead. And now the fairies themselves completed the group! But all was dumb and unutterably silent; the silence that floats over some antique city of the desert, when, for the first time for a hundred centuries, a living foot enters its desolate remains; the silence that belongs to the dust of eld, — deep, solemn, palpable, and sinking into the heart with a leaden and deathlike weight. Even the English fairy spoke not; she held her breath, and gazing on the tomb she saw, in rude vast characters,

THE TEUTON.

"*We* are all that remain of his religion!" said the prince, as they turned from the dread temple.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Fairy's Cave, and the Fairy's Wish.

It was evening; and the fairies were dancing beneath the twilight star.

"And why art thou sad, my violet?" said the prince, "for thine eyes seek the ground!"

"Now that I have found thee," answered the queen, "and now that I feel what happy love is to a fairy, I sigh over that love which I have lately witnessed among mortals, but the bud of whose happiness already conceals the worm. For well didst thou say, my prince, that we are linked with a mysterious affinity to mankind, and whatever is pure and gentle amongst them speaks at once to our sympathy, and commands our vigils."

"And most of all," said the German fairy, "are they who love under our watch; for love is the golden chain that binds all in the universe: love lights up alike the star and the glowworm; and wherever there is love in men's lot, lies the secret affinity with men, and with things divine."

"But with the human race," said Nymphalin, "there is no love that outlasts the hour, for either death ends, or custom alters: when the blossom comes to fruit, it is plucked, and seen no more; and therefore, when I behold true love sentenced to an early grave, I comfort myself that I shall not at least behold the beauty dimmed, and the softness of the heart hardened into stone. Yet, my prince, while still the pulse can beat, and the warm blood flow, in that beautiful form, which I have watched over of late, let me not desert her; still let my influence keep the sky fair, and the breezes pure; still let me drive the vapour from the moon, and the clouds from the faces of the stars; still let me fill her dreams with tender and brilliant images, and glass in the mirror of sleep, the happiest visions of fairy land; still let me pour over her eyes that magic, which suffers them to see no fault in one in whom she has garnered up her soul! And as death comes slowly on, still let me rob the spectre of its terror, and the grave of its sting; — so that, all gently and unconscious to herself, life may

glide into the Great Ocean where the shadows lie; and the spirit without guile, may be severed from its mansion without pain!"

The wish of the fairy was fulfilled.

CHAPTER XV.

The Banks of the Rhine, from the Drachenfels to Brohl: an Incident that suffices in this Tale for an Epoch.

FROM the Drachenfels commences the true glory of the Rhine; and, once more, Gertrude's eyes conquered the languor that crept gradually over them, as she gazed on the banks around.

Fair blew the breeze, and freshly curled the waters; and Gertrude did not feel the vulture that had fixed its talons within her breast. The Rhine widens, like a broad lake, between the Drachenfels and Unkel; villages are scattered over the extended plain on the left; on the right is the Isle of Werth and the houses of Oberwinter; the hills are covered with vines; and still Gertrude turned back with a lingering gaze to the lofty crest of the Seven Hills.

On, on — and the spires of Unkel rose above a curve in the banks, and on the opposite shore stretched those wondrous basaltic columns which extend to the middle of the river, and when the Rhine runs low, you may see them like an engulfed city beneath the waves. You then view the ruins of Okkenfels, and hear the voice of the pastoral Gasbach pouring its waters into the Rhine. From amidst the clefts of the rocks the vine peeps luxuriantly forth, and gives a richness and colouring to what Nature, left to herself, intended for the stern.

"But turn your eye backward to the right," said Trevlyan; "those banks were formerly the special haunt of the bold robbers of the Rhine, and from amidst the entangled brakes that then covered the ragged cliffs they rushed upon their prey. In the gloomy canvass of those feudal days what vigorous and mighty images were crowded! A robber's life amidst these mountains, and beside this mountain stream, must have been the very poetry of the spot carried into action."

They rested at Brohl, a small town between two mountains.

On the summit of one you see the grey remains of Rheineck. There is something weird and preternatural about the aspect of this place; its soil betrays signs that, in the former ages (from which even tradition is fast fading away), some volcano here exhausted its fires. The stratum of the earth is black and pitchy, and the springs beneath it are of a dark and graveolent water. Here the stream of the Brohlbach falls into the Rhine, and in a valley rich with oak and pine, and full of caverns, which are not without their traditionary inmates, stands the castle of Schweppenbourg, which our party failed not to visit.

Gertrude felt fatigued on their return, and Trevlyan sat by her in the little inn, while Vane went forth, with the curiosity of science, to examine the strata of the soil.

They conversed in the frankness of their plighted troth upon those topics which are only for lovers: upon the bright chapter in the history of their love; their first meeting; their first impressions; the little incidents in their present journey — incidents noticed by themselves alone; that life *within* life which two persons know together, — which one knows not without the other, — which ceases to both the instant they are divided.

"I know not what the love of others may be," said Gertrude, "but ours seems different from all of which I have read. Books tell us of jealousies and misconstructions, and the necessity of an absence, the sweetness of a quarrel; but *we*, dearest Albert, have had no experience of these passages in love. *We* have never misunderstood each other; *we* have no reconciliation to look back to. When was there ever occasion for me to ask forgiveness from you? Our love is made up only of one memory — unceasing kindness! a harsh word, a wronging thought, never broke in upon the happiness we have felt and feel."

"Dearest Gertrude," said Trevlyan, "that character of our love is caught from you; you, the soft, the gentle, have been its pervading genius; and the well has been smooth and pure, for you were the spirit that lived within its depths."

And to such talk succeeded silence still more sweet — the silence of the hushed and overflowing heart. The last voices of the birds — the sun slowly sinking in the west — the fragrance of

descending dews — filled them with that deep and mysterious sympathy which exists between Love and Nature.

It was after such a silence — a long silence, that seemed but as a moment — that Trevelyman spoke, but Gertrude answered not; and, yearning once more for her sweet voice, he turned and saw that she had fainted away.

This was the first indication of the point to which her increasing debility had arrived. Trevelyman's heart stood still, and then beat violently; a thousand fears crept over him, he clasped her in his arms, and bore her to the open window. The setting sun fell upon her countenance, from which the play of the young heart and warm fancy had fled, and in its deep and still repose the ravages of disease were darkly visible. Oh God! what were then his emotions! his heart was like stone; but he felt a rush as of a torrent to his temples: his eyes grew dizzy — he was stunned by the greatness of his despair. For the last week he had taken hope for his companion; Gertrude had seemed so much stronger, for her happiness had given her a false support; and though there had been moments when, watching the bright hectic come and go, and her step linger, and the breath heave short, he had felt the hope suddenly cease, yet never had he known till now that fulness of anguish, that dread certainty of the worst which the calm, fair face before him struck into his soul: and mixed with this agony as he gazed was all the passion of the most ardent love. For there she lay in his arms, the gentle breath rising from lips where the rose yet lingered, and the long, rich hair, soft and silken as an infant's, stealing from its confinement: every thing that belonged to Gertrude's beauty was so inexpressively soft, and pure, and youthful! Scarcely seventeen, she seemed much younger than she was; her figure had sunken from its roundness, but still how light, how lovely were its wrecks! the neck whiter than snow, — the fair, small hand! Her weight was scarcely felt in the arms of her lover, — and he — what a contrast! — was in all the pride and flower of glorious manhood! his was the lofty brow, the wreathing hair, the haughty eye, the elastic form; and upon this frail, perishable thing had he fixed all his heart, all the hopes of his youth, the pride of his manhood, his schemes, his energies, his ambition!

"Oh, Gertrude!" cried he, "is it — is it thus — is there indeed no hope?"

And Gertrude now slowly recovering, and opening her eyes upon Trevlyan's face, the revulsion was so great, his emotions so overpowering, that, clasping her to his bosom, as if even death should not tear her away from him, he wept over her in an agony of tears; not those tears that relieve the heart, but the fiery rain of the internal storm, a sign of the fierce tumult that shook the very core of his existence, not a relief.

Awakened to herself, Gertrude, in amazement and alarm, threw her arms around his neck, and, looking wistfully into his face, implored him to speak to her.

"Was it my illness, love?" said she; and the music of her voice only conveyed to him the thought of how soon it would be dumb to him for ever. "Nay," she continued, winningly, "it was but the heat of the day; I am better now — I am well; there is no cause to be alarmed for me:" and, with all the innocent fondness of extreme youth, she kissed the burning tears from his eyes.

There was a playfulness, an innocence in this poor girl, so unconscious as yet of her destiny, which rendered her fate doubly touching; and which to the stern Trevlyan, hackneyed by the world, made her irresistible charm; and now, as she put aside her hair, and looked up gratefully, yet pleadingly, into his face, he could scarce refrain from pouring out to her the confession of his anguish and despair. But the necessity of self-control — the necessity of concealing from *her* a knowledge which might only, by impressing her imagination, expedite her doom, while it would embitter to her mind the unconscious enjoyment of the hour, nerved and manned him. He checked by those violent efforts which only men can make, the evidence of his emotions; and endeavoured, by a rapid torrent of words, to divert her attention from a weakness, the causes of which he could not explain. Fortunately Vane soon returned, and Trevlyan, consigning Gertrude to his care, hastily left the room.

Gertrude sunk into a revery.

"Ah, dear father!" said she, suddenly, and after a pause, "if I indeed were worse than I have thought myself of late — if I

were to die now, what would Trevlyan feel? Pray God, I may live for his sake!"

"My child, do not talk thus: you are better, much better than you were. Ere the autumn ends, Trevlyan's happiness will be your lawful care. Do not think so despondently of yourself."

"I thought not of my myself," sighed Gertrude, "but of *him*!"

CHAPTER XVI.

Gertrude. — The Excursion to Hammerstein. — Thoughts.

THE next day they visited the environs of Brohl. Gertrude was unusually silent, for her temper, naturally sunny and enthusiastic, was accustomed to light up every thing she saw. Ah, once how bounding was that step! how undulating the young graces of that form! how playfully once danced the ringlets on that laughing cheek! But she clung to Trevlyan's proud form with a yet more endearing tenderness than was her wont, and hung yet more eagerly on his words; her hand sought his, and she often pressed it to her lips, and sighed as she did so. Something that she would not tell seemed passing within her, and sobered her playful mood. But there was this noticeable in Gertrude: whatever took away from her gaiety, increased her tenderness. The infirmities of her frame never touched her temper. She was kind — gentle — loving to the last.

They had crossed to the opposite banks, to visit the Castle of Hammerstein. The evening was transparently serene and clear; and the warmth of the sun yet lingered upon the air, even though the twilight had passed and the moon risen, as their boat returned by a lengthened passage to the village. Broad and straight flows the Rhine in this part of its career. On one side lay the wooded village of Namedy, the hamlet of Fornech, backed by the blue rock of Kruzborner Ley, the mountains that shield the mysterious Brohl; and, on the opposite shore, they saw the mighty rock of Hammerstein, with the green and livid ruins sleeping in the melancholy moonlight. Two towers rose haughtily above the more dismantled wrecks. How changed since the alternate banners of the Spaniard and the Swede waved from their ramparts, in that great war in

which the gorgeous Wallenstein won his laurels? And in its mighty calm, flowed on the ancestral Rhine; the vessel reflected on its smooth expanse, and above, girded by thin and shadowy clouds, the moon cast her shadows upon rocks covered with verdure, and brought into a dim light the twin spires of Andernach, tranquil in the distance.

"How beautiful is this hour!" said Gertrude, with a low voice: "surely we do not live enough in the night; one half the beauty of the world is slept away. What in the day can equal the holy calm, the loveliness, and the stillness which the moon now casts over the earth? These," she continued, pressing Trevlyan's hand, "are hours to remember; and *you*, — will you ever forget them?"

Something there is in recollections of such times and scenes that seem not to belong to real life, but are rather an episode in its history; they are like some wandering into a more ideal world; they refuse to blend with our ruder associations; they live in us, apart and alone, to be treasured ever, but not lightly to be recalled. There are none living to whom we can confide them, — who can sympathize with what then we felt? It is this that makes poetry, and that page which we create as a confidant to ourselves, necessary to the thoughts that weigh upon the breast. We write, for our writing is our friend, the inanimate paper is our confessional; we pour forth on it the thoughts that we could tell to no private ear, and are relieved — are consoled. And, if genius has one prerogative dearer than the rest, it is that which enables it to do honour to the dead — to revive the beauty, the virtue that are no more; to wreath chaplets that outlive the day round the urn which were else forgotten by the world!

When the poet mourns, in his immortal verse, for the dead, tell me not that fame is in his mind! it is filled by thoughts, by emotions that shut out the living. He is breathing to his genius — to that sole and constant friend, which has grown up with him from his cradle — the sorrows too delicate for human sympathy; and when afterwards he consigns the confession to the crowd, it is indeed from the hope of honour; — honour not for himself, but for the being that is no more.

CHAPTER XVII.

Letter from Trevelyan to ****.

“Coblentz.

“I AM obliged to you, my dear friend, for your letter; which, indeed, I have not, in the course of our rapid journey, had the leisure, perhaps the heart, to answer before. But we are staying in this town for some days, and I write now in the early morning, ere any one else in our hotel is awake. Do not tell me of adventure, of politics, of intrigues; my nature is altered. I threw down your letter, animated and brilliant as it was, with a sick and revolted heart. But I am now in somewhat less dejected spirits. Gertrude is better — yes; really better; there is a physician here who gives me hope; my care is perpetually to amuse, and never to fatigue her, — never to permit her thoughts to rest upon herself. For I have imagined that illness cannot, at least in the unexhausted vigour of our years, fasten upon us irremediably, unless we feed it with our own belief in its existence. You see men of the most delicate frames engaged in active and professional pursuits, who literally have no time for illness. Let them become idle — let them take care of themselves — let them think of their health — and they die! The rust rots the steel which use preserves; and, thank Heaven, although Gertrude, once during our voyage, seemed roused, by an inexcusable imprudence of emotion on my part, into some suspicion of her state, yet it passed away; for she thinks rarely of herself — I am ever in her thoughts and seldom from her side, and you know, too, the sanguine and credulous nature of her disease. But, indeed, I now hope more than I have done since I knew her.

“When, after an excited and adventurous life which had comprised so many changes in so few years, I found myself at rest in the bosom of a retired and remote part of the country, and Gertrude and her father were my only neighbours, I was in that state of mind in which the passions, recruited by solitude, are accessible to the purer and more divine emotions. I was struck by Gertrude’s beauty; I was charmed by her simplicity. Worn in

the usages and fashions of the world, the inexperience, the trustfulness, the exceeding youth of her mind, charmed and touched me; but when I saw the stamp of our national disease in her bright eye and transparent cheek, I felt my love chilled while my interest was increased. I fancied myself safe, and I went daily into the danger; I imagined so pure a light could not burn, and I was consumed. Not till my anxiety grew into pain, my interest into terror, did I know the secret of my own heart; and at the moment that I discovered this secret, I discovered also that Gertrude loved me! What a destiny was mine! what happiness, yet what misery! Gertrude was my own — but for what period? I might touch that soft hand — I might listen to the tenderest confession from that silver voice, — but all the while my heart spoke of passion, my reason whispered of death. You know that I am considered of a cold and almost callous nature, that I am not easily moved into affection, but my very pride bowed me here into weakness. There was so soft a demand upon my protection, so constant an appeal to my anxiety. You know that my father's quick temper burns within me, that I am hot, and stern, and exacting; but one hasty word, one thought of myself, here were inexcusable. So brief a time might be left for her earthly happiness, — could I embitter one moment? All that feeling of uncertainty which should in prudence have prevented my love, increased it almost to a preternatural excess. That which it is said mothers feel for an only child in sickness, I feel for Gertrude. *My* existence is not! — I exist in her!

“Her illness increased upon her at home; they have recommended travel. She chose the course we were to pursue, and, fortunately, it was so familiar to me, that I have been enabled to brighten the way. I am ever on the watch that she shall not know a weary hour; you would almost smile to see how I have roused myself from my habitual silence; and to find me — me, the scheming and worldly actor of real life, plunged back into the early romance of my boyhood, and charming the childish delight of Gertrude with the invention of fables and the traditions of the Rhine.

“But I believe I have succeeded in my object; if not, what is

left to me? *Gertrude is better!* — In that sentence what visions of hope dawn upon me! I wish you could have seen Gertrude before we left England; you might then have understood my love for her. Not that we have not, in the gay capitals of Europe, paid our brief vows to forms more richly beautiful; not that we have not been charmed by a more brilliant genius, — by a more tutored grace. But there is that in Gertrude which I never saw before; the union of the childish and the intellectual, and ethereal simplicity, a temper that is never dimmed, a tenderness — oh God! let me not speak of her virtues, for they only tell me how little she is suited to the earth.

“You will direct to me at Mayence, whither our course now leads us, and your friendship will find indulgence for a letter that is so little a reply to yours.

“Your sincere Friend,

“A. G. TREVYLYAN.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

Coblentz. — Excursion to the Mountains of Taunus; Roman Tower in the Valley of Ehrenbreitstein. — Travel, its Pleasures estimated differently by the Young and the Old. — The Student of Heidelberg; his Criticisms on German Literature.

GERTRUDE had, indeed, apparently rallied during their stay at Coblentz; and a French physician established in the town (who adopted a peculiar treatment for consumption, which had been attended with no ordinary success,) gave her father and Trevvlyan a sanguine assurance of her ultimate recovery. The time they passed within the white walls of Coblentz was, therefore, the happiest and most cheerful part of their pilgrimage. They visited the various places in its vicinity; but the excursion which most delighted Gertrude was one to the mountains of Taunus.

They took advantage of a beautiful September day; and, crossing the river, commenced their tour from the Thal, or valley of Ehrenbreitstein. They stopped on their way to view the remains of a Roman tower in the valley, for the whole of that district bears frequent witness of the ancient conquerors of the world. The

mountains of Taunus are still intersected with the roads which the Romans cut to the mines that supplied them with silver. Roman urns, and inscribed stones, are often found in these ancient places. The stones, inscribed with names utterly unknown — a type of the uncertainty of fame! — the urns, from which the dust is gone — a very satire upon life!

Lone grey, and mouldering, this tower stands aloft in the valley; and the quiet Vane smiled to see the uniform of a modern Prussian, with his white belt and lifted bayonet, by the spot which had once echoed to the clang of the Roman arms. The soldier was paying a momentary court to a country damsel, whose straw hat and rustic dress did not stifle the vanity of the sex; and this rude and humble gallantry, in that spot, was another moral in the history of human passions. Above, the ramparts of a modern rule frowned down upon the solitary tower, as if in the vain insolence with which present power looks upon past decay; the living race upon ancestral greatness. And indeed, in this respect, rightly! — for modern times have no parallel to that degradation of human dignity stamped upon the ancient world by the long sway of the Imperial Harlot, all slavery herself, yet all tyranny to earth; — and, like her own Messalina, at once a prostitute and an empress!

They continued their course by the ancient baths of Ems, and keeping by the banks of the romantic Lahn, arrived at Holzapfel.

“Ah,” said Gertrude, one day, as they proceeded to the springs of the Carlovingian Wisbaden, “surely perpetual travel with those we love must be the happiest state of existence. If home has its comforts it also has its cares; but here we are at home with Nature, and the minor evils vanish almost before they are felt.”

“True,” said Trevlyan, “we escape from ‘THE LITTLE,’ which is the curse of life; the small cares that devour us up, the grievances of the day. We are feeding the divinest part of our nature, — the appetite to admire.”

“But of all things wearisome,” said Vane, “a succession of changes is the most. There can be a monotony in variety itself. As the eye aches in gazing long at the new shapes of the kaleidoscope, the mind aches at the fatigue of a constant alternation of objects;

and we delightedly return to REST, which is to life what green is to the earth."

In the course of their sojourn among the various baths of Taunus, they fell in, by accident, with a German student of Heidelberg, who was pursuing the pedestrian excursions so peculiarly favoured by his tribe. He was tamer and gentler than the general herd of those young wanderers, and our party were much pleased with his enthusiasm, because it was unaffected. He had been in England, and spoke its language almost as a native.

"Our literature," said he, one day, conversing with Vane, "has two faults — we are too subtle and too homely. We do not speak enough to the broad comprehension of mankind; we are forever making abstract qualities of flesh and blood. Our critics have turned your Hamlet into an allegory; they will not even allow Shakespeare to paint mankind, but insist on his embodying qualities. They turn poetry into metaphysics, and truth seems to them shallow, unless an allegory, which is false, can be seen at the bottom. Again, too, with our most imaginative works we mix a homeliness that we fancy touching, but which in reality is ludicrous. We eternally step from the sublime to the ridiculous — we want taste."

"But not, I hope, French taste. Do not govern a Goethe, or even a Richter, by a Boileau!" said Trevelyman.

"No, but Boileau's taste was false. Men, who have the reputation for good taste, often acquire it solely because of the want of genius. By taste, I mean a quick tact into the harmony of composition, the art of making the whole consistent with its parts, the *concinuitas* — Schiller alone of our authors has it; — but we are fast mending; and, by following shadows so long we have been led at last to the substance. Our past literature is to us what astrology was to science, — false but ennobling, and conducting us to the true language of the Intellectual heaven."

Another time the scenes they passed, interspersed with the ruins of frequent monasteries, leading them to converse on the monastic life, and the various additions time makes to religion, the German said; "Perhaps one of the works most wanted in the world, is the history of Religion. We have several books, it is

true, on the subject, but none that supply the want I allude to. A German ought to write it; for it is, probably, only a German that would have the requisite learning. A German only, too, is likely to treat the mighty subject with boldness, and yet with veneration; without the shallow flippancy of the Frenchman, without the timid sectarianism of the English. It would be a noble task, to trace the winding mazes of antique falsehood; to clear up the first glimmerings of divine truth; to separate Jehovah's word from man's invention; to vindicate the All-merciful from the dread creeds of bloodshed and of fear: and, watching in the great Heaven of Truth the dawning of the True Star, follow it — like the Magi of the East — till it rested above the real God. Not indeed presuming to such a task," continued the German, with a slight blush, "I have about me an humble essay, which treats only of one part of that august subject; which, leaving to a loftier genius the history of the true religion, may be considered as the history of a false one; — of such a creed as Christianity supplanted in the north; or such as may perhaps be found among the fiercest of the savage tribes. It is a fiction — as you may conceive; but yet, by a constant reference to the early records of human learning, I have studied to weave it up from truths. If you would like to hear it — it is very short —"

"Above all things," said Vane; and the German drew a manuscript neatly bound, from his pocket.

"After having myself criticised so insolently the faults of our national literature," said he, smiling, "you will have a right to criticise the faults that belong to so humble a disciple of it. But you will see that, though I have commenced with the allegorical or the supernatural, I have endeavoured to avoid the subtlety of conceit, and the obscurity of design, which I blame in the wilder of our authors. As to the style, I wished to suit it to the subject; it ought to be, unless I err, rugged and massive; hewn, as it were, out of the rock of primæval language. But you, madam; — doubtless you do not understand German?"

"Her mother was an Austrian," said Vane; "and she knows at least enough of the tongue to understand you; so pray begin."

Without further preface, the German then commenced the story, which the reader will find translated * in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XIX.

The fallen star; or, the History of a false Religion.

AND the STARS sat, each on his ruby throne, and watched with sleepless eyes upon the world. It was the night ushering in the new year, a night on which every star received from the archangel that then visits the universal galaxy, its peculiar charge. The destinies of men and empires are then portioned forth for the coming year, and, unconsciously to ourselves, our fates become minioned to the stars. A hushed and solemn night is that in which the dark Gates of Time open to receive the ghost of the Dead Year, and the young and radiant Stranger rushes forth from the clouded chasms of Eternity. On that night, it is said, that there are given to the spirits that we see not, a privilege and a power; the dead are troubled in their forgotten graves, and men feast and laugh, while demon and angel are contending for their doom.

It was night in heaven; all was unutterably silent, the music of the spheres had paused, and not a sound came from the angels of the stars; and they who sat upon those shining thrones were three thousand and ten, each resembling each. Eternal youth clothed their radiant limbs with celestial beauty, and on their faces was written the dread of calm, that fearful stillness which feels not, sympathizes not with the dooms over which it broods. War, tempest, pestilence, the rise of empires, and their fall, they ordain, they compass, unexultant and uncompassionate. The fell and thrilling crimes that stalk abroad when the world sleeps, the parricide with his stealthy step, and horrent brow, and lifted knife; the unwifed mother that glides out and looks behind, and behind, and shudders, and casts her babe upon the river, and hears the wail, and pities not — the splash, and does not tremble; — these the starred kings behold — to these they lead the uncon-

* Nevertheless I beg to state seriously, that the German student is an impostor; and that he has no right to wrest the parentage of the fiction from the true author.

scious step; but the guilt blanches not their lustre, neither doth remorse wither their unwrinkled youth. Each star wore a kingly diadem; round the loins of each was a graven belt, graven with many and mighty signs; and the foot of each was on a burning ball, and the right arm drooped over the knee as they bent down from their thrones; they moved not a limb or feature, save the finger of the right hand, which ever and anon moved slowly pointing, and regulated the fates of men as the hand of the dial speaks the career of time.

One only of the three thousand and ten wore not the same aspect as his crowned brethren; a star, smaller than the rest, and less luminous; the countenance of this star was not impressed with the awful calmness of the others; but there were sullenness and discontent upon his mighty brow.

And this star said to himself, — "Behold! I am created less glorious than my fellows, and the archangel apportioned not to me the same lordly destinies. Not for me are the dooms of kings and bards, the rulers of empires, or, yet nobler, the swayers and harmonists of souls. Sluggish are the spirits and base the lot of the men I am ordained to lead through a dull life to a fameless grave. And wherefore? — is it mine own fault, or is it the fault which is not mine, that I was woven of beams less glorious than my brethren? Lo! when the archangel comes, I will bow not my crowned head to his decrees. I will speak, as the ancestral Lucifer before me: *he* rebelled because of his glory, *I* because of my obscurity; *he* from the ambition of pride, and *I* from its discontent."

And while the star was thus communing with himself, the upward heavens were parted as by a long river of light, and adown that stream swiftly, and without sound, sped the archangel visitor of the stars; his vast limbs floated in the liquid lustre, and his outspread wings, each plume the glory of a sun, bore him noiselessly along; but thick clouds veiled his lustre from the eyes of mortals, and while above all was bathed in the serenity of his splendour, tempest and storm broke below over the children of the earth: "He bowed the heavens and came down, and darkness was under his feet."

And the stillness on the faces of the stars became yet more still, and the awfulness was humbled into awe. Right above their thrones paused the course of the archangel; and his wings stretched from east to west, overshadowing with the shadow of light the immensity of space. Then forth, in the shining stillness, rolled the dread music of his voice: and, fulfilling the heraldry of God, to each star he appointed the duty and the charge, and each star bowed his head yet lower as he heard the fiat, while his throne rocked and trembled at the Majesty of the Word. But at last, when each of the brighter stars had, in succession, received the mandate, and the vice-royalty over the nations of the earth, the purple and diadems of kings; — the archangel addressed the lesser star as he sat apart from his fellows: —

“Behold,” said the archangel, “the rude tribes of the north, the fishermen of the river that flows beneath, and the hunters of the forests, that darken the mountain-tops with verdure! these be thy charge, and their destinies thy care. Nor deem thou, O Star of the sullen beams, that thy duties are less glorious than the duties of thy brethren; for the peasant is not less to thy master and mine than the monarch; nor doth the doom of empires rest more upon the sovereign than on the herd. The passions and the heart are the dominion of the stars, — a mighty realm; nor less mighty beneath the hide that garbs the shepherd, than the jewelled robes of the eastern kings.”

Then the star lifted his pale front from his breast, and answered the archangel: —

“Lo!” he said, “ages have past, and each year thou hast appointed me to the same ignoble charge. Release me, I pray thee, from the duties that I scorn; or, if thou wilt that the lowlier race of men be my charge, give unto me the charge not of many, but of one, and suffer me to breathe into him the desire that spurns the valleys of life, and ascends its steep. If the humble are given to me, let there be amongst them one whom I may lead on the mission that shall abase the proud; for, behold, O Appointer of the Stars, as I have sat for uncounted years upon my solitary throne, brooding over the things beneath, my spirit hath gathered wisdom

from the changes that shift below. Looking upon the tribes of earth, I have seen how the multitude are swayed, and tracked the steps that lead weakness into power; and fain would I be the ruler of one who, if abased, shall aspire to rule."

As a sudden cloud over the face of noon was the change on the brow of the archangel.

"Proud and melancholy star," said the herald, "thy wish would war with the courses of the invisible DESTINY, that, throned far above, sways and harmonizes all; the source from which the lesser rivers of fate are eternally gushing through the heart of the universe of things. Thinkest thou that thy wisdom, of itself, can lead the peasant to become a king?"

And the crowned star gazed undauntedly on the face of the archangel, and answered,

"Yea! — grant me but one trial!"

Ere the archangel could reply, the farthest centre of the heaven was rent as by a thunderbolt; and the Divine herald covered his face with his hands, and a voice low and sweet, and mild with the consciousness of unquestionable power, spoke forth to the repining star.

"The time has arrived when thou mayest have thy wish. Below thee, upon yon solitary plain, sits a mortal, gloomy as thyself, who, born under thy influence, may be moulded to thy will."

The voice ceased as the voice of a dream. Silence was over the seas of space, and the archangel, once more borne aloft, slowly soared away into the farther heaven, to promulgate the divine bidding to the stars of far-distant worlds. But the soul of the discontented star exulted within itself; and it said, "I will call forth a king from the valley of the herdsman, that shall trample on the kings subject to my fellows, and render the charge of the condemned star more glorious than the minions of its favoured brethren; thus shall I revenge neglect — thus shall I prove my claim hereafter to the heritage of the great of earth!"

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At that time, though the world had rolled on for ages, and the pilgrimage of man had passed through various states of existence, which our dim traditionary knowledge has not preserved, yet the condition of our race in the northern hemisphere was then what *we*, in our imperfect lore, have conceived to be among the earliest.

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By a rude and vast pile of stones, the masonry of arts forgotten, a lonely man sat at midnight, gazing upon the heavens; a storm had just passed from the earth — the clouds had rolled away, and the high stars looked down upon the rapid waters of the Rhine; and no sound save the roar of the waves, and the dripping of the rain from the mighty trees, was heard around the ruined pile: the white sheep lay scattered on the plain, and slumber with them. He sat watching over the herd, lest the foes of a neighbouring tribe seized them unawares, and thus he communed with himself: "The king sits upon his throne, and is honoured by a warrior race, and the warrior exults in the trophies he has won; the step of the huntsman is bold upon the mountain-top, and his name is sung at night round the pine-fires, by the lips of the bard; and the bard himself hath honour in the hall. But I, who belong not to the race of kings, and whose limbs can bound not to the rapture of war, nor scale the eyries of the eagle and the haunts of the swift stag; whose hand cannot string the harp, and whose voice is harsh in the song; I have neither honour nor command, and men bow not the head as I pass along; yet do I feel within me the consciousness of a great power that should rule my species — not obey. My eye pierces the secret hearts of men — I see their thoughts ere their lips proclaim them; and I scorn, while I see, the weakness and the vices which I never shared — I laugh at the madness of the warrior — I mock within my soul at the tyranny of kings. Surely there is something in man's nature more fitted to command — more worthy of renown, than the sinews of the arm, or the swiftness of the feet, or the accident of birth!"

As Morven, the son of Osslah, thus mused within himself, still looking at the heavens, the solitary man beheld a star sud-

denly shooting from its place, and speeding through the silent air, till it as suddenly paused right over the midnight river, and facing the inmate of the pile of stones.

As he gazed upon the star strange thoughts grew slowly over him. He drank, as it were, from its solemn aspect, the spirit of a great design. A dark cloud rapidly passing over the earth, snatched the star from his sight; but left to his awakened mind the thoughts and the dim scheme that had come to him as he gazed.

When the sun arose one of his brethren relieved him of his charge over the herd, and he went away, but not to his father's home. Musingly he plunged into the dark and leafless recesses of the winter forest; and shaped out of his wild thoughts, more palpably and clearly, the outline of his daring hope. While thus absorbed, he heard a great noise in the forest, and, fearful lest the hostile tribe of the Alrich might pierce that way, he ascended one of the loftiest pine-trees, to whose perpetual verdure the winter had not denied the shelter he sought, and, concealed by its branches, he looked anxiously forth in the direction whence the noise had proceeded. And it came — it came with a tramp and a crash, and a crushing tread upon the crunched boughs and matted leaves that strewed the soil — it came — it came, the monster that the world now holds no more — the mighty Mammoth of the North! Slowly it moved in its huge strength along, and its burning eyes glittered through the gloomy shade; its jaws, falling apart, showed the grinders with which it snapped asunder the young oaks of the forest; and the vast tusks, which, curved downward to the midst of its massive limbs, glistened white and ghastly, curdling the blood of one destined hereafter to be the dreadest ruler of the men of that distant age.

The livid eyes of the monster fastened on the form of the herdsman, even amidst the thick darkness of the pine. It paused — it glared upon him — its jaws opened, and a low deep sound, as of gathering thunder, seemed to the son of Osslah as the knell of a dreadful grave. But after glaring on him for some moments, it again, and calmly, pursued its terrible way, crashing the boughs

as it marched along, till the last sound of its heavy tread died away upon his ear.*

Ere yet, however, Morven summoned the courage to descend the tree, he saw the shining of arms through the bare branches of the wood, and presently a small band of the hostile Alrich came into sight. He was perfectly hidden from them; and, listening as they passed him, he heard one say to another, —

“The night covers all things; why attack them by day?”

And he who seemed the chief of the band, answered,

“Right. To-night, when they sleep in their city, we will upon them. Lo! they will be drenched in wine, and fall like sheep into our hands.”

“But where, O chief,” said a third of the band, “shall our men hide during the day? for there are many hunters among the youth of the Oestrich tribe, and they might see us in the forest un-awares, and arm their race against our coming.”

“I have prepared for that,” answered the chief. “Is not the dark cavern of Oderlin at hand? Will it not shelter us from the eyes of the victims?”

Then the men laughed, and, shouting, they went their way adown the forest.

When they were gone Morven cautiously descended, and, striking into a broad path, hastened to a vale that lay between the forest and the river in which was the city where the chief of his country dwelt. As he passed by the warlike men, giants in that day, who thronged the streets (if streets they might be called), their half garments parting from their huge limbs, the quiver at their backs, and the hunting spear in their hands, they laughed and shouted out, and, pointing to him, cried, “Morven, the woman! Morven, the cripple! what dost thou among men?”

For the son of Osslah was small in stature and of slender strength, and his step had halted from his birth; but he passed through the warriors unheedingly. At the outskirts of the city he came upon a tall pile in which some old men dwelt by themselves,

* *The critic* will perceive that this sketch of the beast, whose race has perished, is mainly intended to designate the remote period of the world in which the tale is cast.

and counselled the king when times of danger, or when the failure of the season, the famine or the drought, perplexed the ruler, and clouded the savage fronts of his warrior tribe.

They gave the counsels of experience, and when experience failed, they drew, in their believing ignorance, assurances and omens from the winds of heaven, the changes of the moon, and the flights of the wandering birds. Filled (by the voices of the elements, and the variety of mysteries which ever shift along the face of things, unsolved by the wonder which pauses not, the fear which believes, and that eternal reasoning of all experience, which assigns causes to effect) with the notion of superior powers, they assisted their ignorance by the conjectures of their superstition. But as yet they knew no craft and practised no *voluntary* delusion; they trembled too much at the mysteries which had created their faith to seek to belie them. They counselled as they believed, and the bold dream had never dared to cross men thus worn and grey with age, of governing their warriors and their kings by the wisdom of deceit.

The son of Osslah entered the vast pile with a fearless step, and approached the place at the upper end of the hall where the old men sat in conclave.

"How, base-born and craven limbed!" cried the eldest, who had been a noted warrior in his day: "darest thou enter unsummoned amidst the secret councils of the wise men? Knowest thou not, scatterling! that the penalty is death?"

"Slay me, if thou wilt," answered Morven, "but hear! As I sat last night in the ruined palace of our ancient kings, tending, as my father bade me, the sheep that grazed around, lest the fierce tribe of Alrich should descend unseen from the mountains upon the herd, a storm came darkly on; and when the storm had ceased, and I looked above on the sky, I saw a star descend from its height towards me, and a voice from the star said, 'Son of Osslah, leave thy herd and seek the council of the wise men, and say unto them, that they take thee as one of their number, or that sudden will be the destruction of them and theirs.' But I had courage to answer the voice, and I said, 'Mock not the poor son of the herdsman. Behold they will kill me if I utter so rash a word,

for I am poor and valueless in the eyes of the tribe of Oestrich, and the great in deeds and the grey of hair alone sit in the council of the wise men.'

"Then the voice said, 'Do my bidding, and I will give thee a token that thou comest from the Powers that sway the seasons and sail upon the eagles of the winds. Say unto the wise men that this very night, if they refuse to receive thee of their band, evil shall fall upon them, and the morrow shall dawn in blood.'

"Then the voice ceased, and the cloud passed over the star; and I communed with myself, and came, O dread fathers, mournfully unto you. For I feared that ye would smite me because of my bold tongue, and that ye would sentence me to the death, in that I asked what may scarce be given even to the sons of kings."

Then the grim elders looked one at the other, and marvelled much, nor knew they what answer they should make to the herdsman's son.

At length one of the wise men said, "Surely there must be truth in the son of Osslah, for he would not dare to falsify the great lights of Heaven. If he had given unto men the words of the star, verily we might doubt the truth. But who would brave the vengeance of the gods of night?"

Then the elders shook their heads approvingly; but one answered and said —

"Shall we take the herdsman's son as our equal? No!" The name of the man who thus answered was Darvan, and his words were pleasing to the elders.

But Morven spoke out: "Of a truth, O councillors of kings! I look not to be an equal with yourselves. Enough if I tend the gates of your palace, and serve you as the son of Osslah may serve;" and he bowed his head humbly as he spoke.

Then said the chief of the elders, for he was wiser than the others, "But how wilt thou deliver us from the evil that is to come? Doubtless the star has informed thee of the service thou canst render to us if we take thee into our palace, as well as the ill that will fall on us if we refuse."

Morven answered meekly, "Surely, if thou acceptest thy ser-

vant, the star will teach him that which may requite thee; but as yet he knows only what he has uttered."

Then the sages bade him withdraw, and they communed with themselves, and they differed much; but though fierce men, and bold at the war-cry of a human foe, they shuddered at the prophecy of a star. So they resolved to take the son of Osslah, and suffer him to keep the gate of the council-hall.

He heard their decree and bowed his head, and went to the gate, and sat down by it in silence.

And the sun went down in the west, and the first stars of the twilight began to glimmer, when Morven started from his seat, and a trembling appeared to seize his limbs. His lips foamed; an agony and a fear possessed him; he writhed as a man whom the spear of a foeman has pierced with a mortal wound, and suddenly fell upon his face on the stony earth.

The elders approached him; wondering, they lifted him up. He slowly recovered as from a swoon; his eyes rolled wildly.

"Heard ye not the voice of the star?" he said.

And the chief of the elders answered, "Nay, we heard no sound."

Then Morven sighed heavily.

"To me only the word was given. Summon instantly, O councillors of the king! summon the armed men, and all the youth of the tribe, and let them take the sword and the spear, and follow thy servant. For lo! the star hath announced to him that the foe shall fall into our hands as the wild beast of the forests."

The son of Osslah spoke with the voice of command, and the elders were amazed. "Why pause ye?" he cried. "Do the gods of the night lie? On my head rest the peril if I deceive ye."

Then the elders communed together; and they went forth and summoned the men of arms, and all the young of the tribe; and each man took the sword and the spear, and Morven also. And the son of Osslah walked first, still looking up at the star; and he motioned them to be silent, and move with a stealthy step.

So they went through the thickest of the forest, till they came to the mouth of a great cave, overgrown with aged and matted trees, and it was called the Cave of Oderlin; and he bade the

leaders place the armed men on either side the cave, to the right and to the left, among the bushes.

So they watched silently till the night deepened, when they heard a noise in the cave and the sound of feet, and forth came an armed man; and the spear of Morven pierced him, and he fell dead at the mouth of the cave. Another and another, and both fell! Then loud and long was heard the war-cry of Alrich, and forth poured, as a stream over a narrow bed, the river of armed men. And the sons of Oestrich fell upon them, and the foe were sorely perplexed and terrified by the suddenness of the battle and the darkness of the night; and there was a great slaughter.

And when the morning came, the children of Oestrich counted the slain, and found the leader of Alrich and the chief men of the tribe amongst them, and great was the joy thereof. So they went back in triumph to the city, and they carried the brave son of Osslah on their shoulders, and shouted forth "Glory to the servant of the star."

And Morven dwelt in the council of the wise men.

Now the king of the tribe had one daughter, and she was stately amongst the women of the tribe, and fair to look upon. And Morven gazed upon her with the eyes of love, but he did not dare to speak.

Now the son of Osslah laughed secretly at the foolishness of men; he loved them not, for they had mocked him; he honoured them not, for he had blinded the wisest of their elders. He shunned their feasts and merriment, and lived apart and solitary. The austerity of his life increased the mysterious homage which his commune with the stars had won him, and the boldest of the warriors bowed his head to the favourite of the gods.

One day he was wandering by the side of the river, and he saw a large bird of prey rise from the waters, and give chase to a hawk that had not yet gained the full strength of its wings. From his youth the solitary Morven had loved to watch, in the great forests and by the banks of the mighty stream, the habits of the things which nature has submitted to man; and looking now on the birds, he said to himself, "Thus is it ever; by cunning or by strength each thing wishes to master its kind." While thus

moralizing, the larger bird had stricken down the hawk, and it fell terrified and panting at his feet. Morven took the hawk in his hands, and the vulture shrieked above him, wheeling nearer and nearer to its protected prey; but Morven scared away the vulture, and placing the hawk in his bosom he carried it home, and tended it carefully, and fed it from his hand until it had regained its strength; and the hawk knew him, and followed him as a dog. And Morven said, smiling to himself, "Behold, the credulous fools around me put faith in the flight and motion of birds. I will teach this poor hawk to minister to my ends." So he tamed the bird, and tutored it according to its nature; but he concealed it carefully from others, and cherished it in secret.

The king of the country was old and like to die, and the eyes of the tribe were turned to his two sons, nor knew they which was the worthier to reign. And Morven passing through the forest one evening, saw the younger of the two, who was a great hunter, sitting mournfully under an oak, and looking with musing eyes upon the ground.

"Wherefore musest thou, O swift-footed Siror?" said the son of Osslah; "and wherefore art thou sad?"

"Thou canst not assist me," answered the prince, sternly; "take thy way."

"Nay," answered Morven, "thou knowest not what thou sayest; am I not the favourite of the stars?"

"Away, I am no greybeard whom the approach of death makes doting: talk not to me of the stars; I know only the things that my eye sees and my ear drinks in."

"Hush," said Morven, solemnly, and covering his face; "hush! lest the heavens avenge thy rashness. But, behold, the stars have given unto me to pierce the secret hearts of others; and I can tell thee the thoughts of thine."

"Speak out, base-born!"

"Thou art the younger of two, and thy name is less known in war than the name of thy brother; yet wouldst thou desire to be set over his head, and to sit on the high seat of thy father?"

The young man turned pale. "Thou hast truth in thy lips," said he, with a faltering voice.

"Not from me, but from the stars, descends the truth."

"Can the stars grant my wish?"

"They can; let us meet to-morrow." Thus saying, Morven passed into the forest.

The next day, at noon, they met again.

"I have consulted the gods of night, and they have given me the power that I prayed for, but on one condition."

"Name it."

"That thou sacrifice thy sister on their altars; thou must build up a heap of stones, and take thy sister into the wood, and lay her on the pile, and plunge thy sword into her heart; so only shalt thou reign."

The prince shuddered, and started to his feet, and shook his spear at the pale front of Morven.

"Tremble," said the son of Osslah, with a loud voice, "Hark to the gods who threaten thee with death, that thou hast dared to lift thine arm against their servant!"

As he spoke, the thunder rolled above; for one of the frequent storms of the early summer was about to break. The spear dropped from the prince's hand; he sat down and cast his eyes on the ground.

"Wilt thou do the bidding of the stars, and reign?" said Morven.

"I will!" cried Siror, with a desperate voice.

"This evening, then, when the sun sets, thou wilt lead her hither, alone; I may not attend thee. Now, let us pile the stones."

Silently the huntsman bent his vast strength to the fragments of rock that Morven pointed to him, and they built the altar, and went their way.

And beautiful is the dying of the great sun, when the last song of the birds fades into the lap of silence; when the islands of the cloud are bathed in light, and the first star springs up over the grave of day!

"Whither leadest thou my steps, my brother?" said Orna; "and why doth thy lip quiver? and why dost thou turn away thy face?"

"Is not the forest beautiful; does it not tempt us forth, my sister?"

"And wherefore are those heaps of stone piled together?"

"Let others answer; I piled them not."

"Thou tremblest, brother: we will return."

"Not so; by those stones is a bird that my shaft pierced to-day; a bird of beautiful plumage that I slew for thee."

"We are by the pile: where hast thou laid the bird?"

"Here!" cried Siror; and he seized the maiden in his arms, and, casting her on the rude altar, he drew forth his sword to smite her to the heart.

Right over the stones rose a giant oak, the growth of immemorial ages; and from the oak, or from the heavens, broke forth a loud and solemn voice, "Strike not, son of kings! the stars forbear their own: the maiden thou shalt not slay; yet shalt thou reign over the race of Oestrich; and thou shalt give Orna as a bride to the favourite of the stars. Arise, and go thy way!"

The voice ceased: the terror of Orna had overpowered for a time the springs of life; and Siror bore her home through the wood in his strong arms.

"Alas!" said Morven, when, at the next day, he again met the aspiring prince; "alas! the stars have ordained me a lot which my heart desires not: for I, lonely of life, and crippled of shape, am insensible to the fires of love; and ever, as thou and thy tribe know, I have shunned the eyes of women, for the maidens laughed at my halting step and my sullen features; and so in my youth I learned betimes to banish all thoughts of love. But since they told me (as they declared to *thee*), that only through that marriage, thou, O beloved prince! canst obtain thy father's plumed crown, I yield me to their will."

"But," said the prince, "not until I am king can I give thee my sister in marriage; for thou knowest that my sire would smite me to the dust, if I asked him to give the flower of our race to the son of the herdsman Osslah."

"Thou speakest the words of truth. Go home and fear not: but, when thou art king, the sacrifice must be made, and Orna

mine. Alas! how can I dare to lift my eyes to her! But so ordain the dread kings of the night! — who shall gainsay their word?"

"The day that sees me king, sees Orna thine," answered the prince.

Morven walked forth, as was his wont, alone; and he said to himself, "The king is old, yet may he live long between me and mine hope!" and he began to cast in his mind how he might shorten the time. Thus absorbed, he wandered on so unheeding, that night advanced, and he had lost his path among the thick woods, and knew not how to regain his home: so he lay down quietly beneath a tree, and rested till day dawned; then hunger came upon him, and he searched among the bushes for such simple roots as those with which, for he was ever careless of food, he was used to appease the cravings of nature.

He found, among other more familiar herbs and roots, a red berry of a sweetish taste, which he had never observed before. He ate of it sparingly, and had not proceeded far in the wood before he found his eyes swim, and a deadly sickness come over him. For several hours he lay convulsed on the ground expecting death; but the gaunt spareness of his frame, and his unvarying abstinence, prevailed over the poison, and he recovered slowly, and after great anguish: but he went with feeble steps back to the spot where the berries grew, and, plucking several, hid them in his bosom, and by nightfall regained the city.

The next day he went forth among his father's herds, and seizing a lamb, forced some of the berries into its stomach, and the lamb, escaping, ran away, and fell down dead. Then Morven took some more of the berries and boiled them down, and mixed the juice with wine, and he gave the wine in secret to one of his father's servants, and the servant died.

Then Morven sought the king, and coming into his presence alone, he said unto him, "How fares my lord?"

The king sat on a couch, made of the skins of wolves, and his eye was glassy and dim; but vast were his aged limbs, and huge was his stature, and he had been taller by a head than the children of men, and none living could bend the bow he had bent in youth. Grey, gaunt, and worn, as some mighty bones that

are dug at times from the bosom of the earth, — a relic of the strength of old.

And the king said, faintly, and with a ghastly laugh, —

“The men of my years fare ill. What avails my strength? Better had I been born a cripple like thee, so should I have had nothing to lament in growing old.”

The red flush passed over Morven's brow; but he bent humbly, —

“O king, what if I could give thee back thy youth? what if I could restore to thee the vigour which distinguished thee above the sons of men, when the warriors of Alrich fell like grass before thy sword?”

Then the king uplifted his dull eyes, and he said, —

“What meanest thou, son of Osslah! Surely I hear much of thy great wisdom, and how thou speakest nightly with the stars. Can the gods of the night give unto thee the secret to make the old young?”

“Tempt them not by doubt,” said Morven, reverently. “All things are possible to the rulers of the dark hour; and, lo! the star that loves thy servant spake to him at the dead of night, and said, ‘Arise, and go unto the king; and tell him that the stars honour the tribe of Oestrich, and remember how the king bent his bow against the sons of Alrich; wherefore, look thou under the stone that lies to the right of thy dwelling — even beside the pine-tree, and thou shalt see a vessel of clay, and in the vessel thou wilt find a sweet liquid, that shall make the king thy master forget his age for ever.’ Therefore, my lord, when the morning rose I went forth, and looked under the stone, and behold the vessel of clay; and I have brought it hither to my lord, the king.”

“Quick — slave — quick! that I may drink and regain my youth!”

“Nay, listen, O king! farther said the star to me:

“‘It is only at night, when the stars have power, that this their gift will avail; wherefore, the king must wait till the hush of the midnight, when the moon is high, and then may he mingle the liquid with his wine. And he must reveal to none that he hath received the gift from the hand of the servant of the stars.

For **THEY** do their work in secret, and when men sleep; therefore they love not the babble of mouths, and he who reveals their benefits shall surely die."

"Fear not," said the king, grasping the vessel; "none shall know: and, behold, I will rise on the morrow; and my two sons — wrangling for my crown, — verily I shall be younger than they!"

Then the king laughed loud; and he scarcely thanked the servant of the stars, neither did he promise him reward: for the kings in those days had little thought, — save for themselves.

And Morven said to him, "Shall I not attend my lord? for without me, perchance, the drug might fail of its effect."

"Ay," said the king, "rest here."

"Nay," replied Morven; "thy servants will marvel and talk much, if they see the son of Osslah sojourning in thy palace. So would the displeasure of the gods of night perchance be incurred. Suffer that the lesser door of the palace be unbarred, so that at the night hour, when the moon is midway in the heavens, I may steal unseen into thy chamber, and mix the liquid with thy wine."

"So be it," said the king. "Thou art wise, though thy limbs are crooked and curt; and the stars might have chosen a taller man." Then the king laughed again; and Morven laughed too, but there was danger in the mirth of the son of Osslah.

The night had begun to wane, and the inhabitants of Oestrich were buried in deep sleep, when, hark! a sharp voice was heard crying out in the streets, "Woe, woe! Awake, ye sons of Oestrich — woe!" Then forth, wild — haggard — alarmed — spear in hand, rushed the giant sons of the rugged tribe, and they saw a man on a height in the middle of the city, shrieking "Woe!" and it was Morven, the son of Osslah! And he said unto them, as they gathered round him, "Men and warriors, tremble as ye hear. The star of the west hath spoken to me, and thus said the star: — 'Evil shall fall upon the kingly house of Oestrich, — yea, ere the morning dawn; wherefore, go thou mourning into the streets, and wake the inhabitants to woe!' So I rose and did the bidding of the star." And while Morven was yet speaking a servant of the king's house ran up to the crowd, crying loudly — "The king is dead!" So they went into the palace and found the

king stark upon his couch, and his huge limbs all cramped and crippled by the pangs of death, and his hands clenched as if in menace of a foe — the Foe of all living flesh! Then fear came on the gazers, and they looked on Morven with a deeper awe than the boldest warrior would have called forth; and they bore him back to the council-hall of the wise men, wailing and clashing their arms in woe, and shouting, ever and anon, "Honour to Morven the prophet!" And that was the first time the word **PROPHET** was ever used in those countries.

At noon, on the third day from the king's death, Siror sought Morven, and he said, "Lo, my father is no more, and the people meet this evening at sunset to elect his successor, and the warriors and the young men will surely choose my brother, for he is more known in war. Fail me not, therefore."

"Peace, boy!" said Morven, sternly; "nor dare to question the truth of the gods of night."

For Morven now began to presume on his power among the people, and to speak as rulers speak, even to the sons of kings. And the voice silenced the fiery Siror, nor dared he to reply.

"Behold," said Morven, taking up a chaplet of coloured plumes, "wear this on thy head, and put on a brave face, for the people like a hopeful spirit, and go down with thy brother to the place where the new king is to be chosen, and leave the rest to the stars. But, above all things, forget not that chaplet; it has been blessed by the gods of night."

The prince took the chaplet and returned home.

It was evening, and the warriors and chiefs of the tribe were assembled in the place where the new king was to be elected. And the voices of the many favoured Prince Voltoch, the brother of Siror, for he had slain twelve foemen with his spear; and verily, in those days, that was a great virtue in a king.

Suddenly there was a shout in the streets, and the people cried out, "Way for Morven the prophet, the prophet!" For the people held the son of Osslah in even greater respect than did the chiefs. Now, since he had become of note, Morven had assumed a majesty of air which the son of the herdsman knew not in his earlier days; and albeit his stature was short, and his limbs

halted, yet his countenance was grave and high. He only of the tribe wore a garment that swept the ground, and his head was bare, and his long black hair descended to his girdle, and rarely was change or human passion seen in his calm aspect. He feasted not, nor drank wine, nor was his presence frequent in the streets. He laughed not, neither did he smile, save when alone in the forest, — and then he laughed at the follies of his tribe.

So he walked slowly through the crowd, neither turning to the left nor to the right, as the crowd gave way; and he supported his steps with a staff of the knotted pine.

And when he came to the place where the chiefs were met, and the two princes stood in the centre, he bade the people around him proclaim silence; then mounting on a huge fragment of rock, he thus spake to the multitude: —

“Princes, Warriors, and Bards! ye, O council of the wise men! and ye, O hunters of the forests, and snarers of the fishes of the streams! hearken to Morven, the son of Osslah. Ye know that I am lowly of race, and weak of limb; but did I not give into your hands the tribe of Alrich, and did ye not slay them in the dead of night with a great slaughter? Surely, ye must know this of himself did not the herdsman’s son; surely he was but the agent of the bright gods that love the children of Oestrich. Three nights since, when slumber was on the earth, was not my voice heard in the streets? Did I not proclaim woe to the kingly house of Oestrich? and verily the dark arm had fallen on the bosom of the mighty, that is no more. Could I have dreamed this thing merely in a dream, or was I not as the voice of the bright gods that watch over the tribes of Oestrich? Wherefore, O men and chiefs! scorn not the son of Osslah, but listen to his words; for are they not the wisdom of the stars? Behold, last night, I sat alone in the valley, and the trees were hushed around and not a breath stirred; and I looked upon the star that counsels the son of Osslah; and I said, ‘Dread conqueror of the cloud! thou that bathest thy beauty in the streams and piercest the pine-bows with thy presence; behold thy servant grieved because the mighty one hath passed away, and many foes surround the houses of my brethren; and it is well that they should have a king valiant and prosperous

in war, the cherished of the stars. Wherefore, O star! as thou gavest into our hands the warriors of Alrich, and didst warn us of the fall of the oak of our tribe, wherefore I pray thee give unto the people a token that they may choose that king whom the gods of the night prefer! Then a low voice, sweeter than the music of the bard, stole along the silence. 'Thy love for thy race is grateful to the stars of night: go then, son of Osslah, and seek the meeting of the chiefs and the people to choose a king, and tell them not to scorn thee because thou art slow to the chase, and little known in war; for the stars give thee wisdom as a recompense for all. Say unto the people that as the wise men of the council shape their lessons by the flight of birds, so by the flight of birds shall a token be given unto them, and they shall choose their kings. For, saith the star of night, the birds are the children of the winds, they pass to and fro along the ocean of the air, and visit the clouds that are the war-ships of the gods. And their music is but broken melodies which they gleam from the harps above. Are they not the messengers of the storm? Ere the stream chafes against the bank, and the rain descends, know ye not, by the wail of birds and their low circles over the earth, that the tempest is at hand? Wherefore, wisely do ye deem that the children of the air are the fit interpreters between the sons of men and the lords of the world above. Say then to the people and the chiefs, that they shall take, from among the doves that nest in the roof of the palace, a white dove, and they shall let it loose in the air, and verily the gods of the night shall deem the dove as a prayer coming from the people, and they shall send a messenger to grant the prayer and give to the tribes of Oestrich a king worthy of themselves.'

"With that the star spoke no more."

Then the friends of Voltoch murmured among themselves, and they said, "Shall this man dictate to us who shall be king?" But the people and the warriors shouted, "Listen to the star; do we not give or deny battle according as the bird flies, — shall we not by the same token choose him by whom the battle should be led?" And the thing seemed natural to them, for it was after the custom of the tribe. Then they took one of the doves that built in the roof of the palace, and they brought it to the spot where Morven stood,

and he, looking up to the stars and muttering to himself, released the bird.

There was a copse of trees at a little distance from the spot, and as the dove ascended, a hawk suddenly rose from the copse and pursued the dove; and the dove was terrified, and soared circling high above the crowd, when lo, the hawk, poising itself one moment on its wings, swooped with a sudden swoop, and, abandoning its prey, alighted on the plumed head of Siror.

"Behold," cried Morven in a loud voice, "behold your king!"

"Hail, all hail the king!" shouted the people. "All hail the chosen of the stars!"

Then Morven lifted his right hand, and the hawk left the prince, and alighted on Morven's shoulder. "Bird of the gods!" said he, reverently, "hast thou not a secret message for my ear?" Then the hawk put its beak to Morven's ear, and Morven bowed his head submissively; and the hawk rested with Morven from that moment and would not be scared away. And Morven said, "The stars have sent me this bird, that, in the day-time when I see them not, we may never be without a councillor in distress."

So Siror was made king, and Morven the son of Osslah was constrained by the king's will to take Orna for his wife; and the people and the chiefs honoured Morven the prophet above all the elders of the tribe.

One day Morven said unto himself, musing, "Am I not already equal with the king? nay, is not the king my servant? did I not place him over the heads of his brothers? am I not, therefore, more fit to reign than he is? shall I not push him from his seat? It is a troublesome and stormy office to reign over the wild men of Oestrich, to feast in the crowded hall, and to lead the warriors to the fray. Surely if I feasted not, neither went out to war, they might say, this is no king, but the cripple Morven; and some of the race of Siror might slay me secretly. But can I not be greater far than kings, and continue to choose and govern them, living as now at mine own ease? Verily the stars shall give me a new palace, and many subjects."

Among the wise men was Darvan, and Morven feared him, for his eye often sought the movements of the son of Osalah.

And Morven said, "It were better to *trust* this man than to *blind*, for surely I want a helpmate and a friend." So he said to the wise man as he sat alone watching the setting sun,

"It seemeth to me, O Darvan! that we ought to build a great pile in honour of the stars, and the pile should be more glorious than all the palaces of the chiefs and the palace of the king; for are not the stars our masters? And thou and I should be the chief dwellers in this new palace, and we would serve the gods of night, and fatten their altars with the choicest of the herd, and the freshest of the fruits of the earth."

And Darvan said, "Thou speakest as becomes the servant of the stars. But will the people help to build the pile, for they are a warlike race and they love not toil?"

And Morven answered, "Doubtless the stars will ordain the work to be done. Fear not."

"In truth thou art a wondrous man, thy words ever come to pass," answered Darvan; "and I wish thou wouldest teach me, friend, the language of the stars."

"Assuredly if thou servest me, thou shalt know," answered the proud Morven; and Darvan was secretly wroth that the son of the herdsman should command the service of an elder and a chief.

And when Morven returned to his wife he found her weeping much. Now she loved the son of Osslah with an exceeding love, for he was not savage and fierce as the men she had known, and she was proud of his fame among the tribe; and he took her in his arms and kissed her, and asked her why she wept. Then she told him that her brother the king had visited her and had spoken bitter words of Morven: "He taketh from me the affection of my people," said Siror, and blindeth them with lies. And since he hath made me king, what if he take my kingdom from me? Verily a new tale of the stars might undo the old." And the king had ordered her to keep watch on Morven's secrecy, and to see whether truth was in him when he boasted of his commune with the Powers of Night.

But Orna loved Morven better than Siror, therefore she told her husband all.

And Morven resented the king's ingratitude, and was troubled much, for a king is a powerful foe; but he comforted Orna, and

bade her dissemble, and complain also of him to her brother, so that he might confide to her unsuspectingly whatsoever he might design against Morven.

There was a cave by Morven's house in which he kept the sacred hawk, and wherein he secretly trained and nurtured other birds against future need, and the door of the cave was always barred. And one day he was thus engaged when he beheld a chink in the wall, that he had never noted before, and the sun came playfully in; and while he looked he perceived the sunbeam was darkened, and presently he saw a human face peering in through the chink. And Morven trembled, for he knew he had been watched. He ran hastily from the cave, but the spy had disappeared amongst the trees, and Morven went straight to the chamber of Darvan and sat himself down. And Darvan did not return home till late, and he started and turned pale when he saw Morven. But Morven greeted him as a brother, and bade him to a feast, which, for the first time, he purposed giving at the full of the moon, in honour of the stars. And going out of Darvan's chamber he returned to his wife, and bade her rend her hair, and go at the dawn of day to the king her brother, and complain bitterly of Morven's treatment, and pluck the black plums from the breast of the king. "For surely," said he, "Darvan hath lied to thy brother, and some evil waits me that I would fain know."

So the next morning Orna sought the king, and she said, "The herdsman's son hath reviled me, and spoken harsh words to me; shall I not be avenged?"

Then the king stamped his feet and shook his mighty sword. "Surely thou shalt be avenged, for I have learned from one of the elders that which convinceth me that the man hath lied to the people, and the hase-horn shall surely die. Yea, the first time that he goeth alone into the forest my brother and I will fall upon him, and smite him to the death." And with this comfort Siror dismissed Orna.

And Orna flung herself at the feet of her husband. "Fly now, O my beloved! — fly into the forests afar from my brethren, or surely the sword of Siror will end thy days."

Then the son of Osslah folded his arms, and seemed buried in

black thoughts; nor did he heed the voice of Orna, until again and again she had implored him to fly.

"Fly!" he said at length. "Nay, I was doubting what punishment the stars should pour down upon our foe. Let warriors fly. Morven the prophet conquers by arms mightier than the sword."

Nevertheless Morven was perplexed in his mind, and knew not how to save himself from the vengeance of the king. Now, while he was musing hopelessly, he heard a roar of waters; and behold the river, for it was now the end of autumn, had burst its bounds, and was rushing along the valley to the houses of the city. And now the men of the tribe, and the women, and the children, came running, and with shrieks to Morven's house, crying, "Behold the river has burst upon us! — Save us, O ruler of the stars!"

Then the sudden thought broke upon Morven, and he resolved to risk his fate upon one desperate scheme.

And he came out from the house calm and sad, and he said, "Ye know not what ye ask; I cannot save ye from this peril: ye have brought it on yourselves."

And they cried, "How? O son of Osslah! — we are ignorant of our crime."

And he answered, "Go down to the king's palace and wait before it, and surely I will follow ye, and ye shall learn wherefore ye have incurred this punishment from the gods." Then the crowd rolled murmuring back, as a receding sea; and when it was gone from the place, Morven went alone to the house of Darvan, which was next his own: and Darvan was greatly terrified, for he was of a great age, and had no children, neither friends, and he feared that he could not of himself escape the waters.

And Morven said to him, soothingly, "Lo, the people love me, and I will see that thou art saved; for verily thou hast been friendly to me, and done me much service with the king."

And as he thus spake, Morven opened the door of the house and looked forth, and saw that they were quite alone; then he seized the old man by the throat, and ceased not his gripe till he was quite dead. And leaving the body of the elder on the floor, Morven stole from the house and shut the gate. And as he was

going to his cave he mused a little while, when, hearing the mighty roar of the waves advancing, and afar off the shrieks of women, he lifted up his head, and said, proudly, "No! in this hour terror alone shall be my slave; I will use no art save the power of my soul." So, leaning on his pine-staff, he strode down to the palace. And it was now evening, and many of the men held torches, that they might see each other's faces in the universal fear. Red flashed the quivering flames on the dark robes and pale front of Morven; and he seemed mightier than the rest, because his face alone was calm amidst the tumult. And louder and hoarser came the roar of the waters; and swift rushed the shades of night over the hastening tide.

And Morven said in a stern voice, "Where is the king; and wherefore is he absent from his people in the hour of dread?" Then the gate of the palace opened; and, behold, Siror was sitting in the hall by the vast pine-fire, and his brother by his side, and his chiefs around him: for they would not deign to come amongst the crowd at the bidding of the herdsman's son.

Then Morven, standing upon a rock above the heads of the people (the same rock whereon he had proclaimed the king), thus spake: —

"Ye desired to know, O sons of Oestrich! wherefore the river hath burst its bounds, and the peril hath come upon you. Learn, then, that the stars resent as the foulest of human crimes an insult to their servants and delegates below. Ye are all aware of the manner of life of Morven, whom ye have surnamed the Prophet! He harms not man or beast; he lives alone; and, far from the wild joys of the warrior tribe, he worships in awe and fear the Powers of Night. So is he able to advise ye of the coming danger, — so is he able to save ye from the foe. Thus are your huntsmen swift and your warriors bold; and thus do your cattle bring forth their young, and the earth its fruits. What think ye, and what do ye ask to hear? Listen, men of Oestrich! — they have laid snares for my life; and there are amongst you those who have whetted the sword against the bosom that is only filled with love for you all. Therefore have the stern lords of heaven loosened the chains of the river — therefore doth this evil menace ye. Neither

will it pass away until they who dug the pit for the servant of the stars are buried in the same."

Then, by the red torches, the faces of the men looked fierce and threatening; and ten thousand voices shouted forth, "Name them who conspired against thy life, O holy prophet! and surely they shall be torn limb from limb."

And Morven turned aside, and they saw that he wept bitterly; and he said,

"Ye have asked me, and I have answered: but now scarce will ye believe the foe that I have provoked against me; and by the heavens themselves I swear, that if my death would satisfy their fury, nor bring down upon yourselves, and your children's children, the anger of the throned stars, gladly would I give my bosom to the knife. Yes," he cried, lifting up his voice, and pointing his shadowy arm towards the hall where the king sat by the pine-fire — "yes, thou whom by my voice the stars chose above thy brother — yes, Siror, the guilty one! take thy sword, and come hither — strike, if thou hast the heart to strike, the Prophet of the Gods!"

The king started to his feet, and the crowd were hushed in a shuddering silence.

Morven resumed:

"Know then, O men of Oestrich! that Siror, and Voltoch his brother, and Darvan the elder of the wise men, have purposed to slay your prophet, even at such hour as when alone he seeks the shade of the forest to devise new benefits for you. Let the king deny it, if he can!"

Then Voltoch, of the giant limbs, strode forth from the hall, and his spear quivered in his hand.

"Rightly hast thou spoken, base son of my father's herdsman! and for thy sins shalt thou surely die; for thou liest when thou speakest of thy power with the stars, and thou laughest at the folly of them who hear thee: wherefore put him to death."

Then the chiefs in the hall clashed their arms, and rushed forth to slay the son of Osslah.

But he, stretching his unarmed hands on high, exclaimed,

"Hear him, O dread ones of the night! — hark how he blasphemeth!"

Then the crowd took up the word, and cried, "He blasphemeth — he blasphemeth against the prophet!"

But the king and the chiefs who hated Morven, because of his power with the people, rushed into the crowd; and the crowd were irresolute, nor knew they how to act, for never yet had they rebelled against their chiefs, and they feared alike the prophet and the king.

And Siror cried, "Summon Darvan to us, for he hath watched the steps of Morven, and he shall lift the veil from my people's eyes." Then three of the swift of foot started forth to the house of Darvan.

And Morven cried out with a loud voice, "Hark! thus saith the star who, now riding through yonder cloud, breaks forth upon my eyes — 'For the lie that the elder hath uttered against my servant, the curse of the stars shall fall upon him.' Seek, and as ye find him so may ye find ever the foes of Morven and the gods!"

A chill and an icy fear fell over the crowd, and even the cheek of Siror grew pale; and Morven, erect and dark above the waving torches, stood motionless with folded arms. And hark — far and fast came on the war-steeds of the wave — the people heard them marching to the land, and tossing their white manes in the roaring wind.

"Lo, as ye listen," said Morven, calmly, "the river sweeps on. Haste, for the gods will have a victim, be it your prophet or your king."

"Slave!" shouted Siror, and his spear left his hand, and far above the heads of the crowd sped hissing beside the dark form of Morven, and rent the trunk of the oak behind. Then the people, wroth at the danger of their beloved seer, uttered a wild yell, and gathered round him with brandished swords, facing their chieftains and their king. But at that instant, ere the war had broken forth among the tribe, the three warriors returned, and they bore Darvan on their shoulders, and laid him at the feet of the king, and they said tremblingly, "Thus found we the elder in the centre of his own hall." And the people saw that Darvan was a corpse, and

that the prediction of Morven was thus verified. "So perish the enemies of Morven and the Stars!" cried the son of Osslah. And the people echoed the cry. Then the fury of Siror was at his height, and waving his sword above his head he plunged into the crowd, "Thy blood, baseborn, or mine!"

"So be it!" answered Morven, quailing not. "People, smite the blasphemer! Hark how the river pours down upon your children and your hearths! On, on, or ye perish!"

And Siror fell, pierced by five hundred spears.

"Smite! smite!" cried Morven, as the chiefs of the royal house gathered round the king. And the clash of swords, and the gleam of spears, and the cries of the dying, and the yell of the trampling people, mingled with the roar of the elements, and the voices of the rushing wave.

Three hundred of the chiefs perished that night by the swords of their own tribe. And the last cry of the victors was, "*Morven the prophet, — Morven the king!*"

And the son of Osslah, seeing the waves now spreading over the valley, led Orna his wife, and the men of Oestrich, their women, and their children, to a high mount, where they waited the dawning sun. But Orna sat apart and wept bitterly, for her brothers were no more, and her race had perished from the earth. And Morven sought to comfort her in vain.

When the morning rose, they saw that the river had overspread the greater part of the city, and now stayed its course among the hollows of the vale. Then Morven said to the people, "The star-kings are avenged, and their wrath appeased. Tarry only here until the waters have melted into the crevices of the soil." And on the fourth day they returned to the city, and no man dared to name another, save Morven, as the king.

But Morven retired into his cave and mused deeply; and then assembling the people, he gave them new laws; and he made them build a mighty temple in honour of the stars, and made them heap within it all that the tribe held most precious. And he took unto him fifty children from the most famous of the tribe; and he took also ten from among the men who had served him best, and he ordained that they should serve the stars in the great temple: and

Morven was their chief. And he put away the crown they pressed upon him, and he chose from among the elders a new king. And he ordained that henceforth the servants only of the stars in the great temple should elect the king and the rulers, and hold council, and proclaim war: but he suffered the king to feast, and to hunt, and to make merry in the banquet-halls. And Morven built altars in the temple, and was the first who, in the North, sacrificed the beast and the bird, and afterwards human flesh, upon the altars. And he drew auguries from the entrails of the victim, and made schools for the science of the prophet; and Morven's piety was the wonder of the tribe, in that he refused to be a king. And Morven the high-priest, was ten thousand times mightier than the king. He taught the people to till the ground, and to sow the herb; and by his wisdom, and the valour that his prophecies instilled into men, he conquered all the neighbouring tribes. And the sons of Oestrich spread themselves over a mighty empire, and with them spread the name and the laws of Morven. And in every province which he conquered, he ordered them to build a temple to the stars.

But a heavy sorrow fell upon the years of Morven. The sister of Siror bowed down her head and survived not long the slaughter of her race. And she left Morven childless. And he mourned bitterly and as one distraught, for her only in the world had his heart the power to love. And he sat down and covered his face, saying: —

“Lo! I have toiled and travailed; and never before in the world did man conquer what I have conquered. Verily the empire of the iron thews and the giant limbs is no more! I have founded a new power, that henceforth shall sway the lands; — the empire of a plotting brain and a commanding mind. But, behold! my fate is barren, and I feel already that it will grow neither fruit nor tree as a shelter to mine old age. Desolate and lonely shall I pass unto my grave. O Orna! my beautiful! my loved! none were like unto thee, and to thy love do I owe my glory and my life! Would for thy sake, O sweet bird! that nestled in the dark cavern of my heart, — would for thy sake that thy brethren had been spared, for verily with my life would I have purchased thine.

Alas! only when I lost thee did I find that thy love was dearer to me than the fear of others!" And Morven mourned night and day, and none might comfort him.

But from that time forth he gave himself solely up to the cares of his calling; and his nature and his affections, and whatever there was yet left soft in him, grew hard like stone; and he was a man without love, and he forbade love and marriage to the priest.

Now, in his latter years, there arose *other* prophets; for the world had grown wiser even by Morven's wisdom, and some did say unto themselves, "Behold Morven, the herdsman's son, is a king of kings: this did the stars for their servant; shall we not also be servants to the star?"

And they wore black garments like Morven, and went about prophesying of what the stars foretold them. And Morven was exceeding wroth; for he, more than other men, knew that the prophets lied; wherefore he went forth against them with the ministers of the temple, and he took them, and burned them by a slow fire: for thus said Morven to the people: — "A true prophet hath honour, but *I* only am a true prophet; — to all false prophets there shall be surely death."

And the people applauded the piety of the son of Osslah.

And Morven educated the wisest of the children in the mysteries of the temple, so that they grew up to succeed him worthily

And he died full of years and honour; and they carved his effigy on a mighty stone before the temple, and the effigy endured for a thousand ages, and whoso looked on it trembled; for the face was calm with the calmness of unspeakable awe!

And Morven was the first mortal of the North that made Religion the stepping-stone to Power. Of a surety Morven was a great man!

It was the last night of the old year, and the stars sat, each upon his ruby throne, and watched with sleepless eyes upon the world. The night was dark and troubled, the dread winds were abroad, and fast and frequent hurried the clouds beneath the thrones of the kings of night. And ever and anon fiery meteors flashed along the depths of heaven, and were again swallowed up

in the grave of darkness. But far below his brethren, and with a lurid haze around his orb, sat the discontented star that had watched over the hunters of the North.

And on the lowest abyss of space there was spread a thick and mighty gloom, from which, as from a caldron, rose columns of wreathing smoke; and still, when the great winds rested for an instant on their paths, voices of woe and laughter, mingled with shrieks, were heard booming from the abyss to the upper air.

And now, in the midst of night, a vast figure rose slowly from the abyss, and its wings threw blackness over the world. High upward to the throne of the discontented star sailed the fearful shape, and the star trembled on his throne when the form stood before him face to face.

And the shape said, "Hail, brother! — all hail!"

"I know thee not," answered the star: "thou art not the archangel that visitest the kings of night."

And the shape laughed loud. "I am the fallen star of the morning! — I am Lucifer, thy brother! Hast thou not, O sullen king! served me and mine? and hast thou not wrested the earth from thy Lord who sittest above, and given it to me, by darkening the souls of men with the religion of fear? Wherefore come, brother, come; — thou hast a throne prepared beside my own in the fiery gloom — Come! The heavens are no more for thee!"

Then the star rose from his throne, and descended to the side of Lucifer. For ever hath the spirit of discontent had sympathy with the soul of pride. And they sank slowly down to the gulf of gloom.

It was the first night of the new year, and the stars sat each on his ruby throne, and watched with sleepless eyes upon the world. But sorrow dimmed the bright faces of the kings of night, for they mourned in silence and in fear for a fallen brother.

And the gates of the heaven of heavens flew open with a golden sound, and the swift archangel fled down on his silent wings; and the archangel gave to each of the stars, as before, the message of his Lord; and to each star was his appointed charge. And when the heraldry seemed done there came a laugh from the abyss of

gloom, and half-way from the gulf rose the lurid shape of Lucifer the fiend!

"Thou countest thy flock ill, O radiant shepherd! Behold! one star is missing from the three thousand and ten!

"Back to thy gulf, false Lucifer! — the throne of thy brother hath been filled."

And, lo! as the archangel spake, the stars beheld a young and all-lustrous stranger on the throne of the erring star; and his face was so soft to look upon, that the dimmest of human eyes might have gazed upon its splendour unabashed: but the dark fiend alone was dazzled by its lustre, and, with a yell that shook the flaming pillars of the universe, he plunged backward into the gloom.

Then, far and sweet from the arch unseen, came forth the voice of God, —

"Behold! on the throne of the discontented star sits the star of Hope; and he that breathed into mankind the religion of Fear hath a successor in him who shall teach earth the religion of Love!"

And evermore the star of Fear dwells with Lucifer, and the star of Love keeps vigil in heaven!

CHAPTER XX.

Gelnhausen. — The Power of Love in sanctified Places. — A Portrait of Frederic Barbarossa. — The Ambition of Men finds no adequate Sympathy in Women.

"You made me tremble for you more than once," said Gertrude to the student; "I feared you were about to touch upon ground really sacred, but your end redeemed all."

"The false religion always tries to counterfeit the garb, the language, the aspect, of the true," answered the German: "for that reason, I purposely suffered my tale to occasion that very fear and anxiety you speak of, conscious that the most scrupulous would be contented when the whole was finished."

This German was one of a new school, of which England as yet knows nothing. We shall see, hereafter, what it will produce.

The student left them at Friedberg, and our travellers proceeded to Gelnhausen, — a spot interesting to lovers; for here

Frederick the First was won by the beauty of Gela, and, in the midst of an island vale, he built the Imperial Palace, in honour to the lady of his love. The spot is, indeed, well chosen of itself: the mountains of the Rhinegeburg close it in with the green gloom of woods, and the glancing waters of the Kinz.

"Still, wherever we go," said Trevlyan, "we find all tradition is connected with love; and history, for that reason, hallows less than romance."

"It is singular," said Vane, moralizing, "that love makes but a small part of our actual lives, but is yet the master-key to our sympathies. The hardest of us, who laugh at the passion when they see it palpably before them, are arrested by some dim tradition of its existence in the past. It is as if life had few opportunities of bringing out certain qualities within us, so that they always remain untold and dormant, susceptible to thought, but deaf to action."

"You refine and mystify too much," said Trevlyan, smiling; "none of us have any faculty, any passion, uncalled forth, if we have *really* loved, though but for a day."

Gertrude smiled, and drawing her arm within his, Trevlyan left Vane to philosophize on passion; — a fit occupation for one who had never felt it.

"Here let us pause," said Trevlyan, afterwards, as they visited the remains of the ancient palace, and the sun glittered on the scene, "to recall the old chivalric day of the gallant Barbarossa: — let us suppose him commencing the last great action of his life; let us picture him as setting out for the Holy Land. Imagine him issuing from those walls on his white charger; his fiery eye somewhat dimmed by years, and his hair blanched; but nobler from the impress of time itself; — the clang of arms; the tramp of steeds; banners on high; music pealing from hill to hill; the red cross and the nodding plume; the sun, as now glancing on yonder trees; and thence reflected from the burnished arms of the Crusaders; — but, Gela —"

"Ah," said Gertrude, "~~she~~ must be no more; for she would have outlived her beauty, and have found that glory had now no

rival in his breast. Glory consoles men for the death of the loved; but glory is infidelity to the living."

"Nay, not so, dearest Gertrude," said Trevlyan, quickly; "for my darling dream of Fame is the hope of laying its honours at your feet! And if ever, in future years, I should rise above the herd, I should only ask if *your* step were proud, and *your* heart elated."

"I was wrong," said Gertrude, with tears in her eyes; "and, for your sake, I can be ambitious."

Perhaps there, too, she was mistaken; for one of the common disappointments of the heart is, that women have so rarely a sympathy in our better and higher aspirings. Their ambition is not for great things; they cannot understand that desire "which scorns delight, and loves laborious days." If they love us, they usually exact too much. They are jealous of the ambition to which we sacrifice so largely, and which divides us from them; and they leave the stern passion of great minds to the only solitude which affection cannot share. To aspire is to be alone!

CHAPTER XXI.

View of Ehrenbreitstein. — A new alarm in Gertrude's health. — Trarbach.

ANOTHER time our travellers proceeded from Coblentz to Treves, following the course of the Moselle. They stopped on the opposite bank below the bridge that unites Coblentz with the Petersberg, to linger over the superb view of Ehrenbreitstein which you may there behold.

It was one of those calm noonday scenes which impress upon us their own bright and voluptuous tranquillity. There, stood the old herdsman leaning on his staff, and the quiet cattle knee-deep in the gliding waters. Never did stream more smooth and sheen, than was at that hour the surface of the Moselle, mirror the images of the pastoral life. Beyond, the darker shadows of the bridge and of the walls of Coblentz fell deep over the waves, chequered by the tall sails of the craft that were moored around the harbour. But clear against the sun rose the spires and roofs of Coblentz,

backed by many a hill sloping away to the horizon. High, dark, and massive, on the opposite bank, swelled the towers and rock of Ehrenbreitstein; a type of that great chivalric spirit — the honour that the rock arrogates for its name, — which demands so many sacrifices of blood and tears, but which ever creates in the restless heart of man a far deeper interest than the more peaceful scenes of life by which it is contrasted. There, still — from the calm waters, and the abodes of common toil and ordinary pleasure — turns the aspiring mind! Still as we gaze on that lofty and immemorial rock we recall the famine and the siege; and own that the more daring crimes of men have a strange privilege in hallowing the very spot which they devastate!

Below, in green curves and mimic bays covered with herbage, the gradual banks mingled with the water; and just where the bridge closed, a solitary group of trees, standing dark in the thickest shadow, gave that melancholy feature to the scene which resembles the one dark thought that often forces itself into our sunniest hours. Their boughs stirred not; no voice of birds broke the stillness of their gloomy verdure; the eye turned from them, as from the sad moral that belongs to existence.

In proceeding to Trarbach, Gertrude was seized with another of those fainting fits which had so terrified Trevlyan before; they stopped an hour or two at a little village, but Gertrude rallied with such apparent rapidity, and so strongly insisted on proceeding, that they reluctantly continued their way. This event would have thrown a gloom over their journey, if Gertrude had not exerted herself to dispel the impression she had occasioned; and so light, so cheerful, were her spirits, that for the time at least, she succeeded.

They arrived at Trarbach late at noon. This now small and humble town is said to have been the *Thronus Bacchi* of the ancients. From the spot where the travellers halted to take, as it were, their impression of the town, they saw before them the little hostelry, a poor pretender to the *Thronus Bacchi*, with the rude sign of the Holy Mother over the door. The peaked roof, the sunk window, the grey walls, chequered with the rude beams of wood so common to the meaner houses on the Continent, bore some-

thing of a melancholy and unprepossessing aspect. Right above, with its Gothic windows and venerable spire, rose the church of the town; and, crowning the summit of a green and almost perpendicular mountain, scowled the remains of one of those mighty castles which make the never-failing frown on a German landscape.

The scene was one of quiet and of gloom; the exceeding serenity of the day contrasted, with an almost unpleasing brightness, the poverty of the town, the thinness of the population, and the dreary grandeur of the ruins that overhung the capital of the perished race of the bold Counts of Spanheim.

They passed the night at Trarbach, and continued their journey next day. At Treves, Gertrude was for some days seriously ill; and when they returned to Coblenz, her disease had evidently received a rapid and alarming increase.

CHAPTER XXII.

The double life. — Trevlyan's fate. — Sorrow the parent of fame. — Niederlahnstein. — Dreams.

THERE are two lives to each of us, gliding on at the same time, scarcely connected with each other! — the life of our actions, the life of our minds; the external and the inward history; the movements of the frame, the deep and ever restless workings of the heart! They who have loved know that there is a diary of the affections, which we might keep for years without having occasion even to touch upon the exterior surface of life, our busy occupations — the mechanical progress of our existence; yet by the last are we judged, the first is never known. History reveals men's deeds, men's outward characters, but *not themselves*. There is a secret self that hath its own life "rounded by a dream" unpenetrated, unguessed. What passed within Trevlyan, hour after hour, as he watched over the declining health of the only being in the world whom his proud heart had been ever destined to love! His real record of the time was marked by every cloud upon Gertrude's brow, every smile of her countenance, every — the faintest — alteration in her disease: yet, to the outward seeming, all this

vast current of varying eventful emotion lay dark and un conjectured. He filled up, with wonted regularity, the colourings of existence, and smiled and moved as other men. For still, in the heroism with which devotion conquers self, he sought only to cheer and gladden the young heart on which he had embarked his all; and he kept the dark tempest of his anguish for the solitude of night.

That was a peculiar doom which Fate had reserved for him; and casting him, in after years, on the great sea of public strife, it seemed as if she were resolved to tear from his heart all yearnings for the land. For him there was to be no green and sequestered spot in the valley of household peace. His bark was to know no haven, and his soul not even the desire of rest. For action is that Lethe in which alone we forget our former dreams, and the mind that, too stern not to wrestle with its emotions, seeks to conquer regret, must leave itself no leisure to look behind. Who knows what benefits to the world may have sprung from the sorrows of the benefactor? As the harvest that gladdens mankind in the suns of autumn was called forth by the rains of spring, so the griefs of youth may make the fame of maturity.

Gertrude, charmed by the beauties of the river, desired to continue the voyage to Mayence. The rich Trevelyman persuaded the physician who had attended her to accompany them, and they once more pursued their way along the banks of the feudal Rhine. For what the Tiber is to the classic, the Rhine is to the chivalric, age. The steep rock and the grey dismantled tower, the massive and rude picturesque of the feudal days, constitute the great features of the scene; and you might almost fancy, as you glide along, that you are sailing back adown the river of Time, and the monuments of the pomp and power of old, rising, one after one, upon its shores!

Vane and Du—e, the physician, at the farther end of the vessel, conversed upon stones and strata, in that singular pedantry of science which strips nature to a skeleton, and prowls among the dead bones of the world, unconscious of its living beauty.

They left Gertrude and Trevelyman to themselves, and, "bending o'er the vessel's laving side," they indulged in silence the me-

lancholy with which each was imbued. For Gertrude began to waken, though doubtfully and at intervals, to a sense of the short span that was granted to her life; and over the loveliness around her there floated that sad and ineffable interest which springs from the presentiment of our own death. They passed the rich island of Oberwerth, and Hocheim, famous for its ruby grape, and saw, from his mountain bed, the Lahn bear his tribute of fruits and corn into the treasury of the Rhine. Proudly rose the tower of Niederlahnstein, and deeply lay its shadow along the stream. It was late noon; the cattle had sought the shade from the slanting sun, and, far beyond, the holy castle of Marksburg raised its battlements above mountains covered with the vine. On the water two boats had been drawn alongside each other; and from one, now moving to the land, the splash of oars broke the general stillness of the tide. Fast by an old tower the fishermen were busied in their craft, but the sound of their voices did not reach the ear. It was life, but a silent life; suited to the tranquillity of noon.

"There is something in travel," said Gertrude, "which constantly, even amidst the most retired spots, impresses us with the exuberance of life. We come to these quiet nooks and find a race whose existence we never dreamed of. In their humble path they know the same passions and tread the same career as ourselves. The mountains shut them out from the great world, but their village is a world in itself. And they know and heed no more of the turbulent scenes of remote cities, than our own planet of the inhabitants of the distant stars. What then is death, but the forgetfulness of some few hearts added to the general unconsciousness of our existence that pervades the universe? The bubble breaks in the vast desert of the air without a sound."

"Why talk of death?" said Trevelyán, with a writhing smile; "these sunny scenes should not call forth such melancholy images."

"Melancholy," repeated Gertrude, mechanically. "Yes, death is indeed melancholy when we are loved!"

They stayed a short time at Niederlahnstein, for Vane was anxious to examine the minerals that the Lahn brings into the Rhine; and the sun was waning towards its close as they renewed their

voyage. As they sailed slowly on, Gertrude said, "How like a dream is this sentiment of existence, when, without labour or motion, every change of scene is brought before us; and if I am with you, dearest, I do not feel it less resembling a dream, for I have dreamed of you lately more than ever. And dreams have become a part of my life itself."

"Speaking of dreams," said Trevlyan, as they pursued that mysterious subject; "I once during my former residency in Germany fell in with a singular enthusiast, who had taught himself what he termed 'A System of Dreaming.' When he first spoke to me upon it I asked him to explain what he meant, which he did somewhat in the following words."

CHAPTER XXIII.

The life of dreams.

"I WAS born," said he, "with many of the sentiments of the poet, but without the language to express them; my feelings were constantly chilled by the intercourse of the actual world — my family, mere Germans, dull and unimpassioned — had nothing in common with me; nor did I out of my family find those with whom I could better sympathize. I was revolted by friendships — for they were susceptible to every change; I was disappointed in love — for the truth never approached to my ideal. Nursed early in the lap of Romance, enamoured of the wild and the adventurous, the commonplaces of life were to me inexpressibly tame and joyless. And yet indolence, which belongs to the poetical character, was more inviting than that eager and unreflective action which can alone wring enterprise from life. Meditation was my natural element. I loved to spend the noon reclined by some shady stream, and in a half sleep to shape images from the glancing sunbeams; a dim and unreal order of philosophy, that belongs to our nation, was my favourite intellectual pursuit. And I sought amongst the Obscure and the Recondite the variety and emotion I could not find in the Familiar. Thus constantly watching the operations of the inner-mind, it occurred to me at last, that sleep

having its own world, but as yet a rude and fragmentary one, it might be possible to shape from its chaos all those combinations of beauty, of power, of glory, and of love, which were denied to me in the world in which my frame walked and had its being. So soon as this idea came upon me, I nursed and cherished, and mused over it, till I found that the imagination began to effect the miracle I desired. By brooding ardently, intensely, before I retired to rest, over any especial train of thought, over any ideal creations; by keeping the body utterly still and quiescent during the whole day; by shutting out all living adventure, the memory of which might perplex and interfere with the stream of events that I desired to pour forth into the wilds of sleep, I discovered at last that I could lead in dreams a life solely their own, and utterly distinct from the life of day. Towers and palaces, all my heritage and seignery, rose before me from the depths of night; I quaffed from jewelled cups the Falernian of imperial vaults; music from harps of celestial tone filled up the crevices of air; and the smiles of immortal beauty flushed like sunlight over all. Thus the adventure and the glory, that I could not for my waking life obtain, was obtained for me in sleep. I wandered with the gryphon and the gnome; I sounded the horn at enchanted portals; I conquered in the knightly lists; I planted my standard over battlements huge as the painter's birth of Babylon itself.

"But I was afraid to call forth one shape on whose loveliness to pour all the hidden passion of my soul. I trembled lest my sleep should present me some image which it could never restore, and, waking from which, even the new world I had created might be left desolate for ever. I shuddered lest I should adore a vision which the first ray of morning could smite to the grave.

"In this train of mind I began to ponder whether it might not be possible to connect dreams together; to supply the thread that was wanting; to make one night continue the history of the other, so as to bring together the same shapes and the same scenes, and thus lead a connected and harmonious life, not only in the one half of existence, but in the other, the richer and more glorious, half. No sooner did this idea present itself to me, than I burned to accomplish it. I had before taught myself that Faith is the great

creator; that to believe fervently is to make belief true. So I would not suffer my mind to doubt the practicability of its scheme. I shut myself up then entirely by day, refused books, and hated the very sun, and compelled all my thoughts (and sleep is the mirror of thought) to glide in one direction, the direction of my dreams, so that from night to night the imagination might keep up the thread of action, and I might thus lie down full of the past dream and confident of the sequel. Not for one day only, or for one month, did I pursue this system, but I continued it zealously and sternly till at length it began to succeed. Who shall tell," cried the enthusiast, — I see him now with his deep, bright, sunken eyes, and his wild hair thrown backward from his brow, "the rapture I experienced, when first, faintly and half distinct, I perceived the harmony I had invoked down upon my dreams? At first there was only a partial and desultory connexion between them; my eye recognised certain shapes, my ear certain tones common to each; by degrees these augmented in number, and were more defined in outline. At length one fair face broke forth from among the ruder forms, and night after night appeared mixing with them for a moment and then vanishing, just as the mariner watches, in a clouded sky, the moon shining through the drifting rack, and quickly gone. My curiosity was now vividly excited, the face, with its lustrous eyes and seraph features, roused all the emotions that no living shape had called forth. I became enamoured of a dream, and as the statute to the Cyprian was my creation to me; so from this intent and unceasing passion, I at length worked out my reward. My dream became more palpable; I spoke with it; I knelt to it; my lips were pressed to its own; we exchanged the vows of love, and morning only separated us with the certainty that at night we should meet again. Thus then," continued my visionary, "I commenced a history utterly separate from the history of the world, and it went on alternately with my harsh and chilling history of the day, equally regular and equally continuous. And what, you ask, was that history? Methought I was a prince in some Eastern island, that had no features in common with the colder north of my native home. By day I looked upon the dull walls of a German town, and saw homely or squalid forms passing before me; the

sky was dim and the sun cheerless. Night came on with her thousand stars, and brought me the dews of sleep. Then suddenly there was a new world; the richest fruits hung from the trees in clusters of gold and purple. Palaces of the quaint fashion of the sunnier climes, with spiral minarets and glittering cupolas, were mirrored upon vast lakes sheltered by the palm-tree and banana. The sun seemed a different orb, so mellow and gorgeous were his beams; birds and winged things of all hues fluttered in the shining air; the faces and garments of men were not of the northern regions of the world, and their voices spoke a tongue which, strange at first, by degrees I interpreted. Sometimes I made war upon neighbouring kings; sometimes I chased the spotted pard through the vast gloom of immemorial forests; my life was at once a life of enterprise and pomp. But above all there was the history of my love! I thought there were a thousand difficulties in the way of attaining its possession. Many were the rocks I had to scale, and the battles to wage, and the fortresses to storm, in order to win her as my bride. But at last," (continued the enthusiast) "she is won, she is my own! Time in that wild world, which I visit nightly, passes not so slowly as in this, and yet an hour may be the same as a year. This continuity of existence, this successive series of dreams, so different from the broken incoherence of other men's sleep, at times bewilders me with strange and suspicious thoughts. What if this glorious sleep be a real life, and this dull waking the true repose? Why not? What is there more faithful in the one than in the other? And there have I garnered and collected all of pleasure that I am capable of feeling. I seek no joy in this world — I form no ties, I feast not, nor love, nor make merry — I am only impatient till the hour when I may re-enter my royal realms and pour my renewed delight into the bosom of my bright Ideal. There then have I found all that the world denied me; there have I realized the yearning and the aspiration within me; there have I coined the untold poetry into the Felt — the Seen!"

I found, continued Trevelyán, that this tale was corroborated by inquiry into the visionary's habits. He shunned society; avoided all unnecessary movement or excitement. He fared with rigid abstemiousness, and only appeared to feel pleasure as the

day departed, and the hour of return to his imaginary kingdom approached. He always retired to rest punctually at a certain hour, and would sleep so soundly, that a cannon fired under his window would not arouse him. He never, which may seem singular, spoke or moved much in his sleep, but was peculiarly calm, almost to the appearance of lifelessness; but, discovering once that he had been watched in sleep, he was wont afterwards carefully to secure the chamber from intrusion. His victory over the natural incoherence of sleep had, when I first knew him, lasted for some years; possibly what imagination first produced was afterwards continued by habit.

I saw him again a few months subsequent to this confession, and he seemed to me much changed. His health was broken, and his abstraction had deepened into gloom.

I questioned him of the cause of the alteration, and he answered me with great reluctance —

“She is dead,” said he; “my realms are desolate! A serpent stung her, and she died in these very arms. Vainly, when I started from my sleep in horror and despair, vainly did I say to myself, — This is but a dream. I shall see her again. A vision cannot die! Hath it flesh that decays? is it not a spirit — bodiless — indissoluble? With what terrible anxiety I awaited the night! Again I slept, and the DREAM lay again before me — dead and withered. Even the ideal can vanish. I assisted in the burial; I laid her in the earth; I heaped the monumental mockery over her form. And never since hath she, or aught like her, revisited my dreams. I see her only when I wake; thus to wake is indeed to dream! But,” continued the visionary, in a solemn voice, “I feel myself departing from this world, and with a fearful joy; for I think there may be a land beyond even the land of sleep, where I shall see her again, — a land in which a vision itself may be restored.”

And in truth, concluded Trevlyan, the dreamer died shortly afterwards, suddenly, and in his sleep. And never before, perhaps, had Fate so literally made of a living man (with his passions and his powers, his ambition and his love) the plaything and puppet of a dream!

“Ah,” said Vaue, who had heard the latter part of Trevlyan’s

story; "could the German have bequeathed to us his secret, what a refuge should we possess from the ills of earth! The dungeon and disease, poverty, affliction, shame, would cease to be the tyrants of our lot; and to Sleep we should confine our history and transfer our emotions."

"Gertrude," whispered the lover, "what his kingdom and his bride were to the Dreamer, art thou to me!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

The brothers.

THE banks of the Rhine now shelved away into sweeping plains, and on their right rose the once imperial city of Boppard. In no journey of similar length do you meet with such striking instances of the mutability and shifts of power. To find, as in the Memphian Egypt, a city sunk into a heap of desolate ruins; the hum, the roar, the mart of nations, hushed into the silence of ancestral tombs, is less humbling to our human vanity than to mark, as along the Rhine, the kingly city dwindled into the humble town or the dreary village; decay without its grandeur, change without the awe of its solitude! On the site on which Drusus raised his Roman tower, and the kings of the Franks their palaces, trade now dribbles in tobacco-pipes, and transforms into an excellent cotton factory the antique nunnery of Koningsberg! So be it; it is the progressive order of things — the world itself will soon be one excellent cotton factory!

"Look!" said Trevlyan, as they sailed on, "at yonder mountain, with its two traditionary Castles of Liebenstein and Sternfels."

Massive and huge the ruins swelled above the green rock, at the foot of which lay, in happier security from time and change, the clustered cottages of the peasant, with a single spire rising above the quiet village.

"Is there not, Albert, a celebrated legend attached to those castles?" said Gertrude. "I think I remember to have heard their names in connexion with your profession of tale-teller."

"Yes," said Trevelyán; "the story relates to the last lords of those shattered towers, and —"

"You will sit here, nearer to me, and begin," interrupted Gertrude, in her tone of childlike command — "Come."

THE BROTHERS.

A TALE.*

You must imagine, then, dear Gertrude (said Trevelyán), a beautiful summer day, and by the same faculty that none possess so richly as yourself, for it is you who can kindle something of that divine spark even in me, you must rebuild those shattered towers in the pomp of old; raise the gallery and the hall; man the battlement with warders, and give the proud banners of ancestral chivalry to wave upon the walls. But above, sloping half down the rock, you must fancy the hanging gardens of Liebenstein, fragrant with flowers, and basking in the noonday sun.

On the greenest turf, underneath an oak, there sat three persons, in the bloom of youth. Two of the three were brothers; the third was an orphan girl, whom the lord of the opposite tower Sternfels had bequeathed to the protection of his brother, the chief of Liebenstein. The castle itself and the demesne that belonged to it passed away from the female line, and became the heritage of Otho, the orphan's cousin, and the younger of the two brothers now seated on the turf.

"And oh," said the elder, whose name was Warbeck, "you have twined a chaplet for my brother; have you not, dearest Leoline, a simple flower for me?"

The beautiful orphan — (for beautiful she was, Gertrude, as the heroine of the tale you bid me tell ought to be, — should she not have to the dreams of my fancy your lustrous hair, and your sweet smile, and your eyes of blue, that are never, never, silent? Ah, pardon me, that in a former tale, I denied the heroine the beauty of your face, and remember that to atone for it, I endowed her with the beauty of your mind) — the beautiful orphan blushed

* This tale is, in reality, founded on the beautiful tradition which belongs to Liebenstein and Sternfels.

to her temples, and culling from the flowers in her lap the freshest of the roses, began weaving them into a wreath for Warbeck.

"It would be better," said the gay Otho, "to make my sober brother a chaplet of the rue and cypress: the rose is much too bright a flower for so serious a knight."

Leoline held up her hand reprovingly.

"Let him laugh, dearest cousin," said Warbeck, gazing passionately on her changing cheek; "and thou, Leoline, believe that the silent stream runs the deepest."

At this moment, they heard the voice of the old chief, their father, calling aloud for Leoline; for ever, when he returned from the chase, he wanted her gentle presence; and the hall was solitary to him if the light sound of her step, and the music of her voice, were not heard in welcome.

Leoline hastened to her guardian, and the brothers were left alone.

Nothing could be more dissimilar than the features and the respective characters of Otho and Warbeck. Otho's countenance was flushed with the brown hues of health; his eyes were of the brightest hazel; his dark hair wreathed in short curls round his open and fearless brow; the jest ever echoed on his lips, and his step was bounding as the foot of the hunter of the Alps. Bold and light was his spirit; if at times he betrayed the haughty insolence of youth, he felt generously, and though not ever ready to confess sorrow for a fault, he was at least ready to brave peril for a friend.

But Warbeck's frame, though of equal strength, was more slender in its proportions than that of his brother; the fair long hair, that characterized his northern race, hung on either side of a countenance calm and pale, and deeply impressed with thought, even to sadness. His features, more majestic and regular than Otho's, rarely varied in their expression. More resolute even than Otho, he was less impetuous; more impassioned, he was also less capricious.

The brothers remained silent after Leoline had left them. Otho carelessly braced on his sword, that he had laid aside on the grass; but Warbeck gathered up the flowers that had been touched by the soft hand of Leoline, and placed them in his bosom.

The action disturbed Otho; he bit his lip, and changed colour; at length he said, with a forced laugh,

"It must be confessed, brother, that you carry your affection for our fair cousin to a degree that even relationship seems scarcely to warrant."

"It is true," said Warbeck, calmly: "I love her with a love surpassing that of blood."

"How!" said Otho, fiercely; "do you dare to think of Leoline as a bride?"

"Dare!" repeated Warbeck, turning yet paler than his wonted hue.

"Yes, I have said the word! Know, Warbeck, that I, too, love Leoline; I, too, claim her as my bride; and never, while I can wield a sword, — never, while I wear the spur of knighthood, will I render my claim to a living rival. Even," he added (sinking his voice), "though that rival be my brother!"

Warbeck answered not; his very soul seemed stunned; he gazed long and wistfully on his brother, and then, turning his face away, ascended the rock without uttering a single word.

This silence startled Otho. Accustomed to vent every emotion of his own, he could not comprehend the forbearance of his brother; he knew his high and brave nature too well to imagine that it arose from fear. Might it not be contempt, or might he not, at this moment, intend to seek their father; and, the first to proclaim his love for the orphan, advance, also, the privilege of the elder born? As these suspicions flashed across him, the haughty Otho strode to his brother's side, and laying his hand on his arm, said,

"Whither goest thou; and dost thou consent to surrender Leoline?"

"Does she love thee, Otho?" answered Warbeck, breaking silence at last; and his voice spoke so deep an anguish, that it arrested the passions of Otho, even at their height.

"It is thou who art now silent," continued Warbeck; "speak, doth she love thee, and has her lip confessed it?"

"I have believed that she loved me," faltered Otho; "but she is of maiden bearing, and her lip, at least, has never told it."

"Enough," said Warbeck, "release your hold."

"Stay," said Otho, his suspicions returning; "stay — yet one word; dost thou seek my father? He ever honoured thee more than me: wilt thou own to him thy love, and insist on thy right of birth? By my soul and my hope of heaven, do it, and one of us two must fall!"

"Poor boy!" answered Warbeck, bitterly; "how little thou canst read the heart of one who loves truly. Thinkest thou, I would wed her if she loved thee? Thinkest thou I could, even to be blessed myself, give her one moment's pain? Out on the thought — away!"

"Then wilt not thou seek our father?" said Otho, abashed.

"Our father! — has our father the keeping of Leoline's affection?" answered Warbeck; and shaking off his brother's grasp, he sought the way to the castle.

As he entered the hall, he heard the voice of Leoline; she was singing to the old chief one of the simple ballads of the time, that the warrior and the hunter loved to hear. He paused lest he should break the spell (a spell stronger than a sorcerer's to him), and gazing upon Leoline's beautiful form, his heart sank within him. His brother and himself had each that day, as they sat in the gardens, given her a flower; *his* flower was the fresher and the rarer; *his* he saw not, — but she wore his brother's in her bosom!

The chief, lulled by the music and wearied with the toils of the chase, sank into sleep as the song ended, and Warbeck, coming forward, motioned to Leoline to follow him. He passed into a retired and solitary walk, and when they were a little distance from the castle, Warbeck turned round, and taking Leoline's hand gently, said —

"Let us rest here for one moment, dearest cousin; I have much on my heart to say to thee."

"And what is there," answered Leoline, as they sat on a mossy bank, with the broad Rhine glancing below, "what is there that my kind Warbeck would ask of me? Ah! would it might be some favour, something in poor Leoline's power to grant; for ever from my birth you have been to me most tender, most kind. You, I have often heard them say, taught my first steps to walk; you

formed my infant lips into language; and, in after years, when my wild cousin was far away in the forests at the chase, you would brave his gay jest and remain at home, lest Leoline should be weary in the solitude. Ah, would I could repay you!"

Warbeck turned away his cheek; his heart was very full, and it was some moments before he summoned courage to reply.

"My fair cousin," said he, "those were happy days; but they were the days of childhood. New cares and new thoughts have now come on us. But I am still thy friend, Leoline, and still thou wilt confide in me thy young sorrows and thy young hopes, as thou ever didst. Wilt thou not, Leoline?"

"Canst thou ask me?" said Leoline; and Warbeck, gazing on her face, saw that though her eyes were full of tears, they yet looked steadily upon his; and he knew that she loved him only as a sister.

He sighed, and paused again ere he resumed, "Enough," said he, "now to my task. Once on a time, dear cousin, there lived among these mountains a certain chief who had two sons, and an orphan like thyself dwelt also in his halls. And the elder son — but no matter, let us not waste words on *him*! — the younger son, then, loved the orphan dearly — more dearly than cousins love; and, fearful of refusal, he prayed the elder one to urge his suit to the orphan. Leoline, my tale is done. Canst thou not love Otho as he loves thee?"

And now lifting his eyes to Leoline, he saw that she trembled violently, and her cheek was covered with blushes.

"Say," continued he, mastering himself; "is not that flower (his present) a token that he is chiefly in thy thoughts?"

"Ah, Warbeck! do not deem me ungrateful, that I wear not yours also: but —"

"Hush!" said Warbeck, hastily; "I am but as thy brother, is not Otho more? He is young, brave, and beautiful. God grant that he may deserve thee, if thou givest him so rich a gift as thy affections."

"I saw less of Otho in my childhood," said Leoline, evasively; "therefore, his kindness of late years seemed stranger to me than thine."

"And thou wilt not then reject him? Thou wilt be his bride?"

"And *thy* sister," answered Leoline.

"Bless thee, mine own dear cousin! one brother's kiss then, and farewell! Otho shall thank thee for himself."

He kissed her forehead calmly, and, turning away, plunged into the thicket; then, nor till then, he gave vent to such emotions as, had Leoline seen them, Otho's suit had been lost for ever; for passionately, deeply as in her fond and innocent heart she loved Otho, the *happiness* of Warbeck was not less dear to her.

When the young knight had recovered his self-possession he went in search of Otho. He found him alone in the wood, leaning with folded arms against a tree, and gazing moodily on the ground. Warbeck's noble heart was touched at his brother's dejection.

"Cheer thee, Otho," said he; "I bring thee no bad tidings; I have seen Leoline — I have conversed with her — nay start not — she loves thee! she is thine!"

"Generous — generous Warbeck!" exclaimed Otho; and he threw himself on his brother's neck. "No, no," said he, "this must not be; thou hast the elder claim. — I resign her to thee. Forgive me my waywardness, brother, forgive me!"

"Think of the past no more," said Warbeck; "the love of Leoline is an excuse for greater offences than thine: and now, be kind to her; her nature is soft and keen. I know her well; for I have studied her faintest wish. Thou art hasty and quick of ire; but remember, that a word wounds where love is deep. For my sake, as for hers, think more of her happiness than thine own; now seek her — she waits to hear from thy lips the tale that sounded cold upon mine."

With that he left his brother, and, once more re-entering the castle, he went into the hall of his ancestors. His father still slept; he put his hand on his grey hair, and blessed him; then stealing up to his chamber, he braced on his helm and armour, and thrice kissing the hilt of his sword, said with a flushed cheek —

"Henceforth be *thou* my bride!" Then passing from the castle, he sped by the most solitary paths down the rock, gained the Rhine, and hailing one of the numerous fishermen of the river, won the opposite shore; and alone, but not sad, for his high heart

supported him, and Leoline at least was happy, he hastened to Frankfort.

The town was all gaiety and life, arms clanged at every corner, the sounds of martial music, the wave of banners, the glittering of plumed casques, the neighing of war-steeds, all united to stir the blood and inflame the sense. St. Bertrand had lifted the sacred cross along the shores of the Rhine, and the streets of Frankfort witnessed with what success!

On that same day Warbeck assumed the sacred badge, and was enlisted among the knights of the Emperor Conrad.

We must suppose some time to have elapsed, and Otho and Leoline were not yet wedded; for, in the first fervour of his gratitude to his brother, Otho had proclaimed to his father and to Leoline the conquest Warbeck had obtained over himself; and Leoline, touched to the heart, would not consent that the wedding should take place immediately. "Let him, at least," said she, "not be insulted by a premature festivity; and give him time, amongst the lofty beauties he will gaze upon in a far country, to forget, Otho, that he once loved her who is the beloved of thee."

The old chief applauded this delicacy; and even Otho, in the first flush of his feelings towards his brother, did not venture to oppose it. They settled, then, that the marriage should take place at the end of a year.

Months rolled away, and an absent and moody gloom settled upon Otho's brow. In his excursions with his gay companions among the neighbouring towns, he heard of nothing but the glory of the Crusaders, of the homage paid to the heroes of the Cross at the courts they visited, of the adventures of their life, and the exciting spirit that animated their war. In fact, neither minstrel nor priest suffered the theme to grow cold; and the fame of those who had gone forth to the holy strife, gave at once emulation and discontent to the youths who remained behind.

"And my brother enjoys this ardent and glorious life," said the impatient Otho; "while I, whose arm is as strong, and whose heart is as bold, languish here listening to the dull tales of a hoary sire and the silly songs of an orphan girl." His heart smote him at the last sentence, but he had already begun to weary of the

gentle love of Leoline. Perhaps when he had no longer to gain a triumph over a rival, the excitement palled; or perhaps his proud spirit secretly chafed at being conquered by his brother in generosity, even when outshining him in the success of love.

But poor Leoline, once taught that she was to consider Otho her betrothed, surrendered her heart entirely to his control. His wild spirit, his dark beauty, his daring valour, won while they awed her; and in the fitfulness of his nature were those perpetual springs of hope and fear, that are the fountains of ever-agitated love. She saw with increasing grief the change that was growing over Otho's mind; nor did she divine the cause. "Surely I have not offended him," thought she.

Among the companions of Otho was one who possessed a singular sway over him. He was a knight of that mysterious order of the Temple, which exercised at one time so great a command over the minds of men.

A severe and dangerous wound in a brawl with an English knight had confined the Templar at Frankfort, and prevented his joining the Crusade. During his slow recovery he had formed an intimacy with Otho, and, taking up his residence at the castle of Liebenstein, had been struck with the beauty of Leoline. Prevented by his oath from marriage, he allowed himself a double license in love, and doubted not, could he disengage the young knight from his betrothed, that she would add a new conquest to the many he had already achieved. Artfully therefore he painted to Otho the various attractions of the Holy Cause; and, above all, he failed not to describe, with glowing colours, the beauties who, in the gorgeous East, distinguished with a prodigal favour the warriors of the Cross. Dowries, unknown in the more sterile mountains of the Rhine, accompanied the hand of these beauteous maidens; and even a prince's daughter was not deemed, he said, too lofty a marriage for the heroes who might win kingdoms for themselves.

"To me," said the Templar, "such hopes are eternally denied. But you, were you not already betrothed, what fortunes might await you!"

By such discourses the ambition of Otho was perpetually

aroused; they served to deepen his discontent at his present obscurity, and to convert to distaste the only solace it afforded in the innocence and affection of Leoline.

One night, a minstrel sought shelter from the storm in the halls of Liebenstein. His visit was welcomed by the chief, and he repaid the hospitality he had received by the exercise of his art. He sung of the chase, and the gaunt hound started from the hearth. He sung of love, and Otho, forgetting his restless dreams, approached to Leoline, and laid himself at her feet. Louder then and louder rose the strain. The minstrel sung of war; he painted the feats of the Crusaders; he plunged into the thickest of the battle; the steed neighed; the trump sounded; and you might have heard the ringing of the steel. But when he came to signalize the names of the boldest knights, high among the loftiest sounded the name of Sir Warbeck of Liebenstein. Thrice had he saved the imperial banner; two chargers slain beneath him, he had covered their bodies with the fiercest of the foe. Gentle in the tent and terrible in the fray, the minstrel should forget his craft ere the Rhine should forget its hero. The chief started from his seat. Leoline clasped the minstrel's hand.

"Speak, — you have seen him — he lives — he is honoured?"

"I, myself, am but just from Palestine, brave chief and noble maiden. I saw the gallant knight of Liebenstein at the right hand of the imperial Conrad. And he, ladye, was the only knight whom admiration shone upon without envy, its shadow. Who then" (continued the minstrel, once more striking his harp), "who then would remain inglorious in the hall? Shall not the banners of his sires reproach him as they wave? and shall not every voice from Palestine strike shame into his soul?"

"Right," cried Otho, suddenly, and flinging himself at the feet of his father. "Thou hearest what my brother has done, and thine aged eyes weep tears of joy. Shall I only dishonour thine old age with a rusted sword? No! grant me, like my brother, to go forth with the heroes of the Cross!"

"Noble youth," cried the harper, "therein speaks the soul of Sir Warbeck; hear him, sir knight, — hear the noble youth."

"Heaven cries aloud in his voice," said the Templar, solemnly.

"My son, I cannot chide thine ardour," said the old chief, raising him with trembling hands; "but Leoline, thy betrothed?"

Pale as a statue, with ears that doubted their sense as they drank in the cruel words of her lover, stood the orphan. She did not speak, she scarcely breathed; she sank into her seat, and gazed upon the ground, till, at the speech of the chief, both maiden pride and maiden tenderness restored her consciousness, and she said, —

"I, uncle! — Shall I bid Otho stay when his wishes bid him depart?"

"He will return to thee, noble ladye, covered with glory," said the harper: but Otho said no more. The touching voice of Leoline went to his soul; he resumed his seat in silence; and Leoline, going up to him, whispered gently, "Act as though I were not;" and left the hall to commune with her heart and to weep alone.

"I can wed her before I go," said Otho, suddenly, as he sat that night in the Templar's chamber.

"Why, that is true! and leave thy bride in the first week — a hard trial!"

"Better than incur the chance of never calling her mine. Dear, kind, beloved Leoline!"

"Assuredly she deserves all from thee; and, indeed, it is no small sacrifice, at thy years and with thy mien, to renounce for ever all interest among the noble maidens thou wilt visit. Ah, from the galleries of Constantinople what eyes will look down on thee, and what ears, learning that thou art Otho the bridegroom, will turn away, caring for thee no more! A bridegroom without a bride! Nay, man, much as the Cross wants warriors, I am enough thy friend to tell thee, if thou weddest, to stay peaceably at home, and forget in the chase the labours of war, from which thou wouldst strip the ambition of love."

"I would I knew what were best," said Otho, irresolutely. "My brother — ha, shall he for ever outshine me? — But Leoline, how will she grieve — she who left him for me!"

"Was that thy fault?" said the Templar, gaily. "It may many times chance to thee again to be preferred to another. Troth,

it is a sin under which the conscience may walk lightly enough. But sleep on it, Otho; my eyes grow heavy."

The next day Otho sought Leoline, and proposed to her that their wedding should precede his parting; but so embarrassed was he, so divided between two wishes, that Leoline, offended, hurt, stung by his coldness, refused the proposal at once. She left him lest he should see her weep, and then — then she repented even of her just pride!

But Otho, striving to appease his conscience with the belief that hers now was the *sole* fault, busied himself in preparations for his departure. Anxious to outshine his brother, he departed not as Warbeck, alone and unattended, but levying all the horse, men, and money that his domain of Sternfels — which he had not yet tenanted — would afford, he repaired to Frankfort at the head of a glittering troop.

The Templar, affecting a relapse, tarried behind, and promised to join him at that Constantinople of which he had so loudly boasted. Meanwhile he devoted his whole powers of pleasing to console the unhappy orphan. The force of her simple love was, however, stronger than all his arts. In vain he insinuated doubts of Otho; she refused to hear them: in vain he poured with the softest accents into her ear the witchery of flattery and song: she turned heedlessly away; and only pained by the courtesies that had so little resemblance to Otho, she shut herself up in her chamber, and pined in solitude for her forsaker.

The Templar now resolved to attempt darker arts to obtain power over her, when, fortunately, he was summoned suddenly away by a mission from the Grand Master, of so high import, that it could not be resisted by a passion stronger in his breast than love — the passion of ambition. He left the castle to its solitude; and Otho peopling it no more with his gay companions, no solitude *could* be more unfrequently disturbed.

Meanwhile, though, ever and anon, the fame of Warbeck reached their ears, it came unaccompanied with that of Otho, — of him they heard no tidings: and thus the love of the tender orphan was kept alive by the perpetual restlessness of fear. At length the old chief died, and Leoline was left utterly alone.

One evening as she sat with her maidens in the hall, the ringing of a steed's hoofs was heard in the outer court; a horn sounded, the heavy gates were unbarred, and a knight of a stately mien and covered with the mantle of the Cross, entered the hall; he stopped for one moment at the entrance, as if overpowered by his emotions; in the next he had clasped Leoline to his breast.

"Dost thou not recognise thy cousin Warbeck?" He doffed his casque, and she saw that majestic brow which, unlike Otho's, had never changed or been clouded in its aspect to her.

"The war is suspended for the present," said he. "I learned my father's death, and I have returned home to hang up my banner in the hall, and spend my days in peace."

Time and the life of camps had worked their change upon Warbeck's face; the fair hair, deepened in its shade, was worn from the temples, and disclosed one scar that rather aided the beauty of a countenance that had always something high and martial in its character: but the calm it once wore had settled down into sadness; he conversed more rarely than before, and though he smiled not less often, or less kindly, the smile had more of thought, and the kindness had forgot its passion. He had apparently conquered a love that was so early crossed, but not that fidelity of remembrance which made Leoline dearer to him than all others, and forbade him to replace the images he had graven upon his soul.

The orphan's lips trembled with the name of Otho, but a certain recollection stifled even her anxiety. Warbeck hastened to forestall her questions.

"Otho was well," he said, "and sojourning at Constantinople; he had lingered there so long that the crusade had terminated without his aid: doubtless now he would speedily return; — a month, a week, nay, a day, might restore him to her side."

Leoline was inexpressibly consoled, yet something remained untold. Why, so eager for the strife of the sacred tomb, had he thus tarried at Constantinople? She wondered, she wearied conjecture, but she did not dare to search farther.

The generous Warbeck concealed from her that Otho led a life of the most reckless and indolent dissipation; — wasting his wealth in the pleasures of the Greek court, and only occupying his

ambition with the wild schemes of founding a principality in those foreign climes, which the enterprises of the Norman adventurers had rendered so alluring to the knightly bandits of the age.

The cousins resumed their old friendship, and Warbeck believed that it was friendship alone. They walked again among the gardens in which their childhood had strayed; they sat again on the green turf whereon they had woven flowers; they looked down on the eternal mirror of the Rhine; — ah! could it have reflected the same unawakened freshness of their life's early spring!

The grave and contemplative mind of Warbeck had not been so contented with the honours of war, but that it had sought also those calmer sources of emotion which were yet found among the sages of the East. He had drunk at the fountain of the wisdom of those distant climes, and had acquired the habits of meditation which were indulged by those wiser tribes from which the Crusaders brought back to the North the knowledge that was destined to enlighten their posterity. Warbeck, therefore, had little in common with the ruder chiefs around: he did not summon them to his board, nor attend at their noisy wassails. Often late at night, in yon shattered tower, his lonely lamp shone still over the mighty stream, and his only relief to loneliness was the presence and the song of his soft cousin.

Months rolled on, when suddenly a vague and fearful rumour reached the castle of Liebenstein. Otho was returning home to the neighbouring tower of Sternfels; but not alone. He brought back with him a Greek bride of surprising beauty, and dowered with almost regal wealth. Leoline was the first to discredit the rumour; Leoline was soon the only one who disbelieved.

Bright in the summer noon flashed the array of horsemen; far up the steep ascent wound the gorgeous cavalcade; the lonely towers of Liebenstein heard the echo of many a laugh and peal of merriment. Otho bore home his bride to the hall of Sternfels.

That night there was a great banquet in Otho's castle; the lights shone from every casement, and music swelled loud and ceaselessly within.

By the side of Otho, glittering with the prodigal jewels of the East, sat the Greek. Her dark locks, her flashing eye, the false

colours of her complexion, dazzled the eyes of her guests. On her left hand sat the Templar.

"By the holy rood," quoth the Templar, gaily, though he crossed himself as he spoke, "we shall scare the owls to-night on those grim towers of Liehenstein. Thy grave brother, Sir Otho, will have much to do to comfort his cousin when she sees what a gallant life she would have led with thee."

"Poor damsel!" said the Greek, with affected pity, "doubtless she will now be reconciled to the rejected one. I hear he is a knight of a comely mien."

"Peace!" said Otho, sternly, and quaffing a large goblet of wine.

The Greek bit her lip, and glanced meaningly at the Templar, who returned the glance.

"Nought but a beauty such as thine can win my pardon," said Otho, turning to his bride, and gazing passionately in her face.

The Greek smiled.

Well sped the feast, the laugh deepened, the wine circled, when Otho's eye rested on a guest at the bottom of the board, whose figure was mantled from head to foot, and whose face was covered by a dark veil.

"Beshrew me!" said he, aloud; "but this is scarce courteous at our revel: will the stranger vouchsafe to unmask?"

These words turned all eyes to the figure, and they who sat next it perceived that it trembled violently; at length it rose, and walking slowly, but with grace, to the fair Greek, it laid beside her a wreath of flowers.

"It is a simple gift, ladye," said the stranger, in a voice of such sweetness, that the rudest guest was touched by it. "But it is all I can offer, and the bride of Otho should not be without a gift at my hands. May ye both be happy!"

With these words, the stranger turned and passed from the hall silent as a shadow.

"Bring hack the stranger!" cried the Greek, recovering her surprise. Twenty guests sprang up to obey her mandate.

"No, no!" said Otho, waving his hand impatiently. "Touch her not, heed her not, at your peril."

The Greek bent over the flowers to conceal her anger, and from amongst them dropped the broken half of a ring. Otho recognised it at once; it was the half of that ring which he had broken with his betrothed. Alas, he required not such a sign to convince him that that figure, so full of ineffable grace, that touching voice, that simple action so tender in its sentiment, that gift, that blessing, came only from the forsaken and forgiving Leoline!

But Warbeck, alone in his solitary tower, paced to and fro with agitated steps. Deep, undying wrath at his brother's falsehood, mingled with one burning, one delicious hope. He confessed now that he had deceived himself when he thought his passion was no more; was there any longer a bar to his union with Leoline?

In that delicacy which was breathed into him by his love, he had forborne to seek, or to offer her the insult of consolation. He felt that the shock should be borne alone, and yet he pined, he thirsted, to throw himself at her feet.

Nursing these contending thoughts, he was aroused by a knock at his door; he opened it — the passage was thronged by Leoline's maidens; pale, anxious, weeping. Leoline had left the castle, with but one female attendant; none knew whither: — they knew too soon. From the hall of Sternfels she had passed over in the dark and inclement night, to the valley in which the convent of Bornhofen offered to the weary of spirit and the broken of heart a refuge at the shrine of God.

At daybreak, the next morning, Warbeck was at the convent's gate. He saw Leoline: what a change one night of suffering had made in that face, which was the fountain of all loveliness to him! He clasped her in his arms; he wept; he urged all that love could urge: he besought her to accept that heart, which had never wronged her memory by a thought. "Oh, Leoline! didst thou not say once that these arms nursed thy childhood; that this voice soothed thine early sorrows! Ah, trust to them again and for ever. From a love that forsook thee turn to the love that never swerved."

"No," said Leoline; "No. What would the chivalry of which thou art the boast — what would they say of thee, wert thou to

wed one affianced and deserted, who tarried years for another, and brought to thine arms only that heart which he had abandoned? No; and even if thou, as I know thou wouldst be, wert callous to such wrong of thy high name, shall I bring to thee a broken heart, and bruised spirit? shalt thou wed sorrow and not joy? and shall sighs that will not cease, and tears that may not be dried, be the only dowry of thy bride? Thou, too, for whom all blessings should be ordained? No, forget me; forget thy poor Leoline! She hath nothing but prayers for thee."

In vain Warbeck pleaded; in vain he urged all that passion and truth could urge; the springs of earthly love were for ever dried up in the orphan's heart, and her resolution was immovable — she tore herself from his arms, and the gate of the convent creaked harshly on his ear.

A new and stern emotion now wholly possessed him; though naturally mild and gentle, he cherished anger, when once it was aroused, with the strength of a calm mind. Leoline's tears, her sufferings, her wrongs, her uncomplaining spirit, the change already stamped upon her face, all cried aloud to him for vengeance. "She is an orphan," said he, bitterly; "she hath none to protect, to redress her, save me alone. My father's charge over her forlorn youth descends of right to me. What matters it whether her forsaker be my brother? — he is *her* foe. Hath he not crushed her heart? Hath he not consigned her to sorrow till the grave? And with what insult; no warning, no excuse; with lewd was-sailers keeping revel for his new bridals in the hearing — before the sight — of his betrothed! Enough! the time hath come, when, to use his own words, 'One of us two must fall!'" He half drew his glaive as he spoke, and thrusting it back violently into the sheath, strode home to his solitary castle. The sound of steeds and of the hunting horn met him at his portal; the bridal train of Sternfels, all mirth and gladness, were panting for the chase.

That evening a knight in complete armour entered the banquet-hall of Sternfels, and defied Otho, on the part of Warbeck of Liebenstein, to mortal combat.

Even the Templar was startled by so unnatural a challenge;

but Otho, reddening, took up the gage, and the day and spot were fixed. Discontented, wroth with himself, a savage gladness seized him; — he longed to wreak his desperate feelings even on his brother. Nor had he ever in his jealous heart forgiven that brother his virtues and his renown.

At the appointed hour the brothers met as foes. Warbeck's visor was up, and all the settled sternness of his soul was stamped upon his brow. But Otho, more willing to brave the arm than to face the front of his brother, kept his visor down; the Templar stood by him with folded arms. It was a study in human passions to his mocking mind. Scarce had the first trump sounded to this dread conflict, when a new actor entered on the scene. The rumour of so unprecedented an event had not failed to reach the convent of Bornhofen; — and now, two by two, came the sisters of the holy shrine, and the armed men made way, as with trailing garments and veiled faces they swept along into the very lists. At that moment one from amongst them left her sisters with a slow majestic pace, and paused not till she stood right between the brother foes.

"Warbeck," she said in a hollow voice, that curdled up his dark spirit as it spoke, "is it thus thou wouldst prove thy love, and maintain thy trust over the fatherless orphan that thy sire bequeathed to thy care? Shall I have murder on my soul?" At that question she paused, and those who heard it were struck dumb and shuddered. "The murder of one man by the hand of his own brother! — Away, Warbeck! *I command.*"

"Shall I forget thy wrongs, Leoline?" said Warbeck.

"Wrongs! they united me to God! they are forgiven, they are no more. Earth has deserted me, but heaven hath taken me to its arms; — shall I murmur at the change? And thou, Otho — (here her voice faltered) — thou, does thy conscience smite thee not? — wouldst thou atone for robbing me of hope by barring against me the future? Wretch that I should be, could I dream of mercy — could I dream of comfort, if thy brother fell by thy sword in my cause? Otho, I have pardoned thee, and blessed thee and thine. Once, perhaps, thou didst love me; remember how I loved thee — cast down thine arms."

Otho gazed at the veiled form before him. Where had the soft Leoline learned to command? — He turned to his brother; he felt all that he had inflicted upon both; and casting his sword upon the ground, he knelt at the feet of Leoline, and kissed her garment with a devotion that votary never lavished on a holier saint.

The spell that lay over the warriors around was broken; there was one loud cry of congratulation and joy. "And thou, Warbeck!" said Leoline, turning to the spot where, still motionless and haughty, Warbeck stood.

"Have I ever rebelled against thy will?" said he, softly; and buried the point of his sword in the earth. — "Yet, Leoline, yet," added he, looking at his kneeling brother, "yet art thou already better avenged than by this steel!"

"Thou art! thou art!" cried Otho, smiting his breast; and slowly, and scarce noting the crowd that fell back from his path, Warbeck, left the lists.

Leoline said no more; her divine errand was fulfilled. She looked long and wistfully after the stately form of the knight of Liebenstein, and then, with a slight sigh, she turned to Otho, "This is the last time we shall meet on earth. Peace be with us all."

She then, with the same majestic and collected bearing, passed on towards the sisterhood; and as, in the same solemn procession, they glided back towards the convent, there was not a man present — no, not even the hardened Templar — who would not, like Otho, have bent his knee to Leoline.

Once more Otho plunged into the wild revelry of the age; his castle was thronged with guests, and night after night the lighted halls shone down athwart the tranquil Rhine. The beauty of the Greek, the wealth of Otho, the fame of the Templar, attracted all the chivalry from far and near. Never had the banks of the Rhine known so hospitable a lord as the knight of Sternfels. Yet gloom seized him in the midst of gladness, and the revel was welcome only as the escape from remorse. The voice of scandal, however, soon began to mingle with that of envy at the pomp of Otho. The fair Greek, it was said, weary of her lord, lavished her smiles on others: the young and the fair were always most acceptable at the

castle; and, above all, her guilty love for the Templar scarcely affected disguise. Otho alone appeared unconscious of the rumour; and though he had begun to neglect his bride, he relaxed not in his intimacy with the Templar.

It was noon, and the Greek was sitting in her bower alone with her suspected lover; the rich perfumes of the East mingled with the fragrance of flowers, and various luxuries, unknown till then in those northern shores, gave a soft and effeminate character to the room.

"I tell thee," said the Greek petulantly, "that he begins to suspect; that I have seen him watch thee, and mutter as he watched, and play with the hilt of his dagger. Better let us fly ere it is too late, for his vengeance would be terrible were it once roused against us. Ah, why did I ever forsake my own sweet land for these barbarous shores! There, love is not considered eternal, nor inconstancy a crime worthy death."

"Peace, pretty one!" said the Templar carelessly; "thou knowest not the laws of our foolish chivalry. Thinkest thou I could fly from a knight's halls like a thief in the night? Why, verily, even the red cross would not cover such dishonour. If thou fearest that thy dull lord suspects, let us part. The emperor hath sent me from Frankfort. Ere evening I might be on my way thither."

"And I left to brave the barbarian's revenge alone? Is this thy chivalry?"

"Nay, prate not so wildly," answered the Templar. "Surely, when the object of his suspicion is gone, thy woman's art and thy Greek wiles can easily allay the jealous fiend. Do I not know thee, Glycera? Why thou wouldst fool all men — save a Templar."

"And thou, cruel, wouldst thou leave me?" said the Greek, weeping. "How shall I live without thee?"

The Templar laughed slightly. "Can such eyes ever weep without a comforter? But farewell; I must not be found with thee. To-morrow I depart for Frankfort; we shall meet again."

As soon as the door closed on the Templar, the Greek rose, and pacing the room, said, "Selfish, selfish! how could I ever trust him? Yet I dare not brave Otho alone. Surely it was his

step that disturbed us in our yesterday's interview. Nay, I will fly. I can never want a companion."

She clapped her hands; a young page appeared; she threw herself on her seat and wept bitterly.

The page approached, and love was mingled with his compassion.

"Why weepest thou, dearest lady?" said he; "is there aught in which Conrad's services — services! — ah, thou hast read his heart — *his devotion* may avail?"

Otho had wandered out the whole day alone; his vassals had observed that his brow was more gloomy than its wont, for he usually concealed whatever might prey within. Some of the most confidential of his servitors he had conferred with, and the conference had deepened the shadow on his countenance. He returned at twilight; the Greek did not honour the repast with her presence. She was unwell, and not to be disturbed. The gay Templar was the life of the board.

"Thou carriest a sad brow to-day, Sir Otho," said he; "good faith, thou hast caught it from the air of Liebenstein."

"I have something troubles me," answered Otho, forcing a smile, "which I would fain impart to thy friendly bosom. The night is clear and the moon is up, let us forth alone into the garden."

The Templar rose, and he forgot not to gird on his sword as he followed the knight.

Otho led the way to one of the most distant terraces that overhung the Rhine.

"Sir Templar," said he, pausing, "answer me one question on thy knightly honour. Was it thy step that left my lady's bower yester eve at vesper?"

Startled by so sudden a query, the wily Templar faltered in his reply.

The red blood mounted to Otho's brow. "Nay, lie not, Sir knight; these eyes, thanks to God! have not witnessed, but these ears have heard from others of my dishonour."

As Otho spoke, the Templar's eye, resting on the water, perceived a boat rowing fast over the Rhine; the distance forbade him to see more than the outline of two figures within it. "She was

right," thought he; "perhaps that boat already bears her from the danger."

Drawing himself up to the full height of his tall stature, the Templar replied haughtily —

"Sir Otho of Sternfels, if thou hast deigned to question thy vassals, obtain from them only an answer. It is not to contradict such minions that the knights of the Temple pledge their word!"

"Enough," cried Otho, losing patience, and striking the Templar with his clenched hand. "Draw, traitor! draw!"

Alone in his lofty tower Warbeck watched the night deepen over the heavens, and communed mournfully with himself. "To what end," thought he, "have these strong affections, these capacities of love, this yearning after sympathy, been given me? Unloved and unknown I walk to my grave, and all the nobler mysteries of my heart are for ever to be untold."

Thus musing, he heard not the challenge of the warder on the wall, or the unbarring of the gate below, or the tread of footsteps along the winding stair; the door was thrown suddenly open, and Otho stood before him. "Come," he said, in a low voice trembling with passion; "come, I will show thee that which shall gladden thine heart. Twofold is Leoline avenged."

Warbeck looked in amazement on a brother he had not met since they stood in arms each against the other's life, and he now saw that the arm that Otho extended to him dripped with blood, trickling drop by drop upon the floor.

"Come," said Otho, "follow me; it is my last prayer. Come, for Leoline's sake, come."

At that name Warbeck hesitated no longer; he girded on his sword, and followed his brother down the stairs and through the castle gate. The porter scarcely believed his eyes when he saw the two brothers, so long divided, go forth at that hour alone, and seemingly in friendship.

Warbeck, arrived at that epoch in the feelings when nothing stuns, followed with silent steps the rapid strides of his brother. The two castles, as you are aware, are scarce a stone's throw from each other. In a few minutes Otho paused at an open space in one of the terraces of Sternfels, on which the moon shone bright

and steady. "Behold!" he said, in a ghastly voice, "behold!" and Warbeck saw on the sword the corpse of the Templar, bathed with the blood that even still poured fast and warm from his heart.

"Hark!" said Otho. "He it was who first made me waver in my vows to Leoline; he persuaded me to wed yon whithed falsehood. Hark! he, who had thus wronged my real love, dishonoured me with my faithless bride, and thus — thus — thus" — as grinding his teeth, he spurned again and again the dead body of the Templar — "thus Leoline and myself are avenged!"

"And thy wife?" said Warbeck, pityingly.

"Fled — fled with a hireling page. It is well! she was not worth the sword that was once belted on — by Leoline."

The tradition, dear Gertrude, proceeds to tell us that Otho, though often menaced by the rude justice of the day for the death of the Templar, defied and escaped the menace. On the very night of his revenge a long delirious illness seized him; the generous Warbeck forgave, forgot all, save that he had been once consecrated by Leoline's love. He tended him through his sickness, and when he recovered, Otho was an altered man. He forswore the comrades he had once courted, the revels he had once led. The halls of Sternfels were desolate as those of Liebenstein. The only companion Otho sought was Warbeck, and Warbeck bore with him. They had no topic in common, for on one subject Warbeck at least felt too deeply ever to trust himself to speak; yet did a strange and secret sympathy re-unite them. They had at least a common sorrow; often they were seen wandering together by the solitary banks of the river, or amidst the woods, without apparently interchanging word or sign. Otho died first, and still in the prime of youth; and Warbeck was now left companionless. In vain the imperial court wooed him to its pleasures; in vain the camp proffered him the oblivion of renown. Ah! could he tear himself from a spot where morning and night he could see afar, amidst the valley, the roof that sheltered Leoline, and on which every copse, every turf, reminded him of former days? His solitary life, his midnight vigils, strange scrolls about his chamber, obtained him by degrees the repute of cultivating the darker arts; and shunning, he became shunned by, all. But still it was

sweet to hear from time to time of the increasing sanctity of her in whom he had treasured up his last thoughts of earth. She it was who healed the sick; she it was who relieved the poor; and the superstition of that age brought pilgrims from afar to the altars that she served.

Many years afterwards, a band of lawless robbers, who, ever and anon, broke from their mountain fastnesses to pillage and to desolate the valleys of the Rhine; who spared neither sex nor age; neither tower nor hut; nor even the houses of God himself; laid waste the territories round Boruhofen, and demanded treasure from the convent. The abbess, of the bold lineage of Rudesheim, refused the sacrilegious demand; the convent was stormed; its vassals resisted; the robbers, enured to slaughter, won the day; already the gates were forced, when a knight at the head of a small but hardy troop, rushed down from the mountain side, and turned the tide of the fray. Wherever his sword flashed, fell a foe. Wherever his war-cry sounded, was a space of dead men in the thick of the battle. The fight was won; the convent saved; the abbess and their sisterhood came forth to bless their deliverer. Laid under an aged oak, he was bleeding fast to death; his head was bare and his locks were grey, but scarcely yet with years. One only of the sisterhood recognised that majestic face; one bathed his parched lips; one held his dying hand; and in Leoline's presence passed away the faithful spirit of the last lord of Liebenstein!

"Oh!" said Gertrude, through her tears; "surely you must have altered the facts, — surely — surely — it must have been impossible for Leoline, with a woman's heart, to have loved Otho more than Warbeck?"

"My child," said Vane, "so think women when they read a tale of love, and see *the whole heart* bared before them; but not so act they in real life — when they see only the surface of character, and pierce not its depths — until it is too late!"

CHAPTER XXV.

The immortality of the soul. — A common incident not before described. — Trevlyan and Gertrude.

THE day now grew cool as it waned to its decline, and the breeze came sharp upon the delicate frame of the sufferer. They resolved to proceed no further; and as they carried with them attendants and baggage, which rendered their route almost independent of the ordinary accommodation, they steered for the opposite shore, and landed at a village beautifully sequestered in a valley, and where they fortunately obtained a lodging not often met with in the regions of the picturesque.

When Gertrude, at an early hour, retired to bed, Vane and Du — e fell into speculative conversation upon the nature of man. Vane's philosophy was of a quiet and passive scepticism; the physician dared more boldly, and rushed from doubt to negation. The attention of Trevlyan, as he sat apart and musing, was arrested in despite of himself. He listened to an argument in which he took no share; but which suddenly inspired him with an interest in that awful subject which, in the heat of youth and the occupations of the world, had never been so prominently called forth before.

"What!" thought he, with unutterable anguish, as he listened to the earnest vehemence of the Frenchman and the tranquil assent of Vane; "if this creed were indeed true, — if there be no other world — Gertrude is lost to me eternally, — through the dread gloom of death there would break forth no star!"

That is a peculiar incident that perhaps occurs to us all at times, but which I have never found expressed in books; — viz. to hear a doubt of futurity at the very moment in which the present is most overcast; and to find at once this world stripped of its delusion, and the next of its consolation. It is perhaps for others, rather than ourselves, that the fond heart requires an Hereafter. The tranquil rest, the shadow, and the silence, the mere pause of the wheel of life, have no terror for the wise, who know the due value of the world —

"After the billows of a stormy sea,
Sweet is at last the haven of repose!"

But not so when that stillness is to divide us eternally from others; when those we have loved with all the passion, the devotion, the watchful sanctity of the weak human heart, are to exist to us no more! — when, after long years of desertion and widowhood on earth, there is to be no hope of re-union in that INVISIBLE beyond the stars; when the torch, not of life only, but of love, is to be quenched in the Dark Fountain; and the grave, that we would fain hope is the great restorer of broken ties, is but the dumb seal of hopeless — utter — inexorable separation! And it is this thought — this sentiment, which makes religion out of woe, and teaches belief to the mourning heart, that in the gladness of united affections felt not the necessity of a heaven! To how many is the death of the beloved, the parent of faith!

Stung by his thoughts Trevelyman rose abruptly, and stealing from the lowly hostelry, walked forth amidst the serene and deepening night; from the window of Gertrude's room the light streamed calm on the purple air.

With uneven steps and many a pause, he paced to and fro beneath the window, and gave the rein to his thoughts. How intensely he felt the ALL that Gertrude was to him! how bitterly he foresaw the change in his lot and character that her death would work out! For who that met him in later years ever dreamed that emotions so soft, and yet so ardent, had visited one so stern? Who could have believed that time was, when the polished and cold Trevelyman had kept the vigils he now held below the chamber of one so little like himself as Gertrude, in that remote and solitary hamlet; shut in by the haunted mountains of the Rhine, and beneath the moonlight of the romantic North?

While thus engaged, the light in Gertrude's room was suddenly extinguished; it is impossible to express how much that trivial incident affected him! It was like an emblem of what was to come; the light had been the only evidence of life that broke upon that hour, and he was now left alone with the shades of night. Was not this like the herald of Gertrude's own death; the extinction of the only living ray that broke upon the darkness of the world?

His anguish, his presentiment of utter desolation, increased. He groaned aloud; he dashed his clenched hand to his breast — large and cold drops of agony stole down his brow. "Father," he exclaimed with a struggling voice, "let this cup pass from me! Smite my ambition to the root; curse me with poverty, shame, and bodily disease; but leave me this one solace, this one companion of my fate!"

At this moment Gertrude's window opened gently, and he heard her accents steal soothingly upon his ear.

"Is not that your voice, Albert?" said she, softly. "I heard it just as I laid down to rest, and could not sleep while you were thus exposed to the damp night air. You do not answer; surely it is your voice: when did I mistake it for another's?"

Mastering with a violent effort his emotions, Trevylyan answered, with a sort of convulsive gaiety —

"Why come to these shores, dear Gertrude, unless you are honoured with the chivalry that belongs to them? What wind, what blight, can harm me while within the circle of your presence; and what sleep can bring me dreams so dear as the waking thought of you?"

"It is cold," said Gertrude, shivering; "come in, dear Albert, I beseech you, and I will thank you to-morrow." Gertrude's voice was choked by the hectic cough, that went like an arrow to Trevylyan's heart; and he felt that in her anxiety for him she was now exposing her own frame to the unwholesome night.

He spoke no more, but hurried within the house; and when the grey light of morn broke upon his gloomy features, haggard from the want of sleep, it might have seemed, in that dim eye and fast-sinking cheek, as if the lovers were not to be divided — even by death itself.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN which the reader will learn how the fairies were received by the sovereigns of the mines. — The complaint of the last of the fauns. — The red huntsman. — The storm. — Death.

IN the deep valley of Ehrental, the metal kings — the Prince of the Silver Palaces, the Gnome Monarch of the dull Lead Mine,

the President of the Copper United States, held a court to receive the fairy wanderers from the island of Nonnenwerth.

The prince was there, in a gallant hunting suit of oak leaves, in honour to England; and wore a profusion of fairy orders, which had been instituted from time to time, in honour of the human poets that had celebrated the spiritual and ethereal tribes. Chief of these, sweet Dreamer of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, was the badge crystallized from the dews that rose above the whispering reeds of Avon, on the night of thy birth — the great epoch of the intellectual world! Nor wert thou, O beloved Musæus! nor thou, dim-dreaming Tieck! nor were ye, the wild imaginer of the bright-haired Undine, and the wayward spirit that invoked for the gloomy Manfred the witch of the breathless Alps, and the spirits of earth and air! — nor were ye without the honours of fairy homage! Your memory may fade from the heart of man, and the spells of newer enchanters may succeed to the charm you once wove over the face of the common world; but still in the green knolls of the haunted valley and the deep shade of forests, and the starred palaces of air, ye are honoured by the beings of your dreams, as demigods and kings! Your graves are tended by invisible hands, and the places of your birth are hallowed by no perishable worship.

Even as I write; * far away amidst the hills of Scotland, and by the forest thou hast clothed with immortal verdure; thou, the waker of "the Harp by lone Glenfillan's spring," art passing from the earth which thou hast "painted with delight." And such are the chances of mortal fame! Our children's children may raise new idols on the site of thy holy altar, and cavil where their sires adored; but for thee the mermaid of the ocean shall wail in her coral caves; and the sprite that lives in the waterfalls shall mourn! Strange shapes shall hew thy monument in the recesses of the lonely rocks; ever by moonlight shall the fairies pause from their roundel when some wild note of their minstrelsy reminds them of thine own; — ceasing from their revelries, to weep for the silence of that mighty lyre, which breathed alike a revelation of thy mysteries of spirits and of men!

* It was just at the time the author was finishing this work, that the great master of his art was drawing to the close of his career.

The King of the Silver Mines sat in a cavern in the valley, through which the moonlight pierced its way and slept in shadow on the soil shining with metals wrought into unnumbered shapes; and below him, on a humbler throne, with a grey beard and downcast eye, sat the aged King of the Dwarfs that preside over the dull realms of lead, and inspire the verse of —, and the prose of —! And there too, a fantastic household elf, was the President of the Copper Republic — a spirit that loves economy and the Uses, and smiles sparsely on the Beautiful. But, in the centre of the cave, upon beds of the softest mosses, the untrodden growth of ages, reclined the fairy visitors — Nymphalin seated by her betrothed. And round the walls of the cave were dwarf attendants on the sovereigns of the metals, of a thousand odd shapes and fantastic garments. On the abrupt ledges of the rocks the bats, charmed to stillness but not sleep, clustered thickly, watching the scene with fixed and amazed eyes; and one old grey owl, the favourite of the witch of the valley, sat blinking in a corner, listening with all her might that she might bring home the scandal to her mistress.

“And tell me, Prince of the Rhine-Island Fays,” said the King of the Silver Mines, “for thou art a traveller, and a fairy that hath seen much, how go men’s affairs in the upper world? As to ourself, we live here in a stupid splendour, and only hear the news of the day when our brother of lead pays a visit to the English printing-press, or the President of Copper goes to look at his improvements in steam-engines.”

“Indeed,” replied Fayzenheim, preparing to speak, like Æneas in the Carthaginian court; “indeed, your majesty, I know not much that will interest you in the present aspect of mortal affairs, except that you are quite as much honoured at this day as when the Roman conqueror bent his knee to you among the mountains of Taunus: and a vast number of little round subjects of yours are constantly carried about by the rich, and pined after with hopeless adoration by the poor. But, begging your majesty’s pardon, may I ask what has become of your cousin, the King of the Golden Mines? I know very well that he has no dominion in these valleys, and do not therefore wonder at his absence from your court this night; but I see so little of his subjects on earth that I

should fear his empire was well nigh at an end, if I did not recognise every-where the most servile homage paid to a power now become almost invisible."

The King of the Silver Mines fetched a deep sigh. "Alas, prince," said he, "too well do you divine the expiration of my cousin's empire. So many of his subjects have from time to time gone forth to the world, pressed into military service and never returning, that his kingdom is nearly depopulated. And he lives far off in the distant parts of the earth, in a state of melancholy seclusion; the age of gold has passed, the age of paper has commenced."

"Paper," said Nymphalin, who was still somewhat of a *précieuse*; "paper is a wonderful thing. What pretty books the human people write upon it!"

"Ah! that's what I design to convey," said the silver king. "It is the age less of paper money than paper government: the press is the true bank." The lord treasurer of the English fairies pricked up his ears at the word "bank." For he was the Altwood of the fairies: he had a favourite plan of making money out of bul-rushes, and had written four large bees'-wings-full upon the true nature of capital.

While they were thus conversing, a sudden sound as of some rustic and rude music broke along the air, and closing its wild burden. they heard the following song:—

THE COMPLAINT OF THE LAST FAUN.

1.

The moon on the Latmos mountain
Her pining vigil keeps;
And ever the silver fountain
In the Dorian valley weeps.
But gone are Endymion's dreams;—
And the crystal lymph
Bewails the nymph
Whose beauty sleeked the streams!

2.

Round Arcady's oak, its green
The Bromian ivy weaves;
But no more is the satyr seen
Laughing out from the glossy leaves.

Hushed is the Lycian lute,
 Still grows the seed
 Of the Moenale reed,
 But the pipe of Pan is mute!

3.

The leaves in the noon-day quiver; —
 The vines on the mountains wave; —
 And Tiber rolls his river
 As fresh by the Sylvan's cave;
 But my brothers are dead and gone;
 And far away
 From their graves I stray,
 And dream of the Past alone!

4.

And the sun of the north is chill; —
 And keen is the northern gale; —
 Alas for the song on the Argive hill:
 And the dance in the Cretan vale! —
 The youth of the earth is o'er,
 And its breast is rife
 With the teeming life
 Of the golden Tribes no more!

5.

My race are more blest than I,
 Asleep in their distant bed;
 'T were better, be sure, to die
 Than to mourn for the buried Dead: —
 To rove by the stranger streams,
 At dusk and dawn
 A lonely faun,
 The last of the Grecian's dreams.

As the song ended a shadow crossed the moonlight, that lay white and lustrous before the aperture of the cavern; and Nymphalin, looking up, beheld a graceful, yet grotesque figure standing on the sward without, and gazing on the group in the cave. It was a shaggy form, with a goat's legs and ears; but the rest of its body, and the height of the stature, like a man's. An arch, pleasant, yet malicious smile, played about its lips; and in its hand it held the pastoral pipe of which poets have sung; — they would find it difficult to sing to it!

"And who art thou?" said Fayzenheim, with the air of a hero.

"I am the last lingering wanderer of the race which the Romans worshipped: hither I followed their victorious steps, and in these green hollows have I remained. Sometimes in the still noon, when the leaves of spring bud upon the whispering woods, I peer forth from my rocky lair, and startle the peasant with my strange voice and stranger shape. Then goes he home, and puzzles his thick brain with mopes and fancies, till at length he imagines me, the creature of the south! one of his northern demons, and his poets adapt the apparition to their barbarous lines."

"Ho!" quoth the silver king, "surely thou art the origin of the fabled Satan of the cowed men living whilome in yonder ruins, with its horns and goatish limbs: and the harmless faun has been made the figuration of the most implacable of fiends. But why, O wanderer of the south! lingerest thou in these foreign dells? Why returnest thou not to the bi-forked hill-top of old Parnassus, or the wastes around the yellow course of the Tiber?"

"My brethren are no more," said the poor faun; "and the very faith that left us sacred and unharmed is departed. But here all the spirits not of mortality are still honoured; and I wander, mourning for Silenus; though amidst the vines that should console me for his loss."

"Thou hast known great beings in thy day," said the leaden king, who loved the philosophy of a truism (and the history of whose inspirations I shall one day write).

"Ah, yes," said the faun, "my birth was amidst the freshness of the world, when the flush of the universal life coloured all things with divinity; when not a tree but had its Dryad — not a fountain that was without its Nymph. I sat by the grey throne of Saturn, in his old age, ere yet he was discrowned (for he was no visionary ideal, but the arch monarch of the pastoral age): and heard from his lips the history of the world's birth. But those times are gone for ever — they have left harsh successors."

"It is the age of paper," muttered the lord treasurer, shaking his head.

"What ho, for a dance!" cried Fayzenheim, too royal for moralities, and he whirled the beautiful Nymphalin into a waltz. Then forth issued the fairies, and out went the dwarfs. And the faun

leaning against an aged elm, ere yet the midnight waned, the elves danced their charmed round to the antique minstrelsy of his pipe — the minstrelsy of the Grecian world!

"Hast thou seen yet, my Nymphalin," said Fayzenheim, in the pauses of the dance, "the recess of the Hartz, and the red form of its mighty hunter?"

"It is a fearful sight," answered Nymphalin; "but with thee I should not fear."

"Away, then," cried Fayzenheim; "let us away, at the first cock-crow, into those shagged dells, for, there, is no need of night to conceal us, and the unwitnessed blush of morn, or the dreary silence of noon, is, no less than the moon's reign, the season for the sports of the superhuman tribes."

Nymphalin, charmed with the proposal, readily assented, and at the last hour of night, bestriding the starbeams of the many-titled Friga, away sped the fairy cavalcade to the gloom of the mystic Hartz.

Fain would I relate the manner of their arrival in the thick recesses of the forest; how they found the Red Hunter seated on a fallen pine beside a wide chasm in the earth, with the arching boughs of the wizard oak wreathing above his head as a canopy, and his bow and spear lying idle at his feet. Fain would I tell of the reception which he deigned to the fairies, and how he told them of his ancient victories over man; how he chafed at the gathering invasions of his realm; and how joyously he gloated of some great convulsion in the northern states, which, rapt into moody reveries in those solitary woods, the fierce demon broodingly foresaw. All these fain would I narrate, but they are not of the Rhine, and my story will not brook the delay. While thus conversing with the fiend, noon had crept on and the sky had become overcast and lowering; the giant trees waved gustily to and fro, and the low gatherings of the thunder announced the approaching storm. Then the hunter rose and stretched his mighty limbs, and seizing his spear, he strode rapidly into the forest to meet the things of his own tribe that the tempest wakes from their rugged lair.

A sudden recollection broke upon Nymphalin. "Alas, alas!" she cried, wringing her hands; "What have I done! In journey—

ing hither with thee, I have forgotten my office. I have neglected my watch over the elements, and my human charge is at this hour, perhaps, exposed to all the fury of the storm."

"Cheer thee, my Nymphalin," said the prince, "we will lay the tempest;" and he waved his sword and muttered the charms which curb the winds and roll back the marching thunder: but for once the tempest ceased not at his spells; and now, as the fairies sped along the troubled air, a pale and beautiful form met them by the way, and the fairies paused and trembled. For the power of that Shape could vanquish even them. It was the form of a Female, with golden hair, crowned with a chaplet of withered leaves; her bosoms, of an exceeding beauty, lay bare to the wind, and an infant was clasped between them, hushed into a sleep so still, that neither the roar of the thunder, nor the livid lightning flashing from cloud to cloud, could even ruffle, much less arouse, the slumberer. And the face of the Female was unutterably calm and sweet (though with a something of severe), there was no line or wrinkle in her hueless brow; care never wrote its defacing characters upon that everlasting beauty. It knew no sorrow or change; ghost-like and shadowy floated on that Shape through the abyss of Time, governing the world with an unquestioned and noiseless sway. And the children of the green solitudes of the earth, the lovely fairies of my tale, shuddered as they gazed and recognised — the form of DEATH!

DEATH VINDICATED.

"And why," said the beautiful Shape, with a voice soft as the last sighs of a dying babe; "why trouble ye the air with spells? mine is the hour and the empire, and the storm is the creature of my power. Far yonder to the west it sweeps over the sea, and the ship ceases to vex the waves; it smites the forest, and the destined tree, torn from its roots, feels the winter strip the gladness from its boughs no more! The roar of the elements is the herald of eternal stillness to their victims; and they who hear the progress of my power idly shudder at the coming of peace. And thou, O tender daughter of the fairy kings! why grieveest thou at a mortal's doom?

Knowest thou not that sorrow cometh with years, and that to live is to mourn? Blessed is the flower that, nipped in its early spring, feels not the blast that one by one scatters its blossoms around it, and leaves but the barren stem. Blessed are the young whom I clasp to my breast, and lull into the sleep which the storm cannot break, nor the morrow arouse to sorrow or to toil. The heart that is stilled in the bloom of its first emotions, — that turns with its last throb to the eye of love, as yet unlearned in the possibility of change, — has exhausted already the wine of life, and is saved only from the lees. As the mother soothes to sleep the wail of her troubled child, I open my arms to the vexed spirit, and my bosom cradles the unquiet to repose!"

The fairies answered not, for a chill and a fear lay over them, and the Shape glided on; ever as it passed away through the veiling clouds they heard its low voice singing amidst the roar of the storm, as the dirge of the water-sprite over the vessel it hath lured into the whirlpool or the shoals.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Thurmberg. — A storm upon the Rhine. — The ruins of Rheinfels. — Peril unfelt by love. — The echo of the Lurlei-Berg. — St. Goar. — Caub, Gutenfels, and Pfalzgrafenstein. — A certain vastness of mind in the first hermits. — The scenery of the Rhine to Bacharach.

OUR party continued their voyage the next day, which was less bright than any they had yet experienced. The clouds swept on dull and heavy, suffering the sun only to break forth at scattered intervals; they wound round the curving bay which the Rhine forms in that part of its course; and gazed upon the ruins of Thurmberg with the rich gardens that skirt the banks below. The last time Trevlyan had seen those ruins soaring against the sky, the green foliage at the foot of the rocks, and the quiet village sequestered beneath, glassing its roofs and solitary tower upon the wave, it had been with a gay summer troop of light friends, who had paused on the opposite shore during the heats of noon, and, over wine and fruits, had mimicked the groups of Boccaccio, and

intermingled the lute, the jest, the momentary love, and the laughing tale.

What a difference now in his thoughts — in the object of the voyage — in his present companions! The feet of years fall noiseless; we heed, we note them not, till tracking the same course we passed long since, we are startled to find how deep the impression they leave behind. To revisit the scenes of our youth is to commune with the ghost of ourselves.

At this time the clouds gathered rapidly along the heavens, and they were startled by the first peal of the thunder. Sudden and swift came on the storm, and Trevlyan trembled as he covered Gertrude's form with the rude boat-cloaks they had brought with them; the small vessel began to rock wildly to and fro upon the waters. High above them rose the vast dismantled Ruins of Rheinfels, the lightning darting through its shattered casements and broken arches, and brightening the gloomy trees that here and there clothed the rocks, and tossed to the angry wind. Swift wheeled the water birds over the river, dipping their plumage in the white foam, and uttering their discordant screams. A storm upon the Rhine has a grandeur it is in vain to paint. Its rocks, its foliage, the feudal ruins that every-where rise from the lofty heights — speaking in characters of stern decay of many a former battle against time and tempest; the broad and rapid course of the legendary river, all harmonize with the elementary strife; and you feel that to see the Rhine only in the sunshine is to be unconscious of its most majestic aspects. What baronial war had those ruins witnessed! From the rapine of the lordly tyrant of those battlements rose the first Confederation of the Rhine — the great strife between the new time and the old — the town and the castle — the citizen and the chief. Grey and stern those ruins breasted the storm — a type of the antique opinion which once manned them with armed serfs; and, yet in ruins and decay, appeals from the victorious freedom it may no longer resist!

Clasped in Trevlyan's guardian arms, and her head pillowed on his breast, Gertrude felt nothing of the storm save its grandeur; and Trevlyan's voice whispered cheer and courage to her ear. She answered by a smile, and a sigh, but not of pain. In the convul-

sions of nature we forget our own separate existence, our schemes, our projects, our fears; our dreams vanish back into their cells. One passion only the storm quells not, and the presence of Love mingles with the voice of the fiercest storms, as with the whispers of the southern wind. So she felt, as they were thus drawn close together, and as she strove to smile away the anxious terror from Trevelyman's gaze — a security, a delight: for peril is sweet even to the fears of woman, when it impresses upon her yet more vividly that she is beloved.

"A moment more and we reach the land," murmured Trevelyman.

"I wish it not," answered Gertrude, softly. But ere they got into St. Goar the rain descended in torrents, and even the thick coverings round Gertrude's form were not sufficient protection against it. Wet and dripping she reached the inn: but not then, nor for some days, was she sensible of the shock her decaying health had received.

The storm lasted but a few hours, and the sun afterwards broke forth so brightly, and the stream looked so inviting, that they yielded to Gertrude's earnest wish, and, taking a larger vessel, continued their course; they passed along the narrow and dangerous defile of the Gewirre, and the fearful whirlpool of the "Bank;" and on the shore to the left the enormous rock of Lurlei rose, huge and shapeless, on their gaze. In this place is a singular echo, and one of the boatmen wound a horn, which produced an almost supernatural music — so wild, loud, and oft reverberated was its sound.

The river now curved along in a narrow and deep channel amongst rugged steepes, on which the westering sun cast long and uncouth shadows: and here the hermit, from whose sacred name the town of St. Goar derived its own, fixed his abode and preached the religion of the Cross. "There was a certain vastness of mind," said Vane, "in the adoption of utter solitude, in which the first enthusiasts of our religion indulged. The remote desert, the solitary rock, the rude dwelling hollowed from the cave, the eternal commune with their own hearts, with nature, and their dreams of God, all make a picture of severe and preterhuman grandeur.

Say what we will of the necessity and charm of social life, there is a greatness about man when he dispenses with mankind."

"As to that," said Du —e, shrugging his shoulders, "there was probably very good wine in the neighbourhood, and the females' eyes about Oberwesel are singularly blue."

They now approached Oberwesel, another of the once imperial towns, and behind it beheld the remains of the castle of the illustrious family of Schomberg: the ancestors of the old hero of the Boyne. A little further on, from the opposite shore, the castle of Gutenfels rose above the busy town of Kaub.

"Another of those scenes," said Trevelyen, "celebrated equally by love and glory, for the castle's name is derived from that of the beautiful ladye of an emperor's passion; and below, upon a ridge in the steep, the great Gustavus issued forth his command to begin battle with the Spaniards."

"It looks peaceful enough now," said Vane, pointing to the craft that lay along the stream, and the green trees drooping over a curve in the bank. Beyond, in the middle of the stream itself, stands the lonely castle of Pfalzgrafenstein, sadly memorable as a prison to the more distinguished of criminals. How many pining eyes may have turned from those casements to the vine-clad hills of the free shore; how many indignant hearts have nursed the deep curses of hate in the dungeons below, and longed for the wave that dashed against the grey walls to force its way within and set them free!

Here the Rhine seems utterly bounded, shrunk into one of those delusive lakes into which it so frequently seems to change its course; and as you proceed, it is as if the waters were silently overflowing their channel and forcing their way into the clefts of the mountain shore. Passing the Werth Island on one side, and the castle of Stahleck on the other, our voyagers arrived at Bacharach, which, associating the feudal recollections with the classic, takes its name from the god of the vine; and, as Du —e declared with peculiar emphasis, quaffing a large goblet of the peculiar liquor, "richly deserves the honour!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The voyage to Bingen. — The simple incidents in this tale excused. — The situation and character of Gertrude. — The conversation of the lovers in the temple. — A fact contradicted. — Thoughts occasioned by a madhouse amongst the most beautiful landscapes of the Rhine.

THE next day they again resumed their voyage, and Gertrude's spirits were more cheerful than usual: the air seemed to her lighter, and she breathed with a less painful effort: once more hope entered the breast of Trevlyan; and, as the vessel bounded on, their conversation was steeped in no sombre hues. When Gertrude's health permitted, no temper was so gay, yet so gently gay, as hers; and now the *naïve* sportiveness of her remarks called a smile to the placid lip of Vane, and smoothed the anxious front of Trevlyan himself; as for Du — e, who had much of the boon companion beneath his professional gravity, he broke out every now and then into snatches of French songs and drinking glees, which he declared were the result of the air of Bacharach. Thus conversing, the ruins of Fürstenberg, and the echoing vale of Rheindeibach, glided past their sail. Then the old town of Lorch, on the opposite bank (where the red wine is said first to have been made), with the green island before it in the water. Winding round, the stream showed castle upon castle alike in ruins, and built alike upon scarce accessible steepes. Then came the chapel of St. Clements, and the opposing village of Asmannshausen; the lofty Rossell, built at the extremest verge of the cliff; and now the tower of Hatto, celebrated by Southey's ballad; and the ancient town of Bingen. Here they paused awhile from their voyage, with the intention of visiting more minutely the Rheingau, or valley of the Rhine.

It must occur to every one of my readers that, in undertaking, as now, in these passages in the history of Trevlyan, scarcely so much a tale as an episode in real life, it is very difficult to offer any interest save of the most simple and unexciting kind. It is true that to Trevlyan every day, every hour, had its incident; but what are those incidents to others? A cloud in the sky; a smile

from the lip of Gertrude; these were to him far more full of events than had been the most varied scenes of his former adventurous career; but the history of the heart is not easily translated into language; and the world will not readily pause from its business to watch the alternations in the cheek of a dying girl.

In the immense sum of human existence, what is a single unit? Every sod on which we tread is the grave of some former being: yet is there something that softens without enervating the heart, in tracing in the life of another those emotions that all of us have known ourselves. For who is there that has not, in his progress through life, felt all its ordinary business arrested, and the varieties of fate commuted into one chronicle of the affections? Who has not watched over the passing away of some being, more to him, at that epoch, than all the world? And this unit, so trivial to the calculation of others, of what inestimable value was it not to him? Retracing in another such recollections, shadowed and mellowed down by time, we feel the wonderful sanctity of human life, we feel what emotions a single being can awake; what a world of hope may be buried in a single grave. And thus we keep alive within ourselves the soft springs of that morality which unites us with our kind, and sheds over the harsh scenes and turbulent contests of earth the colouring of a common love.

There is often, too, in the time of year in which such thoughts are presented to us, a certain harmony with the feelings they awaken. As I write, I hear the last sighs of the departing summer, and the sere and yellow leaf is visible in the green of nature. But, when this book goes forth into the world, the year will have passed through a deeper cycle of decay; and the first melancholy signs of winter have breathed into the Universal Mind that sadness which associates itself readily with the memory of friends, of feelings, that are no more. The seasons, like ourselves, track their course, by something of beauty, or of glory, that is left behind. As the traveller in the land of Palestine sees tomb after tomb rise before him, the landmarks of his way, and the only signs of the holiness of the soil; thus the Memory wanders over the most sacred spots in its various world, and traces them but by the graves of the Past.

It was now that Gertrude began to feel the shock her frame had received in the storm upon the Rhine. Cold shiverings frequently seized her; her cough became more hollow, and her form trembled at the slightest breeze.

Vane grew seriously alarmed; he repented that he had yielded to Gertrude's wish of substituting the Rhine for the Tiber or the Arno; and would even now have hurried across the Alps to a warmer clime, if Du—e had not declared that she could not survive the journey, and that her sole chance of regaining her strength was rest. Gertrude herself, however, in the continued delusion of her disease, clung to the belief of recovery, and still supported the hopes of her father, and soothed, with secret talk of the future, the anguish of her betrothed. The reader may remember that, the most touching passage in the ancient tragedians, the most pathetic part of the most pathetic of human poets — the pleading speech of Iphigenia, when imploring for her prolonged life, she impresses you with so soft a picture of its innocence and its beauty; and in this Gertrude resembled the Greek's creation — that she felt, on the verge of death, all the flush, the glow, the loveliness of life. Her youth was filled with hope, and many-coloured dreams; she loved, and the hues of morning slept upon the yet disenchanted earth. The heavens to her were not as the common sky; the wave had its peculiar music to her ear, and the rustling leaves a pleasantness that none, whose heart is not bathed in the love and sense of beauty, could discern. Therefore it was, in future years, a thought of deep gratitude to Trevlyan, that she was so little sensible of her danger; that the landscape caught not the gloom of the grave; and that, in the Greek phrase, "death found her sleeping amongst flowers."

At the end of a few days, another of those sudden turns, common to her malady, occurred in Gertrude's health; her youth and her happiness rallied against the encroaching tyrant, and for the ensuing fortnight she seemed once more within the bounds of hope. During this time they made several excursions into the Rheingau, and finished their tour at the ancient Heidelberg.

One morning, in these excursions, after threading the wood of Niederwald, they gained that small and fairy temple, which

hanging lightly over the mountain's brow, commands one of the noblest landscapes of earth. There, seated side by side, the lovers looked over the beautiful world below; far to the left lay the happy islets, in the embrace of the Rhine, as it wound along the low and curving meadows that stretch away towards Nieder Ingelheim and Mayence. Glistening in the distance, the opposite Nah swept by the Mäuse-tower, and the ruins of Klopp, crowning the ancient Bingen, into the mother tide. There, on either side the town, were the mountains of St. Roch and Rupert, with some old monastic ruin, saddening in the sun. But nearer, below the temple, contrasting all the other features of landscape, yawned a dark and rugged gulf, girt by cragged elms and mouldering towers, the very prototype of the abyss of time — black and fathomless amidst ruin and desolation.

"I think, sometimes," said Gertrude, "as, in scenes like these, we sit together, and, rapt from the actual world, see only the enchantment that distance lends to our view — I think sometimes, what pleasure it will be hereafter to recall these hours. If ever you should love me less, I need only to whisper to you, 'The Rhine,' and will not all the feelings you have now for me return?"

"Ah! there will never be occasion to recall my love for you, it can never decay."

"What a strange thing is life!" said Gertrude; "how unconnected, how desultory seem all its links! Has this sweet pause from trouble, from the ordinary cares of life — has it any thing in common with your past career — with your future? You will go into the great world; in a few years hence these moments of leisure and musing will be denied to you; the action that you love and court is a jealous sphere; it allows no wandering, no repose. These moments will then seem to you but as yonder islands that stud the Rhine — the stream lingers by them for a moment, and then hurries on in its rapid course; they vary, but they do not interrupt, the tide."

"You are fanciful, my Gertrude; but your simile might be juster. Rather let these banks be as our lives, and this river the one thought that flows eternally by both, blessing each with undying freshness."

Gertrude smiled; and, as Trevlyan's arm encircled her, she sunk her beautiful face upon his bosom, he covered it with his kisses, and she thought at the moment, that, even had she passed death, that embrace could have recalled her to life.

They pursued their course to Mayence, partly by land, partly along the river. One day, as returning from the vine-clad mountains of Johannisberg, which commands the whole of the Rheingau, the most beautiful valley in the world, they proceeded by water to the town of Ellfeld, Gertrude said,

"There is a thought in your favourite poet which you have often repeated, and which I cannot think true,

'In nature there is nothing melancholy.'

To me, it seems as if a certain melancholy were inseparable from beauty; in the sunniest noon there is a sense of solitude and stillness which pervades the landscape, and even in the flush of life inspires us with a musing and tender sadness. Why is this?"

"I cannot tell," said Trevlyan, mournfully; "but I allow that it is true."

"It is as if," continued the romantic Gertrude, "the spirit of the world spoke to us in the silence, and filled us with a sense of our mortality — a whisper from the religion that belongs to nature, and is ever seeking to unite the earth with the reminiscences of heaven. Ah, what without a heaven would be even love! — a perpetual terror of the separation that must one day come! If," she resumed, solemnly, after a momentary pause, and a shadow settled on her young face, "if it be true, Albert, that I must leave you soon —"

"It cannot — it cannot!" cried Trevlyan, wildly; "be still, be silent, I beseech you."

"Look yonder," said Du — e, breaking seasonably in upon the conversation of the lovers; "on that hill to the left, what once was an abbey is now an asylum for the insane. Does it not seem a quiet and serene abode for the unstrung and erring minds that tenant it? What a mystery is there in our conformation! — those strange and bewildered fancies which replace our solid reason, what a moral of our human weakness do they breathe!"

It does indeed induce a dark and singular train of thought,

when, in the midst of these lovely scenes, we chance upon this lone retreat for those on whose eyes Nature, perhaps, smiles in vain! *Or is it in vain?* They look down upon the broad Rhine, with its tranquil isles; do their wild illusions endow the river with another name, and people the valleys with no living shapes? Does the broken mirror within reflect back the countenance of real things, or shadows and shapes, crossed, mingled, and bewildered, — the phantasma of a sick man's dreams? Yet, perchance, one memory unscathed by the general ruin of the brain can make even the beautiful Rhine more beautiful than it is to the common eye; — can calm it with the hues of departed love, and bid its possessor walk over its vine-clad mountains with the beings that have ceased to be! There, perhaps, the self-made monarch sits upon his throne and claims the vessels as his fleet, the waves and the valleys as his own. There, the enthusiast, blasted by the light of some imaginary creed, beholds the shapes of angels, and watches in the clouds round the setting sun, the pavilions of God. There the victim of forsaken or perished love, mightier than the sorcerers of old, evokes the dead, or recalls the faithless by the philtre of undying fancies. Ah, blessed art thou, the winged power of Imagination that is within us! — conquering even grief — brightening even despair. Thou takest us from the world when reason can no longer bind us to it, and givest to the maniac the inspiration and the solace of the bard! Thou, the parent of the purer love, lingerest like love, when even ourself forsakes us, and lightest up the shattered chambers of the heart with the glory that makes a sanctity of decay!

CHAPTER XXIX.

Ellfeld. — Mayence. — Heidelberg. — A conversation between Vane and the German student. — The ruins of the castle of Heidelberg and its solitary habitant.

It was now the full noon; light clouds were bearing up towards the opposite banks of the Rhine, but over the Gothic Towers of Ellfeld the sky spread blue and clear; the river danced beside the old grey walls with a sunny wave, and close at hand a vessel crowded with passengers, and loud with eager voices, gave a merry life

to the scene. On the opposite bank the hills sloped away into the far horizon, and one slight skiff in the midst of the waters broke the solitary brightness of the noonday calm.

The town of Ellfeld was the gift of Otho the First to the Church; not far from thence is the crystal spring that gives its name to the delicious grape of Markbrunner.

“Ah!” quoth Du — e, “doubtless the good bishops of Mayence made the best of the vicinity!”

They stayed some little time at this town, and visited the ruins of Scharfenstein; thence proceeding up the river, they passed Nieder Walluf, called the Gate of the Rheingau, and the luxuriant garden of Schierstein; thence, sailing by the castle-seat of the Prince Nassau Usingen, and passing two long and narrow isles they arrived at Mayence, as the sun shot his last rays upon the waters, gilding the proud cathedral-spire, and breaking the mists that began to gather behind, over the rocks of the Rheingau.

Ever-memorable Mayence! — memorable alike for freedom and for song — within those walls how often woke the gallant music of the Troubadour; and how often beside that river did the heart of the maiden tremble to the lay! Within those walls the stout Walpoden first broached the great scheme of the Hanseatic league; and, more than all, O memorable Mayence, thou canst claim the first invention of the mightiest engine of human intellect, — the great leveller of power, — the Demiurgus of the moral world, — The Press! Here too lived the maligned hero of the greatest drama of modern genius, the traditionary Faust, illustrating in himself the fate of his successors in dispensing knowledge — held a monster for his wisdom, and consigned to the penalties of hell as a recompense for the benefits he had conferred on earth!

At Mayence, Gertrude heard so much and so constantly of Heidelberg, that she grew impatient to visit that enchanting town, and as Du — e considered the air of Heidelberg more pure and invigorating than that of Mayence, they resolved to fix within it their temporary residence. Alas! it was the place destined to close their brief and melancholy pilgrimage, and to become to the heart of Trevlyan the holiest spot which the earth contained; — the KAABA of the world. But Gertrude, unconscious of her fate, con-

versed gaily as their carriage rolled rapidly on, and, constantly alive to every new sensation, she touched with her characteristic vivacity on all they had seen in their previous route. There is a great charm in the observations of one new to the world, if we ourselves have become somewhat tired of "its hack sights and sounds;" we hear in their freshness a voice from our own youth.

In the haunted valley of the Neckar, the most crystal of rivers, stands the town of Heidelberg. The shades of evening gathered round it as their heavy carriage rattled along the antique streets, and not till the next day was Gertrude aware of all the unrivalled beauties that environ the place.

Vane, who was an early riser, went forth alone in the morning to reconnoitre the town; and as he was gazing on the tower of St. Peter, he heard himself suddenly accosted; he turned round and saw the German Student, whom they had met among the mountains of Taunus, at his elbow.

"Monsieur has chosen well in coming hither," said the student; "and I trust our town will not disappoint his expectations."

Vane answered with courtesy, and the German offering to accompany him in his walk, their conversation fell naturally on the life of an university, and the current education of the German people.

"It is surprising," said the student, "that men are eternally inventing new systems of education, and yet persevering in the old. How many years ago is it since Fichte predicted, in the system of Pestalozzi, the regeneration of the German people? What has it done? We admire — we praise, and we blunder on in the very course Pestalozzi proves to be erroneous. Certainly," continued the student, "there must be some radical defect in a system of culture in which genius is an exception, and dullness the result. Yet here, in our German universities, every thing proves that education without equitable institutions avails little in the general formation of character. Here the young men of the colleges mix on the most equal terms; they are daring, romantic, enamoured of freedom even to its madness; they leave the university, no political career continues the train of mind they had acquired; they plunge into obscurity; live scattered and separate, and the student

inebriated with Schiller sinks into the passive priest or the lethargic baron. His college career, so far from indicating his future life, exactly reverses it: he is brought up in one course in order to proceed in another. And this I hold to be the universal error of education in all countries; they conceive it a certain something to be finished at a certain age. They do not make it a part of the continuous history of life, but a wandering from it."

"You have been in England?" asked Vane.

"Yes; I have travelled over nearly the whole of it on foot. I was poor at that time, and imagining there was a sort of masonry between all men of letters, I inquired at each town for the *savans*, and asked money of them as a matter of course."

Vane almost laughed outright at the simplicity and *naïve* unconsciousness of degradation with which the student proclaimed himself a public beggar.

"And how did you generally succeed?"

"In most cases I was threatened with the stocks, and twice I was consigned by the *juge de paix* to the village police, to be passed to some mystic Mecca they were pleased to entitle 'a parish.' Ah," (continued the German with much *bonhomie*), "it was a pity to see in a great nation so much value attached to such a trifle as money. But what surprised me greatly was the tone of your poetry. Madame de Staël, who knew perhaps as much of England as she did of Germany, tells us that its chief character is the *chivalresque*; and excepting only Scott, who, by the way, is *not* English, I did not find one chivalrous poet among you. Yet," continued the student, "between ourselves, I fancy that in our present age of civilisation, there is an unexamined mistake in the general mind as to the value of poetry. It delights still as ever, but it has ceased to teach. The prose of the heart enlightens, touches, rouses, far more than poetry. Your most philosophical poets would be commonplace if turned into prose. Verse cannot contain the refining subtle thoughts which a great prose writer embodies; the rhyme eternally cripples it; it properly deals with the common problems of human nature which are now hackneyed, and not with the nice and philosophizing corollaries which may be drawn from

them. Thus, though it would seem at first a paradox, commonplace is more the element of poetry than of prose."

This sentiment charmed Vane, who had nothing of the poet about him; and he took the student to share their breakfast at the inn, with a complacency he rarely experienced at the re-meeting with a new acquaintance.

After breakfast, our party proceeded through the town towards the wonderful castle which is its chief attraction, and the noblest wreck of German grandeur.

And now pausing, the mountain yet unscaled, the stately ruin frowned upon them, girt by its massive walls and hanging terraces, round which from place to place clung the dwarfed and various foliage. High at the rear rose the huge mountain, covered, save at its extreme summit, with dark trees, and concealing in its mysterious breast the shadowy beings of the legendary world. But towards the ruins, and up a steep ascent you may see a few scattered sheep thinly studding the broken ground. Aloft, above the ramparts, rose, desolate and huge, the Palace of the Electors of the Palatinate. In its broken walls you may trace the tokens of the lightning that blasted its ancient pomp, but still leaves in the vast extent of pile a fitting monument of the memory of Charlemagne. Below, in the distance, spread the plain far and spacious, till the shadowy river, with one solitary sail upon its breast, united the melancholy scene of earth with the autumnal sky.

"See," said Vane, pointing to two peasants who were conversing near them on the matters of their little trade, utterly unconscious of the associations of the spot, "see, after all that is said and done about human greatness, it is always the greatness of the few. Ages pass, and leave the poor herd, the mass of men, eternally the same — hewers of wood and drawers of water. The pomp of princes has its ebb and flow, but the peasant sells his fruit as gaily to the stranger on the ruins, as to the emperor in the palace."

"Will it be always so?" said the student.

"Let us hope not, for the sake of permanence in glory," said Trevlyan; "had *a people* built yonder palace, its splendour would never have passed away."

Vane shrugged his shoulders, and Du — e took snuff.

But all the impressions produced by the castle at a distance, are as nothing when you stand within its vast area, and behold the architecture of all ages blended into one mighty ruin! The rich hues of the masonry, the sweeping facades — every description of building which man ever framed for war or for luxury — is here; all having only the common character — RUIN. The feudal rampart, the yawning foss, the rude tower, the splendid arch, — the strength of a fortress, the magnificence of a palace, — all united, strike upon the soul like the history of a fallen empire in all its epochs.

“There is one singular habitant of these ruins,” said the student; “a solitary painter, who has dwelt here some twenty years, companioned only by his Art. No other apartment but that which he tenants is occupied by a human being.”

“What a poetical existence!” cried Gertrude, enchanted with a solitude so full of associations.

“Perhaps so,” said the cruel Vane, ever anxious to dispel an illusion; “but more probably custom has deadened to him all that overpowers ourselves with awe; and he may tread among these ruins rather seeking to pick up some rude morsel of antiquity, than feeding his imagination with the dim traditions that invest them with so august a poetry.”

“Monsieur’s conjecture has something of the truth in it,” said the German: “but then the painter is a Frenchman.”

There is a sense of fatality in the singular mournfulness and majesty which belong to the ruins of Heidelberg; contrasting the vastness of the strength with the utterness of the ruin. It has been twice struck with lightning, and is the wreck of the elements, not of man: during the great siege it sustained, the lightning is supposed to have struck the powder magazine by accident.

What a scene for some great imaginative work! What a mocking interference of the wrath of nature in the puny contests of men! One stroke of “the red right arm” above us, crushing the triumph of ages, and laughing to scorn the power of the beleaguers and the valour of the besieged!

They passed the whole day among these stupendous ruins, and felt, when they descended to their inn, as if they had left the caverns of some mighty tomb.

CHAPTER XXX.

No part of the Earth really solitary. — The Song of the Fairies, — The sacred spot. — The Witch of the Evil Winds. — The Spell and the Duty of the Fairies.

BUT in what spot of the world is there ever utter solitude? The vanity of man supposes that loneliness is *his* absence! Who shall say what millions of spiritual beings glide invisibly among scenes apparently the most deserted? Or what know we of our own mechanism, that we should deny the possibility of life and motion to things that we cannot ourselves recognise?

At moonlight, in the Great Court of Heidelberg, on the borders of the shattered basin overgrown with weeds, the following song was heard by the melancholy shades that roam at night through the mouldering halls of old, and the gloomy hollows in the mountain of Heidelberg.

SONG OF THE FAIRIES IN THE RUINS OF HEIDELBERG.

From the woods and the glossy green,
 With the wild thyme strewn;
 From the rivers whose crisped sheen
 Is kissed by the trembling moon; —
 While the dwarf looks out from his mountain cave,
 And the erl king from his lair,
 And the water-nymph from her moaning wave, —
 We skirr the limber air.
 There's a smile on the vine-clad shore,
 A smile on the castled heights;
 They dream back the days of yore,
 And they smile at our roundel rites!
 Our roundel rites!
 Lightly we tread these halls around,
 Lightly tread we;
 Yet, hark! we have scared with a single sound
 The moping owl on the breathless tree,
 And the goblin sprites!

Ha! ha! we have scared with a single sound
The old grey owl on the breathless tree,
And the goblin sprites!

"They come not," said Pipalee; "yet the banquet is prepared, and the poor queen will be glad of some refreshment."

"What a pity! all the rose-leaves will be over-broiled," said Nip.

"Let us amuse ourselves with the old painter," quoth Trip, springing over the ruins.

"Well said," cried Pipalee and Nip; and all three, leaving my lord-treasurer amazed at their levity, whisked into the painter's apartment. Permitting them to throw the ink over their victim's papers, break his pencils, mix his colours, mislay his nightcap, and go whiz against his face in the shape of a great bat, till the astonished Frenchman began to think the pensive goblins of the place had taken a sprightly fit, — we hasten to a small green spot some little way from the town, in the valley of the Neckar, and by the banks of its silver stream. It was circled round by dark trees, save on that side bordered by the river. The wild flowers sprang profusely from the turf which yet was smooth and singularly green. And there was the German fairy describing a circle round the spot, and making his elvish spells. And Nymphalin sat drooping in the centre, shading her face, which was bowed down as the head of a water-lily, and weeping crystal tears.

There came a hollow murmur through the trees, and a rush as of a mighty wind, and a dark form emerged from the shadow and approached the spot.

The face was wrinkled and old, and stern with a malevolent and evil aspect. The frame was lean and gaunt, and supported by a staff, and a short grey mantle covered its bended shoulders.

"Things of the moonbeam!" said the form, in a shrill and ghastly voice, "what want ye here? and why charm ye this spot from the coming of me and mine?"

"Dark witch of the blight and blast," answered the fairy, "THOU that nippest the herb in its tender youth, and eatest up the core of the soft bud; behold, it is but a small spot that the fairies claim from thy demesnes, and on which, through frost

and heat, they will keep the herbage green and the air gentle in its sighs!"

"And, wherefore, O dweller in the crevices of the earth! wherefore wouldst thou guard this spot from the curses of the seasons?"

"We know by our instinct," answered the fairy, "that this spot will become the grave of one whom the fairies love; hither, by an unfelt influence, shall we guide her yet living steps; and in gazing upon this spot, shall the desire of quiet and the resignation to death steal upon her soul. Behold, throughout the universe, all things at war with one another; — the lion with the lamb; the serpent with the bird; and even the gentlest bird itself with the moth of the air, or the worm of the humble earth! What then to men, and to the spirits transcending men, is so lovely and so sacred as a being that harmeth none? what so beautiful as Innocence? what so mournful as its untimely tomb? And shall not that tomb be sacred? shall it not be our peculiar care? May we not mourn over it as at the passing away of some fair miracle in Nature; too tender to endure, — too rare to be forgotten? It is for this, O dread waker of the blast! that the fairies would consecrate this little spot; for this they would charm away from its tranquil turf the wandering ghoul and the evil children of the night. Here, not the ill-omened owl, nor the blind bat, nor the unclean worm, shall come. And thou shouldst have neither will nor power to nip the flowers of spring, nor seer the green herbs of summer. Is it not, dark mother of the evil winds! is it not *our* immemorial office to tend the grave of Innocence, and keep fresh the flowers round the resting-place of Virgin Love?"

Then the witch drew her cloak round her, and muttered to herself, and without further answer turned away among the trees and vanished, as the breath of the east wind, which goeth with her as her comrade, scattered the melancholy leaves along her path!

CHAPTER XXXI.

Gertrude and Trevlyan, when the former is awakened to the approach of death.

THE next day, Gertrude and her companions went along the banks of the haunted Neckar. She had passed a sleepless and painful night, and her evanescent and childlike spirits had sobered down into a melancholy and thoughtful mood. She leaned back in an open carriage with Trevlyan, ever constant by her side, while Du — e and Vane rode slowly in advance. Trevlyan tried in vain to cheer her, even his attempts (usually so eagerly received) to charm her duller moments by tale or legend, were, in this instance, fruitless. She shook her head gently — pressed his hand, and said, “No, dear Trevlyan — no; even your art fails to-day, but your kindness, never!” and pressing his hand to her lips, she burst passionately into tears.

Alarmed and anxious, he clasped her to his breast, and strove to lift her face, as it drooped on its resting-place, and kiss away its tears.

“Oh!” said she, at length, “do not despise my weakness, I am overcome by my own thoughts: I look upon the world, and see that it is fair and good; I look upon you, and I see all that I can venerate and adore. Life seems to me so sweet, and the earth so lovely; can you wonder, then, that I should shrink at the thought of death? Nay, interrupt me not, dear Albert; the thought must be borne and braved. I have not cherished, I have not yielded to it through my long-increasing illness, but there have been times when it has forced itself upon me; and now, *now* more palpably than ever. Do not think me weak and childish, I never feared death till I knew you; but to see you no more — never again to touch this dear hand — never to thank you for your love — never to be sensible of your care — to lie down and sleep, *and never, never, once more to dream of you!* Ah! that is a bitter thought! but I will brave it — yes, brave it as one worthy of your regard.”

Trevlyan, choked by his emotions, covered his own face with his hands, and, leaning back in the carriage, vainly struggled with his sobs.

"Perhaps," she said, yet ever and anon clinging to the hope that had utterly abandoned *him*, "perhaps, I may yet deceive myself; and my love for you, which seems to me as if it could conquer death, may bear me up against this fell disease; — the hope to live with you — to watch you — to share your high dreams, and oh! above all, to soothe you in sorrow and sickness, as you have soothed me — has not that hope something that may support even this sinking frame? And who shall love thee as I love? who see thee as I have seen? who pray for thee in gratitude and tears as I have prayed? Oh, Albert, so little am I jealous of you, so little do I think of myself in comparison, that I could close my eyes happily on the world, if I knew that what I could be to thee, another will be!"

"Gertrude," said Trevlyan; and lifting up his colourless face, he gazed upon her with an earnest and calm solemnity. "Gertrude, let us be united at once! if Fate must sever us, let her cut the last tie too; let us feel at least that on earth we have been all in all to each other; let us defy death, even as it frowns upon us. Be mine to-morrow — this day — oh God! be mine!"

Over even that pale countenance, beneath whose hues the lamp of life so faintly fluttered, a deep, a radiant flash passed one moment, lighting up the beautiful ruin with the glow of maiden youth and impassioned hope, and then died rapidly away.

"No, Albert," she said, sighing; "No! it must not be: far easier would come the pang to you, while yet we are not wholly united; and for my own part, I am selfish, and feel as if I should leave a tenderer remembrance on your heart, thus parted; — tenderer, but not so sad. I would not wish you to feel yourself widowed to my memory; I would not cling like a blight to your fair prospects of the future. Remember me rather as a dream; as something never wholly won, and therefore asking no fidelity but that of kind and forbearing thoughts. Do you remember one evening as we sailed along the Rhine — ah! happy, happy hour! — that we heard from the banks a strain of music, not so skilfully played as to be worth listening to for itself, but, suiting as it did the hour and the scene, we remained silent, that we might hear it the better; and when it died insensibly upon the waters, a certain

melancholy stole over us; we felt that a something that softened the landscape had gone, and we conversed less lightly than before? Just so, my own loved — my own adored Trevlyan, just so is the influence that our brief love — your poor Gertrude's existence, should bequeath to your remembrance. A sound — a presence — should haunt you for a little while, but no more, ere you again become sensible of the glories that court your way!"

But as Gertrude said this, she turned to Trevlyan, and seeing his agony, she could refrain no longer; she felt that to soothe was to insult; and, throwing herself upon his breast, they mingled their tears together.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A spot to be buried in.

ON their return homeward, Du — e took the third seat in the carriage, and endeavoured, with his usual vivacity, to cheer the spirits of his companions; and such was the elasticity of Gertrude's nature, that with her, he, to a certain degree, succeeded in his kindly attempt. Quickly alive to the charms of scenery, she entered by degrees into the external beauties which every turn in the road opened to their view; and the silvery smoothness of the river, that made the constant attraction of the landscape; the serenity of the time, and the clearness of the heavens, tended to tranquillize a mind that, like the sun-flower, so instinctively turned from the shadow to the light.

Once Du — e stopped the carriage in a spot of herbage, bedded among the trees, and said to Gertrude, "We are now in one of the many places along the Neckar, which your favourite traditions serve to consecrate. Amidst yonder copses, in the early ages of Christianity, there dwelt a hermit, who, though young in years, was renowned for the sanctity of his life. None knew whence he came, or for what cause he had limited the circle of life to the seclusion of his cell. He rarely spoke, save when his ghostly advice, or his kindly prayer, was needed; he lived upon herbs, and the wild fruits which the peasants brought to his cave; and every morning, and every evening, he came to this spot to fill his pitcher

Eva & the Pilgrims.

from the water of the stream. But here he was observed to linger long after his task was done, and to sit gazing upon the walls of a convent which then rose upon the opposite side of the bank, though now even its ruins are gone. Gradually his health gave way beneath the austerities he practised; and one evening he was found by some fishermen insensible on the turf. They bore him for medical aid to the opposite convent; and one of the sisterhood, the daughter of a prince, was summoned to tend the recluse. But when his eyes opened upon hers, a sudden recognition appeared to seize both. He spoke — but words in some other tongue; and the sister threw herself on the couch of the dying man, and shrieked forth a name, the most famous in the surrounding country, — the name of a once noted minstrel, who, in those rude times, had mingled the poet with the lawless chief, and was supposed, years since, to have fallen in one of the desperate frays between prince and outlaw, which were then common; storming the very castle which held her — now the pious nun, then the beauty and presider over the tournament and galliard. In her arms the spirit of the hermit passed away. She survived but a few hours, and left conjecture busy with a history to which it never obtained further clue. Many a troubadour, in later times, furnished forth in poetry the details which truth refused to supply; and the place where the hermit at sunrise and sunset ever came to gaze upon the convent became consecrated by song."

The place invested with this legendary interest was impressed with a singular aspect of melancholy quiet; wild flowers yet lingered on the turf, whose grassy sedges gently overhung the Neckar, that murmured amidst them with a plaintive music. Not a wind stirred the trees; but, at a little distance from the place, the spire of a church rose amidst the copse; and, as they paused, they suddenly heard from the holy building the bell that summons to the burial of the dead. It came on the ear in such harmony with the spot, with the hour, with the breathing calm, that it thrilled to the heart of each with an inexpressible power. It was like the voice of another world — that amidst the solitude of nature summoned the lulled spirit from the cares of this; — it invited, not repulsed, and had in its tone more of softness than of awe.

Gertrude turned, with tears starting to her eyes, and, laying her hand on Trevlyan's, whispered: — "In such a spot, so calm, so sequestered, yet in the neighbourhood of the house of God, would I wish this broken frame to be consigned to rest!"

CHAPTER THE LAST.

The conclusion of this tale.

FROM that day Gertrude's spirit resumed its wonted cheerfulness, and for the ensuing week she never reverted to her approaching fate; she seemed once more to have grown unconscious of its limit. Perhaps she sought, anxious for Trevlyan to the last, not to throw additional gloom over their earthly separation; or, perhaps, once steadily regarding the certainty of her doom, its terrors vanished. The chords of thought, vibrating to the subtlest emotions may be changed by a single incident, or in a single hour; a sound of sacred music, a green and quiet burial-place, may convert the form of death into the aspect of an angel. And therefore wisely, and with a beautiful lore, did the Greeks strip the grave of its unreal gloom; wisely did they body forth the great Principle of Rest by solemn and lovely images — unconscious of the northern madness that made a Spectre of REPOSE!

But while Gertrude's *spirit* resumed its healthful tone, her *frame* rapidly declined, and a few days now could do the ravage of months a little while before.

One evening, amidst the desolate ruins of Heidelberg, Trevlyan, who had gone forth alone to indulge the thoughts which he strove to stifle in Gertrude's presence, suddenly encountered Vane. That calm and almost callous pupil of the adversities of the world was standing alone, and gazing upon the shattered casements and riven tower, through which the sun now cast its slant and parting ray.

Trevlyan, who had never loved this cold and unsusceptible man, save for the sake of Gertrude, felt now almost a hatred creep over him, as he thought in such a time, and with death fastening upon the flower of her house, he could yet be calm, and smile, and muse, and moralize, and play the common part of the world.

He strode slowly up to him, and standing full before him, said with a hollow voice and writhing smile; "You amuse yourself pleasantly, Sir: this is a fine scene; — and to meditate over griefs a thousand years hushed to rest is better than watching over a sick girl, and eating away your heart with fear!"

Vane looked at him quietly, but intently, and made no reply.

"Vane!" continued Trevlyan, with the same preternatural attempt at calm; "Vane, in a few days all will be over, and you and I, the things, the plotters, the false men of the world, will be left alone — left by the sole Being that graces our dull life, that makes, by her love, either of us worthy of a thought!"

Vane started, and turned away his face. "You are cruel," said he, with a faltering voice.

"What, man!" shouted Trevlyan, seizing him abruptly by the arm, "can *you* feel? Is your cold heart touched? Come, then," added he, with a wild laugh, "come, let us be friends!"

Vane drew himself aside, with a certain dignity, that impressed Trevlyan even at that hour. "Some years hence," said he, "you will be called cold as I am; sorrow will teach you the wisdom of indifference — it is a bitter school, Sir, — a bitter school! But think you that I do indeed see unmoved my last hope shivered — the last tie that binds me to my kind? No, no! I feel it as a man may feel; I cloak it as a man grown grey in misfortune should do! My child is more to me than your betrothed to you; for you are young and wealthy, and life smiles before you; but I — no more — Sir — no more."

"Forgive me," said Trevlyan, humbly; "I have wronged you; but Gertrude is an excuse for any crime of love; and now listen to my last prayer — give her to me — even on the verge of the grave. Death cannot seize her in the arms — in the vigils — of a love like mine."

Vane shuddered. "It were to wed the dead," said he — "No!"

Trevlyan drew back, and without another word, hurried away; he returned to the town; he sought, with methodical calmness, the owner of the piece of ground on which Gertrude had wished to be buried. He purchased it, and that very night he

sought the priest of a neighbouring church, and directed it should be consecrated according to the due rite and ceremonial.

The priest, an aged and pious man, was struck by the request, and the air of him who made it.

"Shall it be done forthwith, Sir?" said he, hesitating.

"Forthwith," answered Trevelyman, with a calm smile — "a bridegroom, you know, is naturally impatient."

For the next three days, Gertrude was so ill as to be confined to her bed. All that time Trevelyman sat outside her door, without speaking, scarcely lifting his eyes from the ground. The attendants passed to and fro — he heeded them not; perhaps as even the foreign menials turned aside and wiped their eyes, and prayed God to comfort him, he required compassion less at that time than any other. There is a stupefaction in woe, and the heart sleeps without a pang when exhausted by its afflictions.

But on the fourth day Gertrude rose, and was carried down (how changed, yet how lovely ever!) to their common apartment. During those three days the priest had been with her often, and her spirit, full of religion from her childhood, had been unspeakably soothed by his comfort. She took food from the hand of Trevelyman; she smiled upon him as sweetly as of old. She conversed with him, though with a faint voice and at broken intervals. But she felt no pain; life ebbed away gradually, and without a pang. "My father," she said to Vane, whose features still bore their usual calm, whatever might have passed within, "I know that you will grieve when I am gone more than the world might guess; for I alone know what you were years ago, ere friends left you and fortune frowned, — and ere my poor mother died. But do not — do not believe that hope and comfort leave you with me. Till the heaven pass away from the earth, there shall be comfort and hope for all."

They did not lodge in the town, but had fixed their abode on its outskirts, and within sight of the Neckar: and from the window they saw a light sail gliding gaily by, till it passed, and solitude once more rested upon the waters.

"The sail passes from our eyes," said Gertrude, pointing to it, "but still it glides on as happily though we see it no more;

and I feel — yes, father, I feel — I know that it is so with us. We glide down the river of time from the eyes of men, but we cease not the less to *be*!”

And now, as the twilight descended, she expressed a wish, before she retired to rest, to be left alone with Trevylyan. He was not then sitting by her side, for he would not trust himself to do so; but with his face averted, at a little distance from her. She called him by his name; he answered not nor turned. Weak as she was, she raised herself from the sofa, and crept gently along the floor till she came to him, and sank in his arms.

“Ah, unkind!” she said, “unkind for once! Will you turn away from me?” Come, let us look once more on the river: see! the night darkens over it. Our pleasant voyage, the type of our love, is finished; our sail may be unfurled no more. Never again can your voice soothe the lassitude of sickness with the legend and the song — the course is run, the vessel is broken up, night closes over its fragments; but now, in this hour, love me, be kind to me as ever. Still let me be your own Gertrude — still let me close my eyes this night, as before, with the sweet consciousness that I am loved.”

“Loved! — O Gertrude! speak not to me thus!”

“Come, that is yourself again!” and she clung with weak arms caressingly to his breast. “And now,” she said more solemnly, “let us forget that we are mortal; let us remember only that life is a part, not the whole, of our career; let us feel in this soft hour, and while yet we are unsevered, the presence of The Eternal that is within us, so that it shall not be as death, but as a short absence; and when once the pang of parting is over, you must think only that we are shortly to meet again. What! you turn from me still? See, I do not weep or grieve, I have conquered the pang of our absence; will you be outdone by me? Do you remember, Albert, that you once told me how the wisest of the sages of old, in prison, and before death, consoled his friends with the proof of the immortality of the soul. Is it not a consolation? — does it not suffice; or will you deem it wise from the lips of wisdom, but vain from the lips of love?”

"Hush, hush!" said Trevlyan, wildly; "or I shall think you an angel already."

But let us close this commune, and leave unrevealed the *last* sacred words that ever passed between them upon earth.

When Vane and the physician stole back softly into the room, Trevlyan motioned to them to be still; "She sleeps," he whispered; "hush!" And in truth, wearied out by her own emotions, and lulled by the belief that she had soothed one with whom her heart dwelt now, as ever, she had fallen into sleep, or it may be, insensibility, on his breast. There as she lay, so fair, so frail, so delicate, the twilight deepened into shade, and the first star, like the hope of the future, broke forth upon the darkness of the earth.

Nothing could equal the stillness without, save that which lay breathlessly within. For not one of the group stirred or spoke; and Trevlyan, bending over her, never took his eyes from her face, watching the parted lips, and fancying that he imbibed the breath. Alas, the breath was stilled! from sleep to death she had glided without a sigh. happy, most happy in that death! — cradled in the arms of unchanged love, and brightened in her last thought by the consciousness of innocence and the assurances of heaven!

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Trevlyan, after long sojourn on the Continent, returned to England. He plunged into active life, and became what is termed, in this age of little names, a distinguished and noted man. But what was mainly remarkable in his future conduct, was his impatience of rest. He eagerly courted all occupations, even of the most varied and motley kind. Business, — letters, — ambition, — pleasure. He suffered no pause in his career; and leisure to him was as care to others. He lived in the world, as the worldly do, discharging its duties, fostering its affections, and fulfilling its career. But there was a deep and wintry change within him — *the sunlight of his life was gone*; the loveliness of romance had

left the earth. The stem was proof as heretofore to the blast, but the green leaves were severed from it for ever, and the bird had forsaken its boughs. Once he had idolized the beauty that is born of song; the glory and the ardour that invest such thoughts as are not of our common clay; but the well of enthusiasm was dried up, and the golden bowl was broken at the fountain. With Gertrude the poetry of existence was gone. As she herself had described her loss, a music had ceased to breathe along the face of things; and though the bark might sail on as swiftly, and the stream swell with as proud a wave, a something that had vibrated on the heart was still, and the magic of the voyage was no more.

And Gertrude sleeps on the spot where she wished her last couch to be made; and far — oh, far dearer is that small spot on the distant banks of the gliding Neckar to Trevlyan's heart, than all the broad lands and fertile fields of his ancestral domain. The turf too preserves its emerald greenness; and it would seem to me that the field flowers spring up by the sides of the simple tomb even more profusely than of old. A curve in the bank breaks the tide of the Neckar; and therefore its stream pauses, as if to linger reluctantly, by that solitary grave, and to mourn among the rustling sedges ere it passes on. And I have thought, when I last looked upon that quiet place, — when I saw the turf so fresh, and the flowers so bright of hue, that aerial hands might *indeed* tend the sod; that it was by no *imaginary* spells that I summoned the fairies to my tale; that in truth, and with vigils constant though unseen, they yet kept from all polluting footsteps, and from the harsher influence of the seasons, the grave of one who so loved their race; and who, in her gentle and spotless virtue, claimed kindred with the beautiful Ideal of the world. Is there one of us who has not known some being for whom it seemed not too wild a phantasy to indulge such dreams?

THE END.

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